America's Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

August
25c

Nancy
Carroll

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Harley L. Clarke
President

Adaptation and Dialog by Owen Davis, Sr.
Directed by JOHN BLYSTONE

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SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*

AUGUST, 1930 VOL. XXI, No. 4

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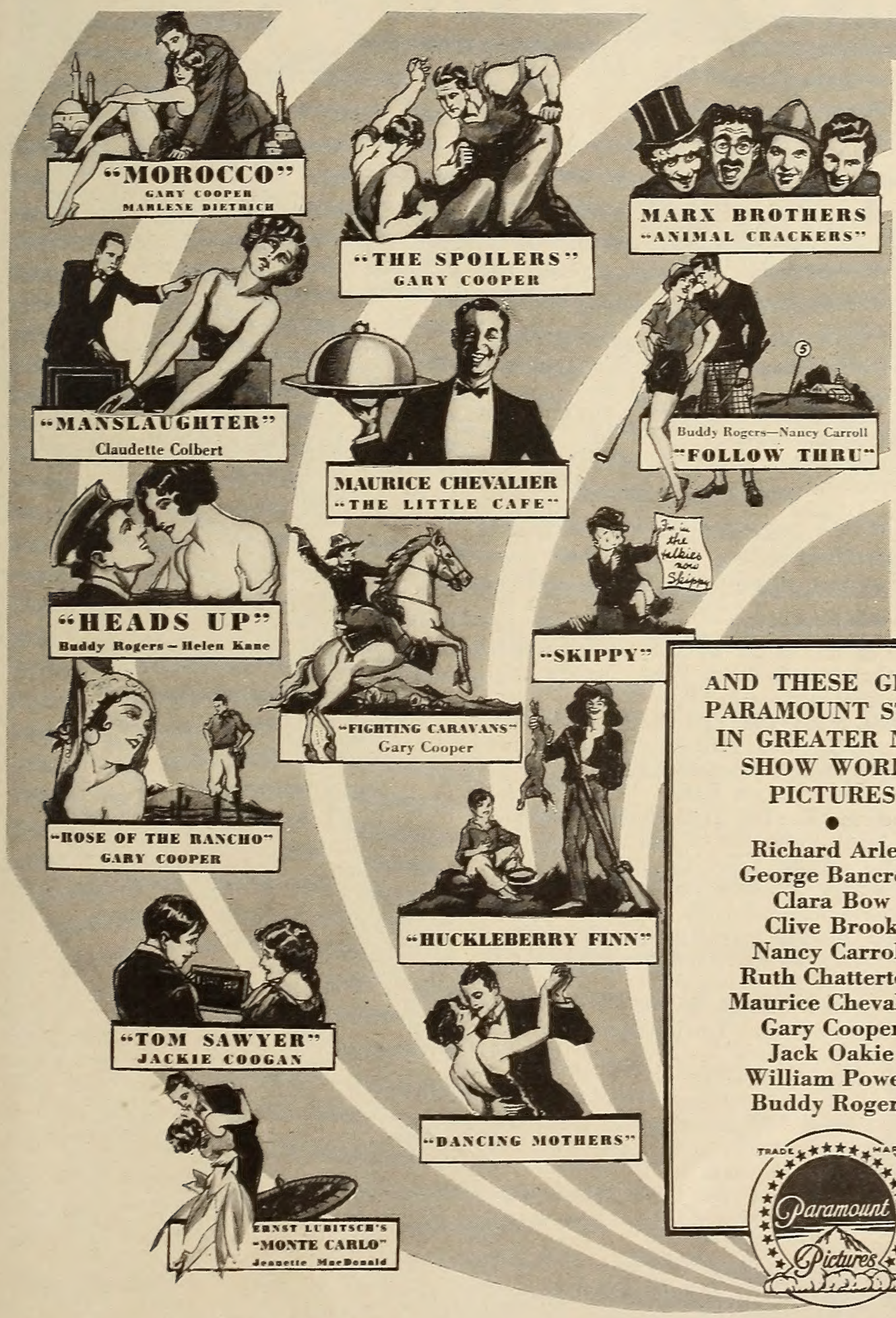
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GOOD TIMES NEWS FROM PARAMOUNT!





AND THESE GREAT PARAMOUNT STARS IN GREATER NEW SHOW WORLD PICTURES

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Richard Arlen
George Bancroft
Clara Bow
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
Gary Cooper
Jack Oakie
William Powell
Buddy Rogers

ENTERTAINMENT news that will thrill millions! The GREATER New Show World is here! 70 Paramount Pictures strong! Attuned to these changing times. In key with this fast moving world. ¶ Under their spell you're lost to the world. Living the stories. Laughing at some plots. Thrilled to the bone with others. Charmed with the tunes in the musicals. *Delighted with everything!* ¶ It's a GREATER New Show World now. And Paramount is leading it. Paramount—with 18 years of supremacy. Paramount—with the biggest stars. Paramount—with the keenest showmanship minds. Paramount—with the greatest resources, organization, and man power in motion pictures. ¶ Tell your Theatre Manager now you want to see all these 70 GREATER New Show World Pictures!

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Room 253-H, CARNEGIE HALL, New York

SOUND NEWS

By Evelyn Ballarine



Listening in on the Latest Talkers

HEAR ye! Hear ye!

The vogue for Westerns continues. The great open spaces are being glorified by the movies again.

Just a short time ago when a player was put into a western picture it was either punishment for too much temperament or a sure sign of the player's decline. How times have changed! Now it's a sign of glory. To be given a lead in a western means said player is riding on the crest of the sound waves.

Gary Cooper seems to be Paramount's favorite cow-boy with Richard Arlen running a close second. Cooper's next is "The Man from Wyoming," and Dick is working on "Spanish Acres." Johnny Mack Brown is another western glorifier. He has been selected by King Vidor for the lead in "Billy, the Kid," a colorful picturization of the career of the famous western boy bandit. William Boyd, Pathé's bright boy, goes western in "Raw-Hide." Warner Baxter made the first successful western talker, "In Old Arizona." He followed that up with "Romance of the Rio Grande" and "The Arizona Kid." Raoul Walsh is directing "The Big Trail." Ambitious plans are being made for this picture. Wonder if this will be "The Covered Wagon" of the talkies? A new personality is featured as the male lead. He is John Wayne, a former football player of the University of Southern California, and this marks the beginning of his movie career. Myrna Loy and George O'Brien have climbed the western band-wagon. You'll see them in "The Last of the Duanes." Even Ann Harding! She's starring in "The Girl of the Golden West," to say nothing of Eddie Cantor. He's making "Whoopee" which is Ziegfeld's musical glorification of that grand old west.

Bebe Daniels' next is "Reaching for the Moon"—and we don't mean honeymoon. Bebe and Ben Lyon will have been married before this talker is started. It's the Irving Berlin picture for which Bebe has been borrowed from RKO and Jack Whiting, who will play the male lead, has been borrowed from First National. Whiting is a new type of screen hero. He was one of the leading juveniles on Broadway. He's tall, slight, red-headed and freckled. You'll first see him in "Top Speed" for First National. And we predict that you're going to like him very much.

If you enjoyed Winnie Lightner and Joe Brown in "Hold Everything" be prepared for more fun because they are to make a sequel to it called "Set Right." And if you like that, Winnie and Joe will continue to turn on their personalities and give you even bigger and better comedies.

And if you've enjoyed the silent productions of the following films you're in for a treat because they are being re-made into talkies.

Richard Barthelmess made "Tol'able David" and "Tol'able David" made Richard and now Columbia Pictures are going to make a talker of this silent film classic. Richard Barthelmess will not be in the cast and as yet no *David* has been selected.

Norma Talmadge made screen history with her charming interpretation of the heroine of "Smilin' Thru." Joan Bennett is in the sound version of this film. While Mary Pickford is filming "Secrets," under the sound title of "Forever Yours."

Lupe Velez has the lead in the sound transcription of "Resurrection." Dolores Del Rio rose to stardom because of her work in the silent film. Edwin Carewe, who directed the silent picture, will also direct the talker.

However, Warner Brothers are re-making "The Sea Beast," with John Barrymore in the lead again. This time they are calling it "Moby Dick."

If you're a Buddy Rogers' fan—and who isn't?—you'll be interested to know that his younger brother, Bh, (yes, that's his real name) has signed a contract with Paramount. Now we'll have a younger edition of Buddy, because Bh looks very much like his famous big brother. If you look closely you'll see him in "Follow Thru," Buddy's next picture.

Believe it or not—Jim Tully is to have a rôle in John Gilbert's next picture, "Way for a Sailor." They've buried the hatchet and are friends once more.

We've had many war pictures depicting man's work in the World War, but now Pathé is making "Beyond Victory" dealing with woman's part in the big fracas. Hurray for our side! The cast is an imposing one—Ann Harding, William Boyd, Robert Armstrong, Helen Twelvetrees, James Gleason, Zasu Pitts, Russell Gleason and Bert Roach.


JOE E. BROWN
MARILYN MILLER
GEORGE ARLISS
JOHN BARRYMORE
RICHARD BARTHELMESS
VALLEE MOTION
Now you can
TAKE THE GUESSWORK
OUT OF
"GOING TO THE MOVIES"
OTIS SKINNER
WINNIE LIGHTNER
IRENE DELROY
CONSTANCE BENNETT
VIVIENNE SEGAL
JACK WHITING
OLSEN and JOHNSON
CLAUDIA DELL
MARION NIXON
LILA LEE
JOHN HALLIDAY
FRED KOHLER
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR.
LORETTA YOUNG
CONRAD NAGEL
ANN HARDING
DOROTHY MACKAILL
AL JOLSON
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Make sure it brings you better,
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Wouldn't you like to have a say in
"booking" attractions for your local
theatre? Wouldn't you like to help
pick the pictures you're going to
see in the next twelve months?
Wouldn't you like to make
sure of seeing your favorite
stars, and the biggest hits
of the coming season?
There IS a way to do it
—if you act now!
here's how . . .

Tell your theatre Manager you want to see



WARNER BROS.

FIRST NATIONAL

and



VITAPHONE



RIGHT now your theatre manager is selecting his attractions for the coming year. He's trying to choose the ones YOU'LL like best.

You can help him decide by telling him YOUR choice! He'll be GLAD to know your preference so that he can more closely accommodate your tastes.

To help you in your selection, WARNER BROS. and FIRST NATIONAL, exclusive Vitaphone producers, announce here in advance their amazing production programs for 1930-31.

Look over these lists . . . Notice the wealth of famous stars . . . the brilliant stories by favorite authors . . . the wonderful entertainment values these titles promise.

Compare them with any other group of pictures announced for the coming year . . . Then use the ballot on the second page following to indicate your choice.

(Titles and casts are subject to change in a few instances.)

WARNER BROS. PICTURES for 1930-1931

JOHN BARRYMORE
in "MOBY DICK"
From the famous novel by Herman Melville. With Joan Bennett.

•

JOHN BARRYMORE
In a second spectacular production.

•

"VIENNESE NIGHTS"
All in Technicolor
Their first original romance. By Sigmund Romberg and Oscar Hammerstein 2nd.

•

"CAPTAIN APPLEJACK"
From the long-run stage hit. With John Halliday, Mary Brian and other stars.

•

"MAYBE IT'S LOVE"
With the All-American Football Team
And Joe E. Brown, Joan Bennett.

GEORGE ARLISS
in "OLD ENGLISH"
From the celebrated play by John Galsworthy. With a star cast.

•

"FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN"
The greatest musical comedy in years in New York, filmed entirely in Technicolor.

•

"THE OFFICE WIFE"
By Faith Baldwin.

•

"THE LIFE OF THE PARTY"
All in Technicolor
With Winnie Lightner, Irene Delroy and others.

•

"THE DANUBE LOVE SONG"
All in Technicolor
A lavish romance by famous Oscar Strauss.

AL JOLSON in "BIG BOY"
All Laughs!

•

"SIT TIGHT"
With Winnie Lightner, Joe E. Brown, Irene Delroy.

•

"RED HOT SINNERS"
With Winnie Lightner.

•

"NANCY FROM NAPLES"
Irene Delroy, Charles King and 10 other stars in a comedy by celebrated Elmer Rice.

•

"CHILDREN OF DREAMS"
Magnificent romance by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd and Sigmund Romberg.

•

AND MANY OTHERS

•

Also "VITAPHONE VARIETIES"
The finest of all "Short Subjects."

WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE REG'D TRADE MARK TALKING & SINGING PICTURES



STARS and PICTURES



FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES for 1930-1931

RICHARD BARTHELMESS
in "THE DAWN PATROL"
A vast production and a perfect Barthelmess story.

•

RICHARD BARTHELMESS
in "ADIOS"
The brilliant star in the kind of part that made him famous.

•

"THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST"
One of the greatest stage plays of all time, to be filmed with Ann Harding, James Rennie and 7 other stars.

•

OTIS SKINNER in "KISMET"
With Loretta Young
One of the stage's greatest stars in his most famous hit.

•

"THE TOAST OF THE LEGION"
All in Technicolor
From the glorious Victor Herbert hit, "Mlle. Modiste," with a tremendous cast.

•

"MOTHER'S CRY"
From the famous best-selling novel.

•

"TOP SPEED"
Joe E. Brown and Jack Whiting in a great Broadway success.

•

"THE BAD MAN"
Walter Huston and 5 other stars in a celebrated stage comedy.

First National Pictures

VITAPHONE PICTURE

MARILYN MILLER
in "SUNNY"
By Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein 2nd. Music by Jerome Kern.

•

"WOMAN HUNGRY"
All in Technicolor
With Lila Lee, Sidney Blackmer, Fred Kohler and 5 other stars.

•

"BRIGHT LIGHTS"
All in Technicolor
With Dorothy Mackaill, Frank Fay and 8 more stars.

•

"RIGHT OF WAY"
From the famous novel by Sir Gilbert Parker, with Conrad Nagel, Loretta Young and others.

•

"THE CALL OF THE EAST"
First original screen production by the brilliant composer and author, Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach.

•

"CAPTAIN BLOOD"
Glorious sea adventure from the thrill-packed pages of Rafael Sabatini.

•

"THE HONOR OF THE FAMILY"
With Walter Huston.

•

AND MANY OTHERS

for 1930-1931

Cast your VOTE for WARNER BROS. FIRST NATIONAL and VITAPHONE STARS and PICTURES for 1930 1931





Vitaphone is the registered trade-mark of The Vitaphone Corporation. Color scenes by the Technicolor process.

YOU have just read on the preceding page the most ambitious array of super-productions any company has ever *dared* to plan!

Entertainment values that would ordinarily be spread over two years or more, will be concentrated by these two famous producers in a single season!

Many of them will be radiant with the resplendent tints of Technicolor... and ALL will have the perfect tone of Vitaphone.

If you enjoyed "Disraeli", "Gold Diggers of Broadway", and the scores of other great Vitaphone successes released last year, you will want to be sure to see the stars and new productions of the companies that have proved their preeminence by turning out hits like these.

To help bring these exciting shows to your theatre, use the ballot below NOW! Sign it and mail it today to Warner Brothers Pictures, Inc.

Your choice will be brought to the attention of your theatre manager, and you will receive—FREE—a beautiful photograph of your favorite star.

***Also write or 'phone your theatre manager direct* to let him know that you wish to see these famous stars and important productions.**

WARNER BROS. PICTURES, INC. S. L.
321 West 44th St., N. Y. C.

I should like to see all of the Vitaphone pictures which Warner Bros. and First National plan to produce this coming year.
Please send me a photograph of

.....
(Insert name of any star mentioned in this announcement.)

(Signed).....

(Address).....

(City & State).....

CONFESSIONS *of the* FANS

This is YOUR department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions of pictures and players. For the cleverest and most constructive letters, not exceeding 200 words in length, we offer four prizes. First prize, $20.00; *second prize,* $15.00; *third prize,* $10.00; *fourth prize,* $5.00. *Next best letters will also be printed. Contest closes August* 10, 1930. *Letters in praise of* SCREENLAND *are not eligible in this contest and should be addressed directly to the editor. Send your Confessions to the Fans' Department,* SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 45 *West* 45*th Street, New York City.*

THE EDITOR

FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$20.00

Much has been said against motion pictures. Yet on they have marched, magnificently oblivious of the carping of small minds until now they have become one of the great molding and educational factors in our lives.

Having been a high school teacher for a number of years, I have invariably noticed that my best informed pupils are those who attend pictures regularly. I have tried on my pupils a general information test I have devised and the motion picture lovers always get the highest score. Romanticized as the historical films are, they are, nevertheless, based upon historical truths. Whatever dramatic falsification is necessary, but adds the color and glamour which fire the imagination of the young. Boys and girls who see pictures like "The Patriot," "Ben Hur," and "Disraeli" become aware of the dramatic intensity of history; they become eager to understand the past, speculate about the future—the true historical perspective.

So convinced am I of the educational value of motion pictures that one hour each week I set aside for the discussion of that art and on my recommended list of magazines are several motion picture publications.

Sarah Royce,
14 Autumn Street,
Boston, Mass.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$15.00

Along with the gift of life is bestowed a hunger more treacherous to existence than the slow starvation of the body:—the hunger of the soul. To many of us is destined the monotony of just living. A hall bedroom, the dime stores, the landlady's choice of cretonne framing the small view of the world afforded us, compose the settings of our lives. The high moments we, with effort, have to gather unto ourselves.

The picture world with its exquisite settings, lovely raiment and nonchalant acceptance of it all are an 'Open Sesame' to our imaginations, our desires, our ideals. The stars, what a mission is theirs! Through them, inspiration reaches those of us who are irrevocably bound to our existence by ties of duty or our limitations. They bring to us our Shakespeare, our Gobelin, our Rembrandt. They interpret our dreams, and to them we offer our thanks and our adoration.

Jeanne Marie Marceé,
Long Beach, Calif.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER
$10.00

During all the 'pros and cons' concerning talkies I have silently condemned those who were not wise enough to realize the greatness of this new step in the picture industry. Now, I can keep silent no longer.

I live in the middle of the island Oahu, Territory of Hawaii, some twenty miles from Honolulu. The theaters we have out here are roughly constructed shacks. We have no music except a few pitiful piano players and it has been hard to judge fairly the merits of any picture under such circumstances.

Now, some wise and beneficent person has seen to it that one of these theaters is equipped with sound facilities and we are off into the beautiful realms of make-believe as often as we please. Music from the screen has shot the drab silence to bits. The quick repartee has given us untold joy. In fact, the movies are the first word in entertainment de luxe for all of us.

Mrs. N. Massaro,
c/o Lt. Massaro,
8th F. A.,
Schofield Barracks, T.H.

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER
$5.00

Some people say the movies are demoralizing. How about "Sins of the Fathers," "The Volga Boatman," "The Virginian," many others? The movies never hurt anyone and anyone who thinks they do is so depraved and lacking in romantic sense that nothing registers on his mind but the evil necessary to any good picture.

The movies are educational not only in a historical and classical sense but in the fundamental truths of life. They have struck ten times deeper into the soul of manhood and womanhood than all the reformers, teachers and preachers put together. I spent six years in college and the only thing I can remember outside of the bad habits I learned there is *amo, amas, amat.* But the simple truths I have learned from the movies are etched in steel.

The movies are inspirational. They lift. They are the finest institution in the world today and their appeal is universal. The ancient philosophers say that if we behold a thing long enough we shall become like it. Where could you find braver or lovelier examples of manhood or womanhood than on the silver screen? By their works we shall know them and any girl or boy who worships at their feet is going to land in the right camp, bank on that!

Richard Marvin,
468 Vernon Street,
Oakland, Cal.



Marion Davies' fans like her because she's a real blues chaser, and because she is always natural and sincere.

In Hollywood

Nothing new under the sun? Maybe not, on the wind-blown plains of Kansas, but beneath that arching light of a Hollywood sun, the transforming mirror, the masque of masquerade often hides the strange features of star followers.

I know a slim boy who actually lives in one of the big studios, sleeps by the front door, sits all day in the casting office, works once a week perhaps; a little foreign prop boy who keeps trained spiders in his hair to prove his ability to executives; an old woman who weeps tragically every day at eight different casting windows; a dark-eyed young senor who is dined and feted as a European newspaper correspondent and is living on $5.00 per week; a prize fighter who was hit too hard on the head and now decorates the space behind the ropes in pictures; an Italian count with four managers and nothing to count on. *Pagliacci?* No, just Hollywood.

Helen Marie Jelliffe,
1543 N. Bronson Ave.,
Hollywood, Cal.

'Ray for Marion Davies!

Who has not been intrigued by the movies? When, after a hard day's work, we can forget every worry and live in a world all our own, they're fairyland.



Ramon Novarro is entering upon a new phase of his picturesque career since he sang in "Devil May Care." His next will be "The Singer of Seville."



Kay Johnson came from the stage equipped with a good voice and the charm of a fine personality. The fans approved of her at once, so she's staying.

In the days when the talkies were only a probability, who was among the first in chasing our blues away? None other than Marion Davies! A sure cure for the blues. If you can see Marion and not laugh, then there's no hope.

In "Not So Dumb," her latest side-splitting fun-feast, one just *can't* wear a frown. She's so appealing, so capricious. 'Ray for Marion!

Lucille Teets,
5432 St. Clair Street,
Detroit, Mich.

A Big Hand for Ramon Novarro

"Devil May Care" is a delightfully happy picture; after seeing it, how merrily we went our homeward way! For such is the power Ramon Novarro's inimitable qualities have. He possesses that same sweetness and guile without which Pied Piper never could have charmed the children; that same capacity for laughter and pathos which endeared Ireland's ballad-man, Tom Moore, to his followers; the verve and dash found in march music with its underlying wistfulness; the joyousness of the springtime; the delicate beauty of fine etchings—and his nobility and purity of countenance are an inspiration to all.

I hope that many more pictures of this type will be created for the enjoyment of Ramon Novarro's sincere admirers here in America, and all over the world.

Barbara Mueller,
8418 South Morgan Street,
Chicago, Ill.

She's On Her Way

This letter concerns a young lady who has come to us from the stage since the dawn of the new movie era. Although more or less inconspicuous now, she is on the road to great popularity and to stardom.

Picture a tall, fair, charming girl, add a marvelous voice expressing the personality and feelings of its possessor better than any voice I ever have heard, the most winning smile seen for many a long day, and you have a perfect conception of this amazing young actress who makes even inconceivable characters seem real and quite human.

Her name? Kay Johnson.

K. J. Pollak,
2929 Belmont Avenue,
Baltimore, Md.

What Do Talkies Teach?

With the entrance of the talkies a wave of protest broke forth. "The peace and beauty of the screen is forever gone," cried half of the people. "But the talkies will teach us things, including how to speak and pronounce correctly," cried the other half.

But, are the talkies really helping us to speak English correctly? I say, no. And to those who say otherwise, I answer, "Oh, yeah?"

Why? Because half of the pictures released are spoken with foreign accents. As for me, instead of acquiring better English, I have acquired something quite different—something like a French accent mixed with Spanish polka dots and an English and Hungarian border. Some lingo, what? And slang!—after seeing "The Cock-Eyed World," "Hot For Paris" and "Mister Antonio" I could qualify any day as an East Side newsboy.

I vas tole you anudder ting dot vas de matter mit de talkies. Ve haf got too much musical comedy!

Ann Jamack,
496 East 143d. Street,
New York City.

New Magic for Old

For years I found escape from the oft-annoying realities of life in a good screen play. To me it was an excursion to the realm of make-believe, accompanied by exquisite music, music to suit every mood and incident of the picture.

Then I saw my first talkie and what a disappointment! And what a feeling of dismay accompanied the knowledge that this innovation would eventually supplant the magic of the silent drama. From now on we must listen to metallic sounds, voices that lisped and seemed for all the world to issue from a 1910 model gramaphone.

But this was the infant talkie. And it would be as wise to compare it with the present talking picture as to compare the first crude work of the amateur with the perfect creation of the master.

Recently, I witnessed a drama with the incomparable Ronald Colman and the winsome Ann Harding in the leading rôles. Here was new magic for old—the magic of beautiful, trained voices and the tense realism of the spoken drama. The talkie is here to stay. More power to it!

Elsie Glick,
911—15th. Avenue, So.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Wants Pictures for Children

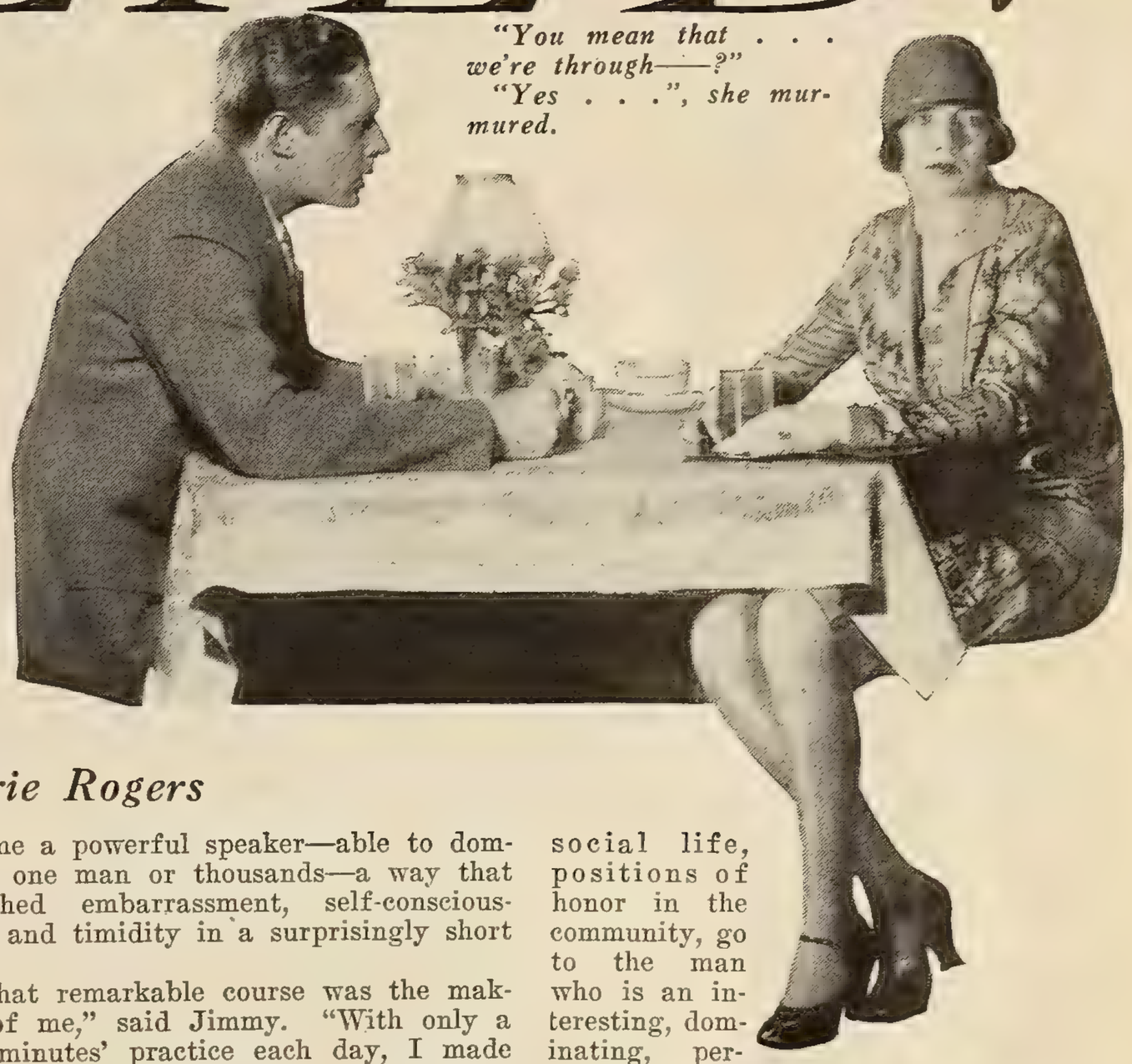
In my humble estimation there is something wrong with the movies! Perhaps not from an adult's point of view but from a child's. Have you noticed that the Friday night and Saturday afternoon audiences are comprised mostly of children? And do they like, and do we like them to see, so much of torrid love scenes, crook pictures and wild westerns?

Why can't some enterprising, imaginative, romantic producer (or isn't there such a combination?)—produce a series of pictures for children? All the old classics: "Cinderella," "Hansel and Gretel," "Peter Pan," (how entrancing with sound!) "Snow White"—there are many others. Why can't we give our children a few charming fairy tales instead of our machine-age dramas? Realizing the possibilities of sound, color and trick photography in connection with producing these fairy tales, can't you see how fascinating they would be for children? Not to mention a few adults like myself. What about it?

K. Sanson,
1617 Marengo Ave.,
South Pasadena, Cal.

JILTED!

A Woman's Master Stroke put Her Sweetheart into the $10,000 a Year Class... Made Him a Social and Business Leader....



"You mean that . . . we're through——?"
"Yes . . .", she murmured.

By Marie Rogers

WHEN Jimmy Watson proposed to me, he was making $25.00 a week. I had grown to care for him a lot. And I wouldn't have minded sacrifices if Jimmy had any prospects. But he didn't seem to be getting anywhere, and I didn't want to be tied to a failure. After some hesitation, I told him so.

"You have ability, Jimmy, but nobody but I know it. You are too timid and self-conscious. When somebody speaks to you, you've hardly a word to say. You get all flustered and embarrassed when you're asked to give an opinion. I can't marry you unless you make some effort to improve yourself." Of course he was hurt and indignant. But I was firm, so we parted.

Then one night a year later, I received the surprise of my life. Jimmy drove up to the house one evening in a beautiful sport roadster, dressed like a fashion plate. His manner was entirely changed, too. He seemed supremely self-confident, and had become an interesting conversationalist. I could not help but marvel at the change in him and told him so. He laughed delightedly.

"It's a long story, Marie, but I'll cut it short. You remember that my chief fault was that I was afraid of my own voice? Well, shortly after we parted, I heard tales of a popular new home study method by which any man could quickly become a powerful speaker—able to dominate one man or thousands—a way that banished embarrassment, self-consciousness, and timidity in a surprisingly short time.

"That remarkable course was the making of me," said Jimmy. "With only a few minutes' practice each day, I made strides in a few weeks that amazed me. It wasn't long before I went to the boss with an idea that had been in my mind about reorganizing the delivery service, but which I had been afraid to take up with anybody. You should have seen me addressing that conference of department heads in the president's office—I just bowled them over. That was a few months ago. Since then I've climbed ahead fast. The boss is sending me to Europe next month to make a study of department store management over there. By the way, Marie, how would you like to go to Europe as Mrs. Watson?"

Today I am the proud wife of a successful husband . . . a business leader of our city. We travel in a very exclusive set and enjoy the luxuries of life. Turning Jimmy down had proved to be the second best thing that could have happened to him. It was a lucky hunch, though, that prompted him to develop his speaking ability which revealed his natural ability.

* * *

Today the rich rewards in business, popularity in social life, positions of honor in the community, go to the man who is an interesting, dominating, persuasive speaker. And there is no magic or mystery about this talent. No matter how timid or self-conscious you are when called upon to speak, you can quickly bring out your natural ability and become a powerful speaker through this amazing new training.

What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You

How to talk before your club or lodge
How to propose and respond to toasts
How to address board meetings
How to make a political speech
How to tell entertaining stories
How to make after-dinner speeches
How to converse interestingly
How to write letters
How to sell more goods
How to train your memory
How to enlarge your vocabulary
How to develop self-confidence
How to acquire a winning personality
How to strengthen your will-power and ambition
How to become a clear, accurate thinker
How to develop your power of concentration
How to be the master of any situation

Send for This Amazing Book

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon. This book is called, *How to Work Wonders with Words.* In it you are shown how to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things that keep you silent while men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech. Not only men who have made millions, but thousands of others have sent for this book—and are unstinting in their praise of it. You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

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ROAR, LION, ROAR

ANNOUNCES THE GREATEST





Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will again demonstrate that it is the greatest producing organization in the industry. The company that has "more stars than there are in heaven"— the greatest directors — the most famous composers—the most marvelous creative and technical resources —pledges itself to continue producing pictures as wonderful as THE BIG PARADE, BEN HUR, THE BROADWAY MELODY, MADAME X, HOLLYWOOD REVUE, OUR DANCING DAUGHTERS, THE ROGUE SONG, ANNA CHRISTIE, THE DIVORCEE—to mention only a few of the great M-G-M pictures that have taken their place in Filmdom's Hall of Fame. No wonder Leo roars his approval as he looks forward to the greatest year Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has ever had!

METRO-GOLD

"More Stars Than

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

PRODUCTION SCHEDULE IN ITS HISTORY

1930 — 1931



FEATURED PLAYERS

Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
Edwina Booth
John Mack Brown
Lenore Bushman
Harry Carey
Karl Dane
Mary Doran
Cliff Edwards
Julia Faye
Gavin Gordon
Lawrence Gray
Raymond Hackett
Hedda Hopper
Lottice Howell
Leila Hyams
Kay Johnson
Dorothy Jordan
Charles King
Arnold Korff
Harriett Lake
Mary Lawlor
Gwen Lee
Barbara Leonard
Andre Luguet
George F. Marion
Dorothy McNulty
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Catherine Moylan
Conrad Nagel
Edward Nugent
Elliott Nugent
J. C. Nugent
Catherine Dale Owen
Anita Page
Lucille Powers
Basil Rathbone
Duncan Renaldo
Gilbert Roland
Benny Rubin
Dorothy Sebastian
Gus Shy
Lewis Stone
Raquel Torres
Ernest Torrence
Roland Young

A few of the big pictures to come

Ramon NOVARRO
"The Singer of Seville"

Greta GARBO
"Red Dust"

Marion DAVIES
"Rosalie"

Joan CRAWFORD
"Great Day"

Lon CHANEY
"The Bugle Sounds"

John GILBERT
"Way for a Sailor"

Lawrence TIBBETT
"The New Moon"

William HAINES
"Remote Control"

"Good News"

"Trader Horn"

"Madame Satan"
(Directed by Cecil B. DeMille)

"Billy the Kid"
(Directed by King Vidor)

"The March of Time"
(With 'more stars than there are in heaven')

"Jenny Lind"
with
Grace Moore

"The World's Illusion"

"The Great Meadow"

"Naughty Marietta"

"Dance, Fool, Dance"

"War Nurse"

"The Merry Widow"
What Music!

and many, many more outstanding productions.

DIRECTORS

Lionel Barrymore
Harry Beaumont
Charles Brabin
Clarence Brown
Jack Conway
Cecil B. DeMille
William DeMille
Jacques Feyder
Sidney Franklin
Nick Grinde
George Hill
Sammy Lee
Robert Z. Leonard
Edgar J. McGregor
Fred Niblo
Harry Pollard
Charles Riesner
Arthur Robinson
Wesley Ruggles
Mal St. Clair
Victor Seastrom
Edward Sedgwick
W. S. VanDyke
King Vidor
Sam Wood

SONG WRITERS

Martin Broones
Dorothy Fields
Arthur Freed
Clifford Grey
Howard Johnson
Jimmy McHugh
Joseph Meyers
Reggie Montgomery
Herbert Stothart
Oscar Straus
George Ward
Harry Woods

WRITERS

Stuart Anthony
Beatrice Banyard
Alfred Block
Al Boasberg
A. Paul Mairker Branden
Neil Brandt
Frank Butler
John Colton
Mitzie Cummings
Ruth Cummings
Edith Ellis
Joseph Farnham
Edith Fitzgerald
Martin Flavin
Becky Gardiner
Willis Goldbeck
Robert Hopkins
Cyril Hume
William Hurlburt
John B. Hymer
Marion Jackson
Laurence E. Jackson
Earle C. Kenton
Hans Kraly
John Lawson
Philip J. Leddy
Charles MacArthur
Williard Mack
Frances Marion
Gene Markey
Sarah Y. Mason
Edwin J. Mayer
John Meehan
Bess Meredyth
James Montgomery
Jack Neville
Lucille Newmark
Fred Niblo, Jr.
J. C Nugent
George O'Hara
Samuel Ornitz
Arthur Richman
W. L. River
Madeleine Ruthven
Don Ryan
Harry Sauber
Richard E. Schayer
Zelda Sears
Samuel Shipman
Lawrence Stallings
Sylvia Thalberg
Wanda Tuchock
Jim Tully
Dale Van Every
Claudine West
Crane Wilbur
P. G. Wodehouse
Miguel de Zarraba

WYN-MAYER

There are in Heaven"

THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER LION
THE GREATEST STAR ON THE SCREEN

Phillips Holmes, son of Taylor, comes into his heritage in "The Devil's Holiday." Hitherto known and liked as a handsome juvenile of some promise, Phillips has his great chance in the new Nancy Carroll picture and takes full advantage of it.

He crashes through with a superb performance of romantic youth in the throes of first love. Nice boy, good actor!



SCREENLAND Honor Page

won by

PHILLIPS HOLMES

"The Devil's Holiday" is reviewed among the six best pictures of the month in this issue. All we can add is, don't miss it. Nancy Carroll, the star, shares her dramatic honors with Phillips Holmes and is really entitled to half this Honor Page, except that she already has all of our current cover!



Left: a touching scene from the picture of the month, with Miss Carroll as *Hallie,* who marries a rich man's son for profit, only to learn from the boy, played by Phillips Holmes, a new definition of love. It is young Holmes' first big rôle and his portrayal indicates he is ready for more big ones.

JUL -3 1930

SCREENLAND

THE EDITOR'S PAGE



WHERE are all the little smarties who said that television would never be perfected within their lifetimes? Yes, where are they?

¶ Why, they're all standing in the corner with their faces to the wall, trying to hide their blushes and lack of imagination. They are the descendants of the smarties who scoffed when Fulton was fussing around with his silly old steamboat; and Edison was tinkering with his gadgets over in the wilds of New Jersey; and the Wright boys were doing the wrong things in the air. Yes; those smarties who thought movies were just a passing fancy until they could no longer deny the evidence of their own eyes; then they began to poke fun at the phonograph and radio, and finally doubted seriously if these here, now, new-fangled talking pictures would ever be a success.

¶ Come on out of the corner, you! Yes, and *you*. Join our party and see the fun. We're peering around corners and poking into things. And the latest find is—television. And practical, too. You don't believe it? Well, just ask some of the boys who happened to be up in Schenectady, New York, one smart spring day of this year. In Proctor's RKO Theater television stepped onto the screen to stay. No, you won't get your Garbo via television for some time to come. But the television performance in Schenectady—some vaudevillians and singers—was reported to be pretty good. Aurally, they say, clearer than any talking picture heard so far; and optically far ahead of any previous television show.

¶ It's only a question of time, now, before the practical commercial application of television involves every motion picture audience. I just want to tell you about it so that you'll be prepared. Don't say I didn't warn you. Your grand-daddy would have been grateful if somebody like me had given him the low-down on that funny new invention of Alexander Graham Bell's.

¶ George Bernard Shaw admits he is converted to the talkies and that his plays may be filmed. John Drinkwater, who wrote the play, "Abraham Lincoln," is writing the biography of Carl Laemmle, Sr. Sergei Eisenstein, great Russian director now in America, says the talking picture must create a new form. Max Reinhardt wants Lillian Gish to go to Europe to direct pictures. John Murray Anderson has signed a two-year contract to do artistic things for the screen. And—what was that? You want to know *what?* Oh. Well, if you *must* talk personalities, thank goodness:

¶ No, Ina Claire has not left her husband. She made a trip east but went right back to Hollywood, where she says she is satisfied to stay and play her favorite rôle, that of Mrs. John Gilbert, for an indefinite run. Kay Francis denies she is engaged to Ronald Colman and can't imagine where the rumor started. William Farnum makes a sensational come-back in Norma Talmadge's picture, "Du Barry, Woman of Passion," in which he plays King Louis XV, a part once enacted by Emil Jannings in a Pola Negri film entitled, oddly enough, "Passion."

¶ But if you want the *real* low-down—you do?—how would you like to know about the uncrowned king of Hollywood—the most sought-after man in the film colony, for whose attention the celebrities are clamoring, for a half-hour of whose time the sound-and-shadow beauties battle? He isn't handsome; he is devoted to his wife and two children and makes no secret of it. But he's the most popular man in movieland just the same. Great box-office attractions do an *Alice, Ben Bolt*—you know, 'tremble with fear at his frown.' And when he smiles approval they weep their delight, let the mascara run as it may. And then they return to their Beverly Hills chateaux and practice all the harder. For—you've guessed it—this sheik of the scales is Dr. Mario Marafioti, who is teaching Hollywood that while there's voice there's hope.

D. E

How To Have A

It Can Be Done! Read and Find Out How to Reduce

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, former light heavy-weight champion of the world, is now in the reconstruction business! Yes—he rebuilds figures, replacing fat with muscle, reducing waistlines, repairing livers. He's a successful business man with his own gymnasium on Broadway, having treated over 18,000 men and women in the 17 years since he left the prize ring. O'Brien is his own best advertisement—he's handsome, hale and hearty. He helps screen stars to retain those youthful proportions. Read his practical article.



La Zar



Irene Delroy, one of Broadway's leading musical comedy queens, is in pictures now. She brings her beautiful figure, voice, and talents to "See Naples and Die." Warner Brothers will star her soon. Mr. O'Brien is proud of Irene.

How would you like to have a beautiful figure like Nancy Carroll? Or Joan Crawford? Or Alice White?

What? You think it can't be done? You say your hips are too big for the rest of you? Your heart misbehaves every time you do your daily dozen? Your glands act up and the less you eat the fatter you get?

Nonsense! Anybody can get thin. How do you think the movie stars hold their jobs? They like to eat just as well as you and I do.

You don't know? Well, just ask Winnie Lightner. She'll tell you. You remember when Winnie made her big hit in "Gold Diggers of Broadway?" She was a plump little comedienne then all right. And here's a funny thing. A picture audience won't say a word about its comedians being fat—but it won't stand for the comediennes growing a third chin or sprouting a few spare tires around the waist.

That's what Winnie found out—right after her big hit. And one day, she came over to my gymnasium and asked me about it.

"Can you take these off?" she asked pointing to her hips. "And this, and this, and this," pointing to—well, never mind.

"Sure, Winnie," I answered. "In the seventeen years since I left the prize ring, I've treated over eighteen thousand men and women."

"You have?" she answered, a little surprised.

"Sure. I've replaced over a hundred tons of fat with muscle, reduced nine thousand feet of waist line, repaired fifty thousand livers, seven thousand pairs of kidneys and—"

"Hold on a minute! I'm not looking for a reconstruction job," Winnie said, "I just want to take off about ten pounds."

Hollywood Figure

By Philadelphia Jack O'Brien

"Ten pounds nothing!" I replied, "twenty-five pounds is what you need."

"I don't believe you can do it."

"I can't, humph? Well, here's where I start working on you."

Those were fatal words, believe me. For I've been working on screen stars ever since. And when I say work—I mean work! I took twenty pounds off of Winnie, a few off of Betty Lawford, plenty off of Sam Ash, Harry Richman, Evelyn Duncan, the third Duncan sister, Irene Delroy, and—but maybe I'd better stop here. You see, some stars get all excited when it gets out that they're coming to my place. They want to preserve the illusions of their audiences. Well, you can't preserve many illusions when you start to get heavy around the port and starboard sides. And so many stars have found this out that it looks like I got to build on a new roof garden or hire a hall because they keep on rolling in.

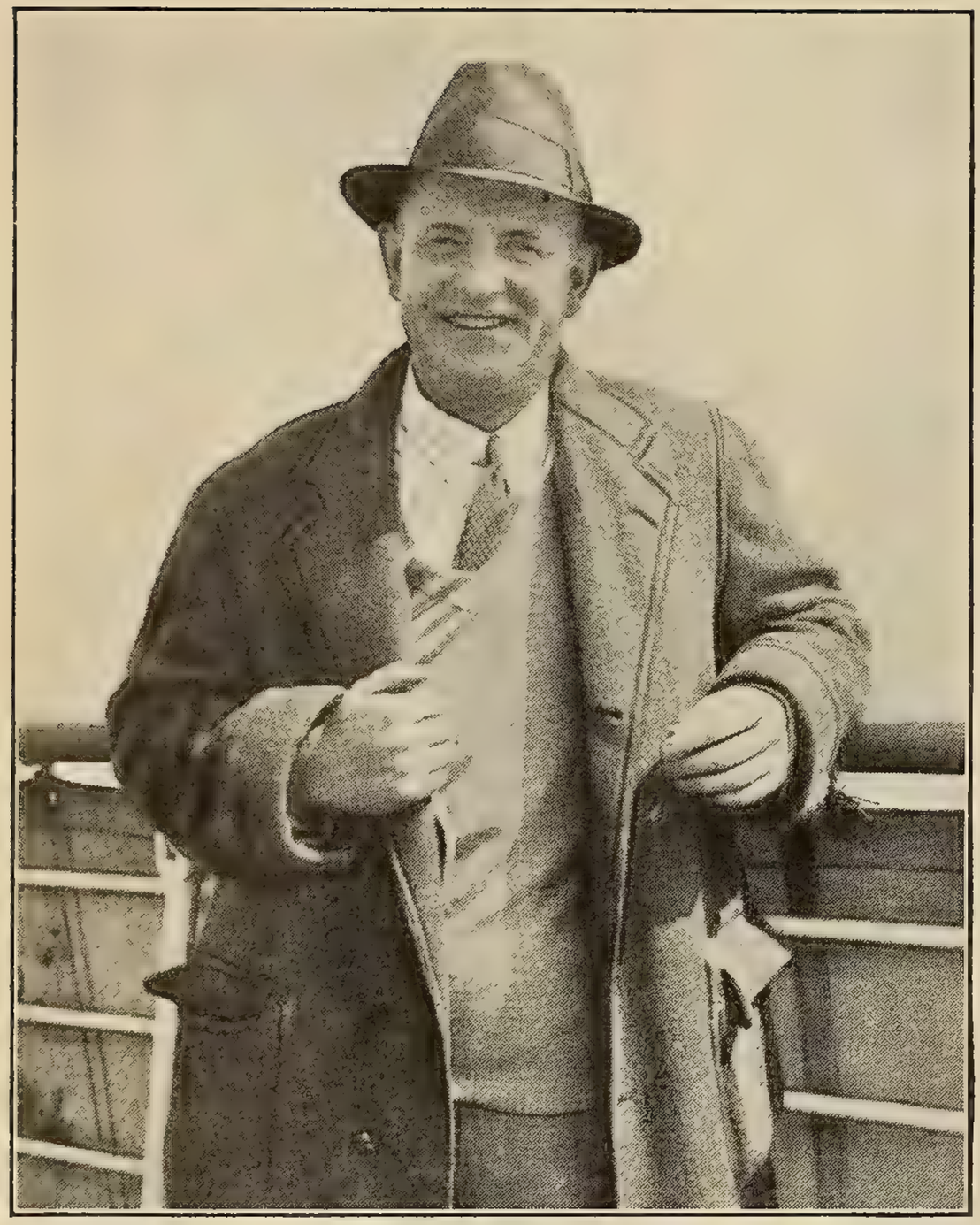
And stars are no different from any other folks. You girls like Harry Richman because he's manly, virile. You wouldn't like him if he were fat. And the same thing is true of men. All of them (*Continued on page* 110)



Philadelphia Jack measures the waistlines of some of the heavier members of his class at the O'Brien Health Institute, New York. Senator Royal S. Copeland is making notes of the measurements.



Picture audiences won't stand for their comediennes sprouting spare tires around the waist. Winnie Lightner came over to Philadelphia Jack O'Brien's gym and said she'd like to take off about ten pounds. Jack took twenty-five pounds off Winnie—and look at her now.



A humorist who really looks the part—P. G. Wodehouse, famous English writer of light comedy, as he arrived in America to do smart dialogue and things for talking pictures.

OH, I SAY! RIPPING, WHAT?

By Gray Strider

ARE you fed up with hokum comedy?

Do you hope never again to see an alleged musical movie?

Are you yearning for a fine bit of light fun which will make you laugh so hard you'll rip open the seams in your new high-waisted, white sports frock?

Well, cheer up. That's just what's going to happen to you. And soon, too. For P. G. Wodehouse, (pronounced Woodhouse, if you please) the English humorist, one of the best loved and most widely known funny men in the world, is on his way to California to write for the audible screen.

And how he loves it!

He says Hollywood is a swell place. That Americans are more intelligent than the English—(fancy that)—and a lot of other things which will make his fellow-countrymen blink their eyes and call for another sherry and bitters. Just to keep up the morale, y' know. This younger generation is going to the dogs, y' know. Fancy, one of our own—making such a statement! Bally rot, y' know.

But it isn't bally rot, for Wodehouse knows what he is talking about. America is his literary home, where he got his first real start. And he hasn't only read about Hollywood in the fairy books, he's actually been there. Listen to him!

"Hollywood is as sane a town as I have ever been in, at least as far as I could see when I visited there last year with my daughter.

"The whole time we were on the west coast," Mr. Wodehouse continued, "I didn't see a single swooning director, one temperamental star or any whoopee parties. Perhaps it was the closed season for—ah, er, temperament, but whatever the reason, I had to revise my opinions of the town, since I had always heard that it was a bizarre, fantastic, mad, glad, what-have-you sort of spot."

Wodehouse is the sole humorist I have ever met who looks like a humorist. Instead of being a tall, thin, morose, hungry, liverish-looking gent who would scowl down his nose and emit wise-cracks—as some humorists are, and do—he is a large, pink, good-natured man, with beautiful, cheerful, easy-going manners, a soft, modest voice, and eyes which twinkle continuously.

Nor did he let fall any emeralds of humor during the interview. I suspect he was saving them up for the talkies, where they'll be worth their weight—no, not in gold; in ambergris, which is much, much more valuable.

"I don't believe a person can write funny stuff unless he is fairly well contented with life," P. G. declared. "The idea of a sour individual turning out comedy doesn't fit into the picture somehow. Most writers, I know, go through a stage where they love to turn out deep-sea tragedy, but I was spared that. My first writing at the age of ten was a set of comic verses. And I've stuck to comedy ever since.

"When I get to Hollywood, I don't know just what sort of thing I shall do. Anything Mr. Thalberg wants, I rather expect. My taste in pictures runs to light comedy, for after all, amusement is the primary business of talking pictures.

"That's why Marion Davies is almost my favorite talkie actress. I liked her very much in 'Not So Dumb.' Next after Miss Davies, I prefer Clara Bow, Greta Garbo, Ronald Colman, and Kathryn Carver, although we don't see her very much now.

"I rather think the trouble with the talkies is the same trouble that the stage has always had—there aren't really enough good stories to go around. If you take a whole theatrical season, there will scarcely be a half-dozen good

Good News! P. G. Wodehouse is in Hollywood Writing his Inimitable Humor for the Screen

stories. And the same is true of the screen. The plot and dialogue have to be turned out at such a tremendous rate of speed that the result is often—well, not what one could wish.

"Perhaps the answer is to take the best literature at our disposal and to adapt it to screen needs.

"I'm jolly glad to be here in America for I sold my first story in the United States. I started out at twenty-one, after I left Dullwich (pronounced Duledge—these droll English!) College, as assistant columnist on the *Globe*, a London newspaper, at a salary of twenty-five dollars a week. During my second summer there I had a five weeks' vacation, and so decided to visit America. Here I sold my first story, to *Cosmopolitan*. Following this, I placed several in *McClure's* and *Everybody's*.

"In fact, I was getting on so well, I applied for extended leave and stayed here some months, later returning to England. But every year or so I returned to write some of Mr. Ziegfeld's musical comedies, as well as to write for various magazines.

"The high water mark in my life, I think was in 1914, when I sold my first serial to the *Saturday Evening Post*. I really felt I was getting on then! Since that time I have written some thirty novels, the latest being 'Fish Preferred,' and many stories for *Liberty* and *Collier's* and the *Saturday Evening Post*.

"In England, I contribute to the *Strand Magazine*, which is the publication which first printed the Sherlock Holmes stories. Although I respect this and many other British magazines highly I am forced to the conclusion that the average intelligence in America is higher than the average intelligence in Great Britain, which fact is borne out by its magazines, its movies and its advertising.

"Advertising is also behind the American standard. The whole thing is on a different scale. Perhaps it is because we are more reticent.

"And, of course, as everybody knows, our moving pictures are not in any way comparable to yours. Despite the fact that the screen is one of the best means of advertising home products abroad, England has not kept pace with the times. A few men get together, subscribe a hundred thousand dollars' worth of stock, which after all, would be only one day's expenditure in Hollywood, and try to make pictures. It's done in such a provincial fashion. Exactly as if Mr. Ziegfeld were to operate his 'Follies' in Albany or Schenectady instead of on Broadway.

"But despite all this, there's no place quite like England for me," smiled Wodehouse. "I miss my home and garden very much. I never go out a lot, but depend almost entirely for my recreation on books, my garden, and my family and my friends. My wife will join me soon. My daughter is here with me. And my only worry is what I shall do in Hollywood about a home. Do you think I can find a garden there?"

To reply to that, Mr. Wodehouse, we'll have to refer you to the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. For to hear them tell it, Hollywood is the prize garden of the world.



The pretty girl is the author's daughter, Leonora. Looks like one of P. G.'s own winsome English heroines, doesn't she? Leonora is a hit in Hollywood social circles.

Wodehouse on Hollywood:

"I never saw a swooning director, a temperamental star, or any whoopee parties. Perhaps it was the closed season for—ah, er, temperament!

"My taste in pictures runs to light comedy, for after all, amusement is the primary business of talking pictures. That's why Marion Davies is almost my favorite talkie actress. Next after Miss Davies, I prefer Clara Bow, Greta Garbo, Ronald Colman."

MARION DAVIES



SALLY EILERS



DOLORES DEL RIO









BILLIE DOVE

MARILYN MORGAN

HELEN TWELVETREES





CORINNE GRIFFITH

NANCY CARROLL NORMA SHEARER

ZIEGFELD *PICKS THEM!*

Famous producer now in Hollywood selects outstanding screen beauties. See their pictures on opposite page, then read Ziegfeld's reasons for selecting them in story below

By Helen Ludlam

ZIEGFELD has joined the movies!

Broadway's great girl-and-music show man has moved to Hollywood, where he is supervising the screening of "Whoopee," his New York stage success. His wife, Billie Burke, and daughter Patricia accompanied him. He thinks Hollywood is great.

Of course, we had to ask him: "Are there more beautiful girls out here than in the East?"

"No! I don't think one sees as many lovely girls in Hollywood as one does in New York—in general, I mean. Of course, there is no Fifth Avenue here."

"Of the ones you have met whom do you consider the most beautiful?" I asked, pinning him down.

He thought a minute. "That little girl I met at Hoot Gibson's the other night, Sally Eilers, is a beautiful girl. She is the loveliest brunette I have seen out here. Dolores Del Rio is a beautiful girl, too.'"

"Who else?" I prompted him.

"May I have until tomorrow to think it over?" he asked.

He did—and here's the list:

Sally Eilers — the most beautiful brunette.

Helen Twelvetrees — a blonde of great beauty and personality, with a great future.

Marilyn Morgan — for youthful beauty and personality.

Nancy Carroll — very beautiful eyes, great personality, and that something that spells success.

Dolores Del Rio—Spanish type of beauty very different from ours, with an exceptionally fine head.

Norma Shearer—not only a beautiful face, but very expressive eyes and personality.

Corinne Griffith—ideal screen beauty with great refinement.



Florenz Ziegfeld, supreme producer of girl-and-music shows, has joined the movies. He is supervising "Whoopee," likes Hollywood, and may stay. Do you agree with his selection of beauties? You'd better—he's an authority!



Muriel Finley, one of America's most famous show-girls, will make her screen debut in "Whoopee." Ziegfeld says she's the most beautiful show-girl in Hollywood.

Marion Davies and Billie Dove, who appeared in the "Follies" and who will hold their own anywhere.

Muriel Finley — The Golden Girl, most beautiful show-girl.

There you have Mr. Ziegfeld's list. You'll be interested in his sidelights on Norma Shearer and Nancy Carroll.

"Nancy Carroll, though not possessing exactly perfect features has very beautiful eyes and great personality. I say this in spite of the fact that I turned her down for the 'Follies' several years ago and engaged her sister. Nancy appeared before me with several hundred girls but she excuses my lack of judgment in her case by admitting that at the time she was very fat and her slightly upturned nose was thereby made to look extremely pug! She now has a splendid figure, beautiful limbs, and an enchanting smile.

"Norma Shearer also applied for a job in the 'Follies.' I told her she was too small for a show-

(*Continued on page* 121)



Ramon Novarro's ambition was divided between his film career and concert work until sound pictures solved his problem. Now he can act and he can sing—on the same screen.

A SINGING LESSON

By RAMON NOVARRO

Screenland is proud to present to its vocally ambitious readers this practical article of excellent advice and suggestion by the popular Novarro. The first of a series by the leading singing stars of the screen—valuable to voice students, interesting to everybody

SINGING is the most psychic of all the arts. It is our own conception of beauty that we eventually express. We prostitute the art of singing when we use it as a medium to express tragedy, hate or lust. Singing is a happy art and should be used to express laughter, joy and love.

It is my opinion backed by countless others that every boy and girl should learn to sing, just as they study spelling and arithmetic; for music is as necessary to the soul and rhythm of life as reading and mathematics are to the mind. Singing has another asset—it is the most perfect type of physical exercise in the world for the lungs, the throat, and to develop breath control.

Everybody will not become a great singer because he studies singing, although the history of singers does not show that it is always the divine natural voice that wins fame. Many a person born with a remarkable voice has been lost in obscurity in the village choir, while a person who started life with a small and uninteresting voice has, through concentration and ambition, developed into one of the world's famous singers. In Italy right now there is a singer who, through shell shock and being gassed in the war has only one lung, yet in spite of this handicap he sings more leading rôles in one season than most singers do in a lifetime. His perfect style, diction and musicianship makes up for what he lacks in quality and quantity. I refer to Pertile, the Italian tenor at La Scala Opera in Milan.

Young singers make a grave mistake to think they can learn to sing in a week or in a year. Singing is a life's work, the voice growing better as the body matures and the tones developing greater beauty as the singer's conception of beauty develops.

A voice is like a bud. You can force it open petal by petal until you have a full-bloomed rose, but if you wait for nature to open its leaves the flower will be as beautiful as it was intended to be. The same is true of the voice. I cannot repeat too often, you cannot learn to sing

Novarro Says:

Every boy and girl should learn to sing, just as they study spelling and arithmetic; for music is as necessary to the soul and rhythm of life as reading and mathematics are to the mind.

Young singers make a grave mistake to think they can learn to sing in a week or in a year. Singing is a life's work.

A teacher can never make you a great singer but he can guide and help.

Verdi is by far the greatest composer for the singer.

in a limited time; it is a lifelong work. My mother sings more beautifully today than she did when I was a child. She has always continued studying and has naturally improved. Although she has had a very busy life with fourteen children to bring up, she has never neglected her singing.

I would love to be able to guide some young singers on the right road, for I feel there will be many fine voices in the next generation, surrounded as we are nowadays with so much music. The best advice that I can give is to begin with great enthusiasm for good singing and find the right teacher, one who makes singing easy, natural and happy. Vocalize six days a week regularly and take a day for complete rest. Study in different languages and when you have advanced far enough, pass a rôle of one of the standard operas with someone who knows it. Then disregard tradition entirely. Don't be cramped with the old way of doing things for you may have a better interpretation yourself. Beware of depending too much upon a teacher. Once you have studied seriously and are on the right path, it is good to think for yourself, for you will discover many things that will be beneficial to your voice that no one could have found out, but yourself.



"Every boy and girl should learn to sing, just as they study spelling and arithmetic," says Novarro, "for music is necessary to the soul and rhythm of life."

A teacher can never make you a great singer but he can guide and help. In Mr. Louis Graveure I have found the right person to bring the best out of me. From him I have learned some splendid exercises to bring the voice forward (a singer's paramount aim). It is best to sing fifteen or twenty minutes at a time several times a day than to tire the voice singing long periods at a time, as some enthusiastic young singers are apt to do. I practice with my eyes closed. This helps me to concentrate and hear the quality of tone I am producing. This might not help others; it has been of great benefit to me. It is good to find out what faults one has and then exaggerate to exact oposite. For example, if you have a dark tone, practice with a white one; if you have a nasal quality, get much of the round open vowel quality into your tone. One marvelous thing about singing is that when you do produce a truly perfect tone, you know it.

The shape of the mouth while singing is also a matter of great importance. If the mouth is to one side, or spread, grinning or forced open, it is not right. One of the greatest singing teachers who ever lived, Matilde Marchesi, said: "Yawn the tone!" For those who yawn with a well-opened, flexible jaw there is no beter advice.

(*Continued on page* 106)



Rénée Adorée plays the accompaniment for two great singing screen stars—Lawrence Tibbett and Ramon Novarro. Rénée appears with Ramon in "The Singer of Seville," his next musical movie.

. . . THEIR LITTLE

All the Stars Have Them — That's What Makes Them Lovable



Above: characteristic of Greta Garbo, on the screen and off, is the way she has of clasping her hands tightly together, for no apparent reason.

Below: Charlie Farrell has a habit of wrinkling up his brow as though he were frightfully deep in thought when he's really not at all.



When Olive Borden is intensely interested she has a way of taking her hat off, repeatedly, and putting it on again, quite unconsciously.



Below, center: when Sue Carol talks to you, she has an odd way of picking up a book and glancing through it, meanwhile continuing her conversation.



MANNERISMS! Hollywood, City of Make-believe, abounds with them!

Ever since those well-known and delightful ancestors of ours—Eve and Adam—paraded around in the Garden of Eden, pouting their lips and blinking their eyes at each other, while absent-mindedly fingering their fig leaves, both the fairer and the sterner sex have nobly carried down through the ages the mannerisms that a charming couple started introducing years ago.

Not since that fateful day long, long ago, has a single year passed by without plenty of members of the feminine and masculine class coming forth and startling their friends and acquaintances by alluring vogues of personal mannerisms.

And in Hollywood, where mannerisms seem to count more than anywhere else, you encounter odd traits daily. Off-screen and on, actors and actresses have their mannerisms. Usually, they are unconsciously done—that is, the person voluntarily does some little thing that becomes a habit but while the action is voluntary, it requires no thought to speak of.

For instance, Sue Carol, off-screen, has a mannerism that is most unusual. She will pick up a book or paper or magazine and skim hurriedly through its pages. She does not read but merely shifts her eyes from page to page, perhaps idly glancing now and then at a picture. Meanwhile, she will continue her conversation. Sue does this through habit and unconsciously. The importance of the conversation does not alter the mannerism at all.

If you ever get the opportunity to talk with Olive Borden for a long time, watch her take her hat off and then put it on again. During the course of an hour's conversation, Olive has been known to remove her hat four or five times! As soon as she realizes that she has taken her hat off, she very carefully replaces it and resets the curls of protruding hair. A few minutes later she is intensely interested in some conversational topic and lo and behold! —off comes the hat again!

Maybe it's because he is of the West and born, you might very well say, with a rope in his hands that Hoot Gibson is always using those same hands when he is

MANNERISMS

By
Gordon R. Silver



Above: Constance Bennett's mannerism is absent-mindedness. She's likely to walk away in the middle of a conversation.

Here's petite Fifi Dorsay of gay Paree. Her pet mannerism, quite characteristic of Fifi and frequently practised, is throwing her head 'way back in the air and laughing gaily.





Above: Helen Kane, Boop-a-Doop Girl, whose little trait consists of coyly sticking one finger up to her chin.

Below, center: One would know Victor McLaglen anywhere just by his way of sticking his thumbs in his upper vest pockets.



talking. Hoot's hands are constanly on the move. He is either shaking the fingers, rubbing the palms together, tapping the knuckles against each other or doing something with them. Aso, he gestures freely when he talks and this is unconsciously done, too.

Constance Bennett has a habit of walking away in the very middle of a conversation. It is a sort of absent-minded mannerism. No matter how important the topic may be nor how interested she is, she's as likely as not to abruptly halt in her talking and move away, only to return a brief instant later and resume where she left off. This is particularly true when she has much on her mind; in fact, it happens more often when there is something very serious for her to think of. It is for this reason that one suspects her sojourns away from conversations are entirely unconscious—that they are only a unique mannerism.

The plains and mountains of Old Montana are partly responsible for all the personal what-nots developed by Gary Cooper. One of the most noticeable, perhaps, is the manner in which Gary stalks along—his head thrust out as though he were playing follow the leader all by his lonesome! Cooper didn't realize his head was so far ahead of the rest of him until he saw his first picture—after that he went to no end of pains attempting to line himself up. But the rangy actor got no thanks for his trouble. He had to cultivate the habit all over again for his rôle in "The Virginian."

Another—shall we say 'stalker'—is the Garbo. In fact, off-screen, slouching along with both hands thrust deep in coat pockets and looking neither to right or left, is Greta's greatest mannerism. Another is clasping her hands tightly together. Garbo does this both in real and 'reel' life and for no apparent reason whatever—it's just a mannerism.

One of the prize idiosyncrasies is that developed by Charles Mack, of Moran and Mack, comedian team extraordinary. This big 'Black Crow' has rubbed so much burnt cork around his mouth, using a sort of circular motion of his forefinger, that (*Continued on page* 122)

JACK *VS.*

Will Gentleman Jack win popular decision over Malicious Mike?

By Marie House



John Gilbert in his famous rôle of the Prince in "The Merry Widow." Would you like to see and hear him in the sound version of his great success? Dr. Marafioti says Jack would acquit himself with vocal distinction if he should be assigned to sing the part.

All is quiet on the Hollywood front. The weeping and wailing and gnashing of careers have all but stopped. The fans wipe the tears from their several faces and gulp their last sniffle.

John Gilbert can talk!

No, the cat didn't have his tongue, silly. But the cats had theirs! Oh well, we knew he could do it all the time, we sniff. And some old meanies with inconvenient memories sneer, and mention ill-concealed snickers on "One (not so) Glorious Night."

Well, what if we did giggle, we defend ourselves. Not even a Mansfield could have put across an "Oh, beauteous maiden, my arms are waiting to enfold you," over a faulty microphone. So a pair of tushes and a pooh for that!

They say Lawrence Tibbett and a couple of other fellows have usurped John's place as the new lover of the screen, some ill-natured persons whisper in our ears. Who cares? No matter how handsome and charming, there can be only one John Gilbert of "The Big Parade," "Flesh and The Devil," "The Merry Widow"—ah, "The Merry Widow"—which reminds us:

The latest reports are that John can sing! Take that—and little birds are busy telling people that he could sing that dashing part in "The Merry Widow" which seemed made for him in the silents; not only could sing it, but—

Tracing rumors to their source leads to a large orange-curtained studio with a grand piano and Spanish shawl and atmosphere.

"Any voice can be trained to speak over the microphone," Dr. P. Mario Marafioti pronounced, and we rushed right in to find out about it.

Dr. Marafioti, in case you don't know, was the voice expert with the Metropolitan Opera House for the past eighteen years who has moved bags and piano out to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot and puts such stars as John Gilbert, Bessie Love, Marion Davies, Anita Page, Grace Moore and others through their daily *do re me fa so la ti dos.* So he knows what all the singing is about. It was Dr. Marafioti who guarded the famous Caruso voice, who guided the vocal destinies of such singers as Emma Calve, Alma Gluck, Emmy Destin, Julia Culp, Titto Ruffo and others; who brought the astonishing Swanson to such a successful debut in the talkers.

'MIKE'

THE SCREEN BATTLE OF THE CENTURY

Round 1. "His Glorious Night"
Mike's Round.

Round 2. "Redemption" *Even.*

Round 3. "Way of a Sailor"
Seconded by Dr. Marafioti.

WHO WINS—JACK OR MIKE?



Here's how Jack looks when he is singing. Unlike some actors' his features are not distorted when he warbles.

"Yes, any voice can be trained to speak properly and most of them to sing," said Marafioti.

And that, of course, means John!

"Mr. Gilbert has a beautiful speaking voice," the doctor tells us. "It was only a matter of developing the true quality of his voice, which is deep, resonant and full of life and color. A voice that exactly suits his vibrant personality."

Aaaaaaaaah! And his singing voice?

"Beautiful, too. A tenor voice."

We suddenly remember "The Merry Widow," how perfect it would be to hear John sing this rôle that made him so famous in the days of silence.

"I see no reason why he should not sing such a rôle," Dr. Marafioti answered our question. "He has been singing rôles from the opera 'Rigoletto,' which are much more difficult. And he can sing one note higher than any of the songs in 'The Merry Widow.' So I see no reason at all why he should not be able to sing it.

"Of course, you understand, it is a matter of practice—like fingers which must master the technique of the piano; so that he can sing with great ease it may take months of training."

Little birds are raucously screeching in our ears of a song in the new picture which Mr. Gilbert is soon to embark upon.

Eager Gilbert fans patiently waiting for this new talkie venture will cheer. His new picture, "Way of a Sailor," by Lawrence Stallings with the collaboration of John's once arch enemy, Jim Tully, will find him prepared to bring home a typical Gilbert victory. A story of the sea, a debonair adventurer, and a thrilling Gilbertian voice!

And as for "The Merry Widow," though rumor persists that Lawrence Tibbett is scheduled for this colorful operetta, who knows! The best laid plans of mice and studio officials—have a way of upsetting the apple cart. Through our own private telescope we see a positively glittering future, full of gallant figures in uniforms singing romantic songs in a thr-r-r-rilling voice, and they are every one John Gilbert!



Dr. Mario Marafioti, distinguished voice expert, who is coaching Gilbert to vocal success.

We lay down the telescope with a sigh. And how was all this accomplished, we inquire?

"As with all of my pupils," answered the voice expert. "I teach them to speak naturally, to place the voice properly. I do this with a strange language first for then they do not have so much to learn over again. They can get the sensation, the feeling of where the voice is placed, as they talk. When they have learned the way each vowel and consonant should be spoken, I give them a whole passage of this language to learn. Gradually, as they understand how each should be spoken, we try English. Even with the singers I insist upon their learning to speak properly first."

And how does a singer feel about this?

"It is a great person who wishes

(*Continued on page* 126)



George Gershwin, composer of **Rhapsody in Blue, An American in Paris,** *and many musical comedies, signs with Fox to write original scores for the screen.*

GERSHWIN

The talking picture is capturing artists. Two of the most recent win, great young American com- the most famous scenic designer they have surrendered

By Rosa

AN early summer evening. A pent-house apartment high up over the blue-gold Hudson River. In the long, twilit dining room, a great table covered with caviar and *pate de fois gras* sandwiches, apple strudel, strawberry tarts, tea, coffee.

In the gray modernistic drawing room, a hush falls on many groups of chattering people. Quickly they set down their tea-cups. A green snake plant rears its head stiffly erect—as if waiting. And, as if in answer, a handsome young man bows his black head lower over the concert grand, and with brown hands firmly placed on ivory keys—begins to play.

Music—music, such as was never composed before, except perhaps by Debussy. Music as modern as a skyscraper, but with an irony, a mockery of life older than time. Music that tantalizes, excites, irritates; music that lifts the nerves to a quivering pitch of ecstacy—inciting passions that it refuses to satisfy, music rising higher and higher and higher until in one wrench of jackal glee at this dance of modern life, it sneers out its laughter and is gone.

Of course, it was the *Rhapsody in Blue,* played by the composer himself. George Gershwin, the young Jew who, in my opinion, is the greatest contemporary American composer, since he has contributed something terribly new and terribly disturbing to our hitherto obvious musical existence. Because of his outstanding talent, Mr. Gershwin has recently been signed by the Fox Film Company to go to Hollywood and write original tunes for musical films. And to announce his decision to the public, Gershwin at his pent-house apartment was giving a party to the press, assisted by his brother Ira, who writes all the lyrics for George's music, his exotic sister who is beginning to be known as a dancer, and his beautiful sister-in-law, Ira's wife.

Gershwin whose *Blue Rhapsody* and *An American in Paris* have set him entirely apart from other American jazz composers, will not be thirty-one until September. And it is coincidental that when September rolls around, he will have composed music for thirty-one Broadway shows.

This young American who began life in a tenement on the east side is tall, thin, brown-skinned, with laughing eyes, a strong nose and a powerful chin. He wears 'easy' clothes—nice, loose-fitting tweeds, beautifully made shoes, and socks and ties that match. He has a frank, unprofessional smile and a mouth of amazing beauty and sensitivity.



Goldberg

Gershwin—young, handsome—a home-grown American genius! You'll soon be hearing his music from the sound screen.

"I go to work for the talkies like any other amateur," Mr. Gershwin said, "for I know very little about them. I am not a film fan, a movie addict," he smiled, "neither am I crazy about shows. When I get time off, I either have a few friends in for a musical evening or go to hear a symphony concert. In fact, I go in so little for night life that there are several important night clubs in New York that I have never been inside.

"Because I am inexperienced with films, I am approaching them in a humble state of mind, for I realize one point well. Any creator is an idealist. And if a moving picture corporation allows its artists too much scope in an executive way, it would be ruinous—just as our government would be ruined if it were put into the hands of idealists. Idealism and practicability don't always match. (*Continued on page* 126)

URBAN

the chief contemporary creative acquisitions are George Gershposer; and Josef Urban, perhaps in the world today. Read why to the screen

Reilly

"THE talking picture is bringing all the great art forms in existence right up to our front door step," says Josef Urban. "All we have to do now to get a real artistic education," he continued, "is to turn the door knob and let these advantages roll in."

Mr. Urban, at the moment we go to press, is on his way to Hollywood to give the pretty talkie stars the kind of surroundings they ought to have.

But hold on a minute, now—Josef is no big butter and egg man trying to win a lady's heart with a Spanish villa or an English country house. Not at all, not at all! Mr. Urban is just one of the most famous—if not the most famous—scenic designer in the world. And he has recently been signed to go to Hollywood to make sure that your favorite actors and actresses have screen settings worthy of their beauty and talent.

Just before he took the train, Mr. Urban gave SCREENLAND'S representative a special interview in order that we might be the first to tell you just what this internationally celebrated artist plans to do while he is on the west coast.

In his beautiful studio on East Fifty-Seventh Street, New York, Mr. Urban was sitting behind the enormous table where all day long and half of the night he works out his stage designs and plans the models of theaters, skyscrapers, opera houses, automobiles, homes, rugs—and anything else that he pleases to do. Outside, in his big adjoining offices, a large staff of draughtsmen, architects and apprentices were working in shifts to carry out the tremendous volume of his creative ideas.

Urban is a colossus of a man. Square-headed, square-jawed, square-shouldered, he even has a nose the exact shape of a t-square. Probably got that way from leaning over a drawing board twenty hours a day, since he works until two and three in the morning. His arms and legs are enormous and muscular, but his hands are so slight and lean they seem not to belong to the rest of his bear-like body.



The noted Josef Urban, of Vienna and New York, designer of sets for the Metropolitan Opera and for Ziegfeld, now contributing his talents to the movies.

For many years, Mr. Urban has been famous in Europe. So we won't go into that. You all may have heard that he gained a great reputation as a designer of stage sets for the Royal Theater in Vienna, for the Champs Elysée in Paris, and for Covent Garden in London. In 1912 he came to America as designer for the Boston Opera Company. And has remained ever since to do dozens of sets for our Metropolitan Opera, for Florenz Ziegfeld, and other producers; to say nothing of designing the Ziegfeld Theater, the Hearst Magazine Building, the New School for Social Research, as well as many magnificent homes and clubs at Palm Beach, Miami, and other fashionable centers.



Urban's screen work will be an interesting experiment with sound, color, light, perspective —all the great art forms.

Mr. Urban, who was born in Vienna fifty-seven years ago, speaks English with a piquant accent which is impossible for me to reproduce. He said: "My work with the Fox people will, naturally, be more than designing sets. It will be an experiment with sound, color, light, perspective—all great art forms.

"My first picture will be of Mark Twain's 'Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court,' in which Will Rogers will be the star. In that picture, we have a problem. It is a story of the sixth century, and," he (*Continued on page* 125)

The BOY FRIENDS'

Who's Going with Whom in Hollywood's Younger Set



Ever since Arthur Lake played with June Clyde in "Tanned Legs" there's been just one girl in the world for Arthur.

THE consensus of opinion of the younger boy friends of Hollywood is that they'll take their girls 'old-fashioned.'

The latest model in manhood for the summer of 1930 admits that he likes to see girls in curls and fluffy ruffles, with manners to match.

Which may be the reason that most young men in our town from Rudy Vallee down—or up—try their luck with Mary Brian.

Billy Bakewell, who is one of the swains who likes Mary, (she is usually seen with two or three escorts at a time) says that men like mothers and sweethearts better than the 'I'm your pal' girls who try to be just like men.

"Girls don't like effeminate men," he argues, "why should men be expected to like boyish women? After all, most of us have a lot of men friends. We're looking for something else—inspiration or whatever you call it, sweetness and softness, romance.

"Romance is whatever women want it to be. They do as they please with us, anyway. The right kind of woman can make any man jump through hoops. She inspires him and gives him the best reason in the world for doing his stuff."

Billy met Mary when they were both working in "Harold Teen." He says he isn't casting yet when it comes to choosing a wife, but the things he likes about girls strangely fit Mary. He likes a girl who doesn't drink or smoke, who isn't afraid to be jeered at for being old-fashioned.

Then there's Sally Blane, over at RKO, with whom Billy is sometimes seen. Sally is the 'domestic type'; she says so herself. She loves to fuss over clothes and can even use a vacuum cleaner. Her dressing-room is sure to be the homiest place on the lot, for Sally could make a home out of a railroad station.

Sally has just stopped going with Tommy Lee. But





Above: Lew Ayres says he falls in love with every attractive girl he meets. But this scene with Constance Bennett is just from "Common Clay."

Frank Albertson and Maureen O'Sullivan in "So This is London." The girl of Frank's dreams has red hair and a mother who doesn't like Frank!

GIRL FRIENDS

By Ruth Tildesley

then how can one decide who is going with which of the Young girls (Sally is sister to Polly Ann Young) when their house is always full of boys?

Lew Ayres, at the moment because of his work in "All Quiet on the Western Front" the most talked-of lad in filmdom, insists that he knows nothing about girls.

In the Fox publicity office yesterday I came upon a little dancer from one of the sets, holding the file of Lew's photographs close against her heart and sighing: "Isn't he gorgeous? Isn't he marvelous? I could die for him—but he doesn't know I'm alive!" Which just about expresses it.

Lew never takes a girl anywhere. He lives alone in an apartment, where he plays his organ, models in clay or reads philosophy. He neither smokes nor drinks.

"It's not true that I don't like girls," he says, shyly, "I think they're wonderful. I fall in love with every attractive girl I meet, but it seldom lasts a week. I never seem to get anywhere with them."

Lew writes ballads. The names of two are *The Love in Your Eyes* and *I've Found the Girl.*

"But I haven't," he hastily assured me very seriously.

Which will be good news to feminine fans, won't it?



Eddie Quillan is rushing Sally Starr at present. It's a case! These two youngsters provide the romance in "Night Work."

Last summer Arthur Lake went over to RKO to make "Tanned Legs." A lovely little blonde named June Clyde was cast opposite him. One look at her and all was over with Arthur. He rushed her all through the picture. 'Girl' to Arthur meant June and nobody else.

After the picture, the affair went on awhile and seemed to die down. Next thing noted was that when Arthur, with his mother and sister, were in New York and planning to return to Hollywood, he wired June, who was in the East with her mother, and the two families took the same train home.

Now that both youngsters are working on the RKO lot again, they've been lunching (*Continued on page* 120)



Above: Billy Bakewell in a sweet scene with Alice White. Young Mr. Bakewell, in private life, is attracted to old-fashioned girls.



Right: Buddy Rogers and June Collyer. Buddy likes June; he likes Mary Brian and other nice girls of the screen colony, too.

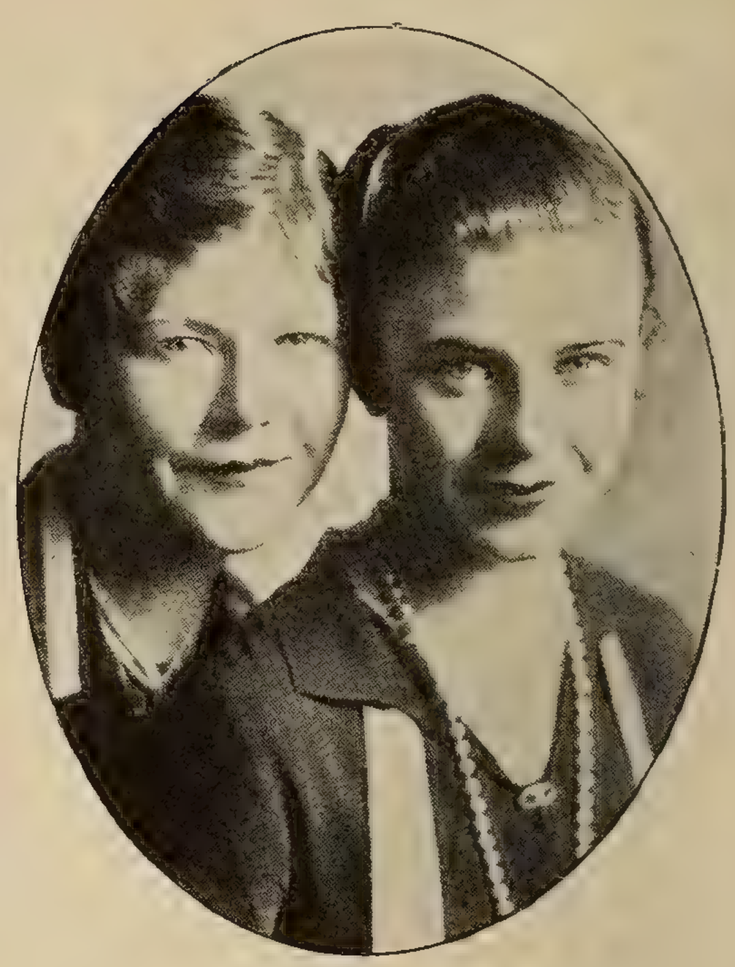


Lela and Ginger Rogers, when Ginger was just ten months old.

ROGERS: *GINGER*

The new Rogers on the film horizon is not related to Buddy, but she's a hit just the same

By Lela Rogers



The same girls as they look today. Clever, these Rogerses!

The author of this close-up of Ginger Rogers is in private life none other than the young actress' mother. Under her professional name of Lela Leibrand, Mrs. Rogers has been a member of the scenario staffs of leading film companies and has also done considerable free-lance writing. During the war, she enlisted in the Marine Corps publicity department, and edited "The Leatherneck," official journal of the Corps. And now —she's her daughter's best press agent!

BECAUSE the Editor of SCREENLAND asked me to interview this newcomer to the screen, Ginger Rogers, Paramount's latest 'find,' I took pencil in hand early this morning and hied myself to her bedside, shook her gently, and in my very best reportorial tones began, "Tell me something about yourself, Miss Rogers." (I really said 'Ginger,' for I had met her before, and having once met Ginger, one never again thinks of her as 'Miss Rogers.')

Ginger rolled over to face me, opened one eye with much effort, and exhaled a wide yawn, through which she managed to articulate, "W-h-a-t d-i-d y-o-u sh-a-y, Lelee?"

And then it came to me how silly it was to interrogate Ginger and spoil her morning rest, when I knew more about her than she does herself!

So, gently I tucked the covers back under her chin, drew the blinds a little closer, softly closed the door that she might not hear the tapping of my portable, and here in my room shall give myself over to chronicling the outstanding events of her crowded little life, the eighteen years that have brought her to success in talking pictures.

I feel certain there is no originality, and probably very little significance, in my strange feeling of having met a real personality when I was introduced to my infant daughter in the early hours of July 16, 1911, in Independence, Missouri. Surely every mother knows *this* experience, so we shall discount that, and come to the time in her life when she really began to show signs of being one.



You saw her in "Young Man of Manhattan," as the irrepressible Fluff. *You'll see her soon in "Queen High." Ginger Rogers.*

Ginger was three when she went to her first musical comedy. The hit song, repeated many times during the production caught her fancy and she came away from the show singing it, word for word, understandably, even though the last line of the song was, "I know the fascinating widow will captivate you, too." Pretty big words for a three-year-old. (Today, Ginger's directors will tell you she is a quick study.) The *Captivating Widow* song was in her baby repertoire for years. Tunes were her forte. She learned them at once, and in her rendition of the lyric of a song I saw her innate dramatic turn.

Naturally, every mother watches her child to ascertain its turn of mind, its adaptabilities, in an effort to wisely guide in a choice of life-work. I found drama, mimicry, comedy, the gift for entertaining in Ginger; and felt certain, even at such a tender age as three, that she would one day belong to the theater. However, I held an open mind on the subject. In the years to follow it was my hope she would choose the path in life that would give her the most happiness, whether that were to be the quiet, private life, or the more public life of the theatrical profession.

When Ginger was six I was scenario writer for Baby Marie Osborne, famous child prodigy of motion pictures. This brought Ginger in contact with children stars, actors and directors. Opportunities for parts were offered—and refused. The finish of a child star frequently is so obvious and so pathetic. Schooling, a genuine education, something upon which to base (*Continued on page* 124)

STARS *and their* HOBBIES



GARY COOPER *confesses he can't choose between his two hobbies. So we said we'd choose for him. Horseback riding and tennis engage Gary on his days off, he says. But since riding a horse would be a sort of busman's holiday for Mr. Cooper, we suggested he stick to tennis. Gary said: "Sure." And here he is, complete with racket, correct togs, and the Gary Cooper grin.*









Upper left: Joan takes her wool rug with her to the studio and on location and adds a few stitches whenever she has a leisure moment.

Upper right: when Miss Crawford isn't busy making pictures, she is just as busy making hats. Some of those smart chapeaux you have admired so much are her own handiwork.

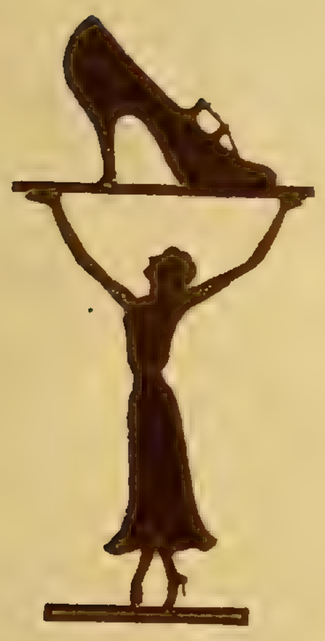
Left: Joan proudly exhibits her wool rug, all finished except one corner. Opposite page, above, she makes a handkerchief when she can't find anything else to do. But hooked rugs are her favorite accomplishment, because they add to the decorative attractions of Jo-Do, *the Fairbanks Jr. home.*



For the fluffy afternoon frock, the shoes Anita Page is wearing strike a piquant note. If you must be formal, there are others.



Evening slippers! The most thrilling aspect of this little star's very feminine hobby. Anita has more evening shoes than any other kind. Small wonder she can't make up her mind which pair to wear





And mules! Who can blame Anita if she goes a little haywire and owns more boudoir slippers than she absolutely needs? When you're just nineteen, and a movie star, there are few things more worth-while in life than completing a collection of brocaded, black-satin-and-ostrich-feather, modernistic mules! All of Miss Page's shoes are by I. Miller.





Above: Robert Montgomery making that which is known as a back swing. Bet he makes a hole in one. Come on, Bob, we're pulling for you. Fore!

Below: Robert Montgomery is rarin' to go but his partner didn't show up. Better luck next time, Bob.





Right: Claudette Colbert, Paramount player and paramount golfer, just made a swell putt. And is Claudette proud? Well, why not?



Left: of course by now you know that Robert Montgomery's hobby is golf. Here he is teeing-off for a long drive.





Right: Claudette Colbert showing good form—we mean golf form. Next to talkies, golf is Claudette's pet hobby. She learned to play in New York but never really accomplished a good game until she came to California and found more time to play.



Above: did Bessie Love faw down and go boom or is she just resting a bit between dances?



Above: no, Bessie Love is not starting off on a marathon race—it's just her own brand of dance whoopee.



Left: isn't this a honey? or maybe it's a love. Bessie puts on her every-day clothes and does a little home work on her dancing steps. Is this the prohibition dance —you know, hip, hip?



Right: the same Bessie, only she's changed to another working costume and steps out as a toe dancer. Miss Love expressing the spirit of the dance which, as you have probably suspected by now, is her favorite hobby.

Photographs of Miss Love by Hurrell



Above: strut à la Bessie Love—part two. Point the toe and clap your hands. Let's get going!



Above: Bessie is going to charm snakes or something or anything or everything.



Below: Bessie trying to see herself as others see her. You have the public approval, Miss Love.



Right: On with the dance! Bessie Love is doing the hot cha-cha or the Hollywood Hop. No matter what you call it, it's still our favorite dance.



Home! That's Richard Arlen's hobby. He and Mrs. Arlen—Jobyna Ralston before she left the screen to be Hollywood's perfect wife and hostess —have a secluded home in Toluca Lake, a Los Angeles suburb. During his spare time Dick has built three ornamental garden pools around his house. Right, he is shown completing the latest water-lily pond. Joby not only designed most of their furniture, but carpentered and painted some of it. Below, the Arlens enjoy a little rest from their self-imposed labors in a good, old-fashioned garden swing—one of the few things on the Arlen estate they did not *build themselves.*

Photographs by Don English











Photographs by Elmer Fryer

Lovely little Loretta Young admits her outstanding hobby: negligée pajamas. Her wardrobe boasts many exquisite creations; but these two, pictured here, are the favorites of her collection. Above, the gem of Loretta's trousseau: a frothy pajama ensemble of palest pink satin and real lace.

Left: Loretta, now that she is Mrs. Grant Withers, being very grown-up and dignified in her pet beach pajama ensemble. The trousers are white crepe de chine; the blouse light blue, the coat blue and white silk pique. With the suit Loretta wears a hat with a crown of the same material as her coat.



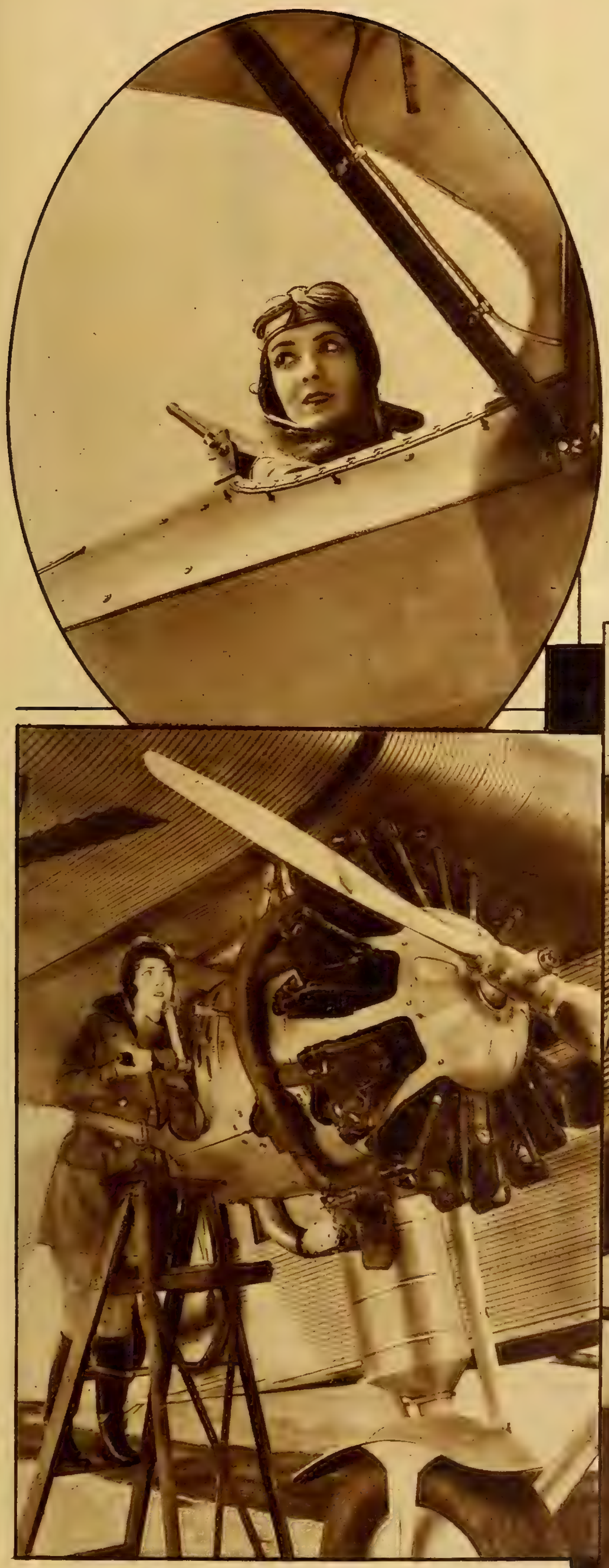
Portraits by Elmer Fryer

When Lila Lee says her hobby is flying, it's no mere flight of fancy. Lila is one of the flyingest girls in Hollywood. Whenever she isn't working she is begging for rides in her friends' 'planes. And she says she will buy a 'ship' herself one of these days, see if she doesn't. So far Lila has confined her aerial activities to being a passenger, but she threatens to go in for serious flying on her own as soon as her hobby nest-egg is hatched.



Lila wouldn't trade her hobby for any other. She says flying gives one a feeling of freedom and buoyancy obtainable in no other way. Well, anyway, Miss Lee, that helmet is mighty becoming.

The fact that Lila Lee has gone in for aviation in a whole-hearted way may account for some young men being given the air—and taking it gladly. Even if she never flies the Atlantic Miss Lee is still a great little argument for the cause of aeronautics.



The little girl is only kidding. She really knows a lot more about airplanes than she would lead you to believe in this picture





IF *you have heard Bernice Claire's lovely voice from the sound screen —and who hasn't?—you won't be* too *surprised to learn although she likes to swim and to ride, 'Bunny's' only real passion is for a permanent hobby—music. Since singing becomes more work than play when it's your profession, another variety of music satisfies her soul when in search of relaxation. She plays the organ, and in no amateur fashion. Looks like an amusing toy, doesn't it, this pretty little organ in Miss Claire's music room? Just try to play it, off-hand, and you'll be surprised. But to Bernice, it's fun.*

Photographs by Elmer Fryer

HELEN *ARRIVES*

Miss Twelvetrees steps into permanent popularity with her new personality

By Sydney Valentine

THERE'S a lot of comfort in the homely old adage, "Third time's a charm." To those who have been detoured from the road to fame a couple of times comes a feeling of satisfaction when they find everything top-hole on a third attempt. That, at least, was how Helen Twelvetrees, society editress, stage favorite and motion picture actress, felt when, after missing success by a hair's breadth twice, she finally acquired it on the third charmful occasion.

With Helen's newspaper career we have no dealings. That was but a preliminary step to her present avocation. The only thing it gained her was an opportunity to meet stage people and thus enter a profession more to her liking than journalism.

Helen was seventeen when she graduated from Newspaper Row to Broadway. That was less than four years ago and it marked the first detour. According to all reports, she was rather good at reporting society doings. However, New York's 'Four Hundred' had little appeal to her so she left journalism flat on its back to become an actress.

There was nothing auspicious about her stage debut. Helen's first rôle was minor and in a mediocre production which ran for six weeks. Then she was out of work but, having had a taste of acting, she soon found another job. From then on everything was easy. Producers liked her characterizations and audiences loved her shy appeal. Within a very short time, Helen was doing leads in "An American Tragedy" and "Elmer Gantry," with more fame in sight.

It was no detour that brought her into motion pictures. Hidden in the heart of every American girl is a desire to become famous on the screen. This applies also to stage actresses. Fame behind the footlights comes only after years of struggling. In pictures it is frequently acquired overnight. Believing this, Helen eagerly grasped the opportunity offered by Fox and came to Hollywood along with several other well-known stage players who had been signed by that company.

That was eighteen months ago. When she arrived in Hollywood, Helen was imbued with enthusiasm and anxious to continue the success which was hers on the stage. She had faith in herself and breathlessly awaited fame's coming. I remember how she shyly confided her aspirations to me at our first meeting which was two weeks after her arrival.

"I love it already," she said. "And I love California, (*Cont. on page* 106)



The new Helen Twelvetrees —gay and glamourous—steps off the Twentieth Century in New York City, delivering the print of "Swing High," the picture that will put her up among the leading stars. She's about to step all over the old Helen, a sweet but pensive creature who looked always as if about to burst into tears.



It's always a handicap for a screen newcomer to bear a resemblance to a famous star. Helen looked a little like Lillian Gish in her first films. But now she has developed an entirely new and refreshingly piquant personality. See her in "Swing High," her latest film. You'll like the change.

A Beach Offered by

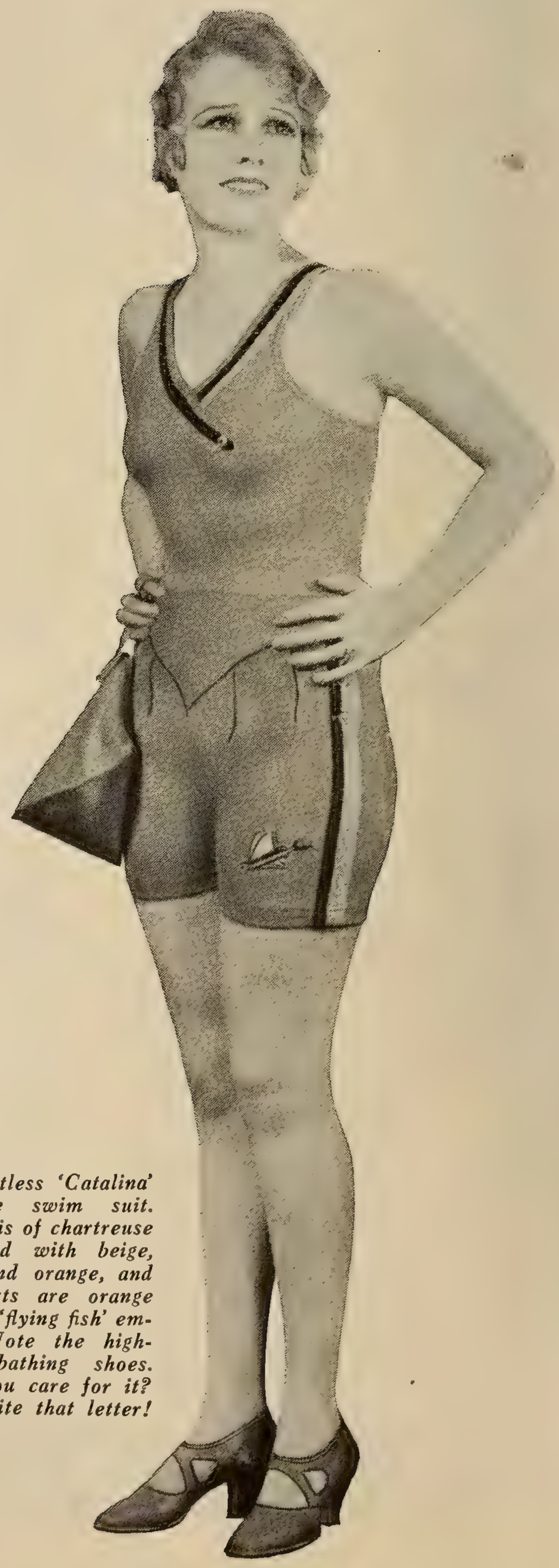


Anita Page wearing the hand-crocheted angora tam which is part of the gift ensemble. It is of a lovely shade of orange, blending very nicely with her costume.

ANITA PAGE is a *Modern Maiden* and modern maidens are good sports who go in for all sports—tennis, golfing and swimming. Speaking of swimming—that's what Anita excels in. When Anita leaves the studio sound waves she can be found taking a dip in the other waves. Which brings us to her gift. In the summer our thoughts just naturally turn to bathing and bathing suits. Anita Page offers us the newest in Hollywood beach ensembles. The entire costume is a combination of chartreuse and orange, trimmed with beige, brown and orange. The bathing suit top is of chartreuse and the shorts are of orange. The sleeveless jacket is of chartreuse and carries out the same trimming of the bathing suit. The circular skirt is of orange wool in the same color combination as the bathing shorts, and makes the costume suitable for both street and bathing purposes. High-heeled slippers, an aviation style bathing cap and an angora tam complete the ensemble. Anita Page offers this beach outfit to you for writing the best letter answering her timely, interesting, and provocative question.

ADDRESS:—ANITA PAGE
SCREENLAND CONTEST DEPARTMENT
45 West 45th Street
New York City

Contest closes August 10, 1930



The skirtless 'Catalina' two-piece swim suit. The top is of chartreuse trimmed with beige, brown and orange, and the shorts are orange with the 'flying fish' emblem. Note the high-heeled bathing shoes. Could you care for it? Then write that letter!

ENSEMBLE
Anita Page



Photographs by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Anita Page has chosen a charming and practical ensemble which can be worn to and from the swimming engagement. The sleeveless jacket is of chartreuse and carries out the identical trimming of her bathing suit; the skirt is of orange wool of circular design.



Anita prefers the aviation-cap style bathing cap which is held snugly by a chin strap. In a vivid orange shade which looks equally well on blondes or brunettes.

ANITA PAGE is in a quandary and you can give her first aid. She offers a liberal reward for your services. A beach ensemble in the offing!

As you know, Anita Page can play dramatic rôles or comedy parts with equal ability. She's an all-around ingenue. If her part calls for songs, she sings; if it calls for dancing—Anita goes into her dance. You all know about her dramatic ability. "Broadway Melody," "Our Dancing Daughters" and "Our Modern Maidens" proved her to be a more than capable dramatic actress. In light comedy such as "Free and Easy" and "Caught Short" Anita is a good little laugh-getter.

Think over the list of films in which you have seen Miss Page. Then decide in which you liked her best. Do you think she should type herself as a dramatic actress or should she always play in comedies? Give Miss Page your sincere thoughts on this subject—and for this you shall be rewarded. To the winner goes the bathing ensemble! Write the best letter and help Anita solve her problem and at the same time have your bathing problems solved. By best letter is meant the clearest, sincerest and most concise.

Here's the question you must answer: Do you prefer to see Anita Page in comedy rôles such as she plays in "Free and Easy" and "Caught Short"; or dramatic rôles such as "Our Dancing Daughters" and "Our Modern Maidens?" Give reasons for your choice.

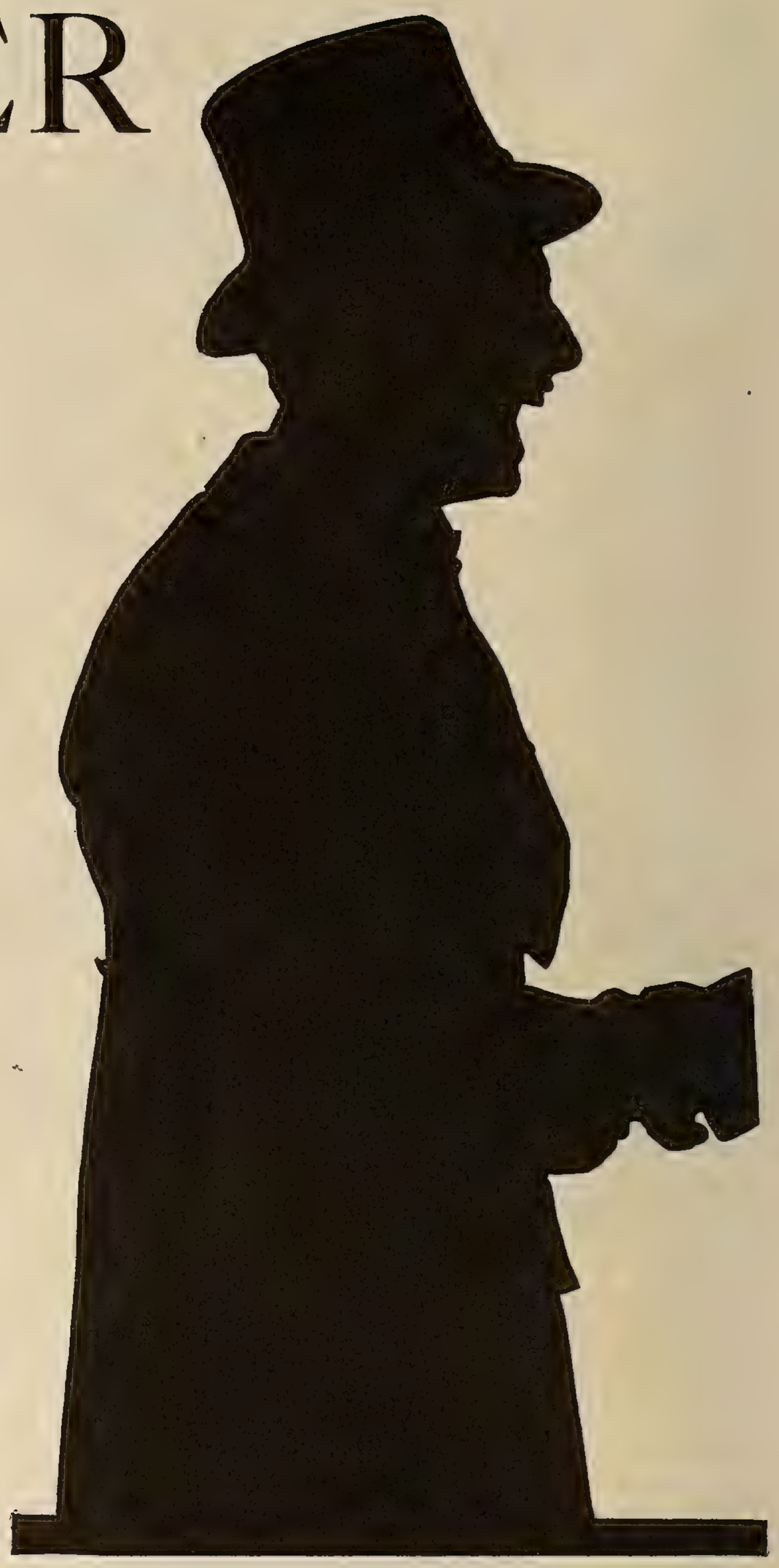
WHEELER

Bert talks to himself about himself — the Cuckoo!

By Bert Wheeler



Bert gives Mitchell Lewis, bad hombre of "The Cuckoos," Wheeler-Woolsey fun-film, the low-down on Bobby. What a pal!



THERE are two things I never, never do.

One of them is eat, and the other is talk about anybody.

But inasmuch as my partner Robert Woolsey isn't anybody, I can go right ahead and talk about him.

Besides, he causes me a lot of trouble. I learn he has taken unto himself a valet.

Now, I want to give you the inside dope on Woolsey. This isn't the first time his inferiority complex has caused me trouble. You see, it's this way. He knows that I am so far ahead of him in a social way that he keeps me poor trying to keep up with him.

When he hired this valet, there was nothing for me to do but take on a chauffeur.

I love my chauffeur, he's a peach—not a bit stuck up. He treats me just as if I were his equal.

I have a Ford, and also one of these front-drive Cords. Occasionally Gus, that's my driver's name, lets me ride in the Cord with him, and even when he doesn't, he always sees that the Ford is around where I can use it. He lets me drive the Ford myself.

And say, at a party Gus is the greatest ever. He never gets uppity and takes the first drink. He says he's afraid it might be poison and if so, he has to be in condition to take care of me.

No, sir! Don't let anybody tell you I'm jealous of Woolsey and his valet. I could have lots of them; but as I have only the two cars, what would they do for amusement? Gus takes the Cord all the time and the cook demands the Ford every evening.

Did I hear you say that my inferior, Mr. Woolsey, intimates that I have no valet because I haven't enough money? That's a fabrication, a prevarication—it's a low-down lie!

I've bought a lot of things Woolsey never has.

There was that time in Philadelphia when I bought the marble lions in front of the courthouse.

There was a little difficulty when I started to take them home. The city fathers appealed to my generosity, however, so I left them there as a gift to the city and as a monument to myself.

I recently received a (*Continued on page* 128)

WOOLSEY

Bobby is psycho-analyzed by his smart valet, Sam

By Sam Williams



Robert Woolsey congratulating Bert Wheeler, his partner in comedy, on having such a swell partner.



Sam, Woolsey's valet, writing the interview about 'Mr. Bobby.' Robert has his suspicions and is sticking around.

YES suh, I'se Mr. Bobby Woolsey's valet and personal aide.

No suh, I ain't his secretary. He ain't got no use for them animals, anyhow.

Fan mail? What you talkin' about?

Oh, no suh, he reckons he's too homely for that! He 'plains that the only mail he gets is bills.

Yes suh, I been workin' for him nigh onto five years. He was with a whole lot of them Ziegfeld shows. We knows all the big shots back home—like Mister Sam Harris, Erlanger, Selwyn, Hammerstein. Mr. Bobby he worked for all of 'em.

I drove him and Miss Minnie (Mrs. Woolsey) out to Hollywood when Mr. Bobby got a job in that "Rio Rita" pitcher at RKO.

Says which? 'Course I loves California. Mr. Bobby does, too. He says he's gwine to stay here 'till they git onto him—whatever that means.

Sure I like workin' for him. Somethin' doin' all the time. Actor folks certainly do travel 'round.

Funny off the screen? No siree! Most all the time he's got a grouch on worryin' 'bout close-ups, and things like that. I don't know half the time what he's talkin' about. He says the only time he's happy is when he has the funny answer—whatever that means.

Is he what? Ambitious? What's that?

Oh—oh, yes suh—that is, I guess so. He 'plains all the time that he's miscast as a comic. That's just how he puts it. He says he ought to be the love interest—like John Gilbert. Yes *suh!*

Miss Minnie says he's that kind of a fool, too.

Oh, he likes purty nigh anything to eat. He and Miss Minnie don't go in for fancy eatin'. Most of the eatin' in that family is done by Rusty.

Rusty? That's the dog. He's just a mutt. Miss Minnie picked him up offen the street and brung him home. You'd think he was the Princess of Wales. Sometimes I wonder who I'm working for, Rusty or Mr. Bobby!

Is who eccentric? Rusty? Oh, Mr. Bobby. No, but he does like to sleep mornin's. I sure have a time gittin' that man to the studio. I believe he just naturally hates daylight.

(*Continued on page* 113)

Photographs by E. A. Schoenbaum, Paramount.



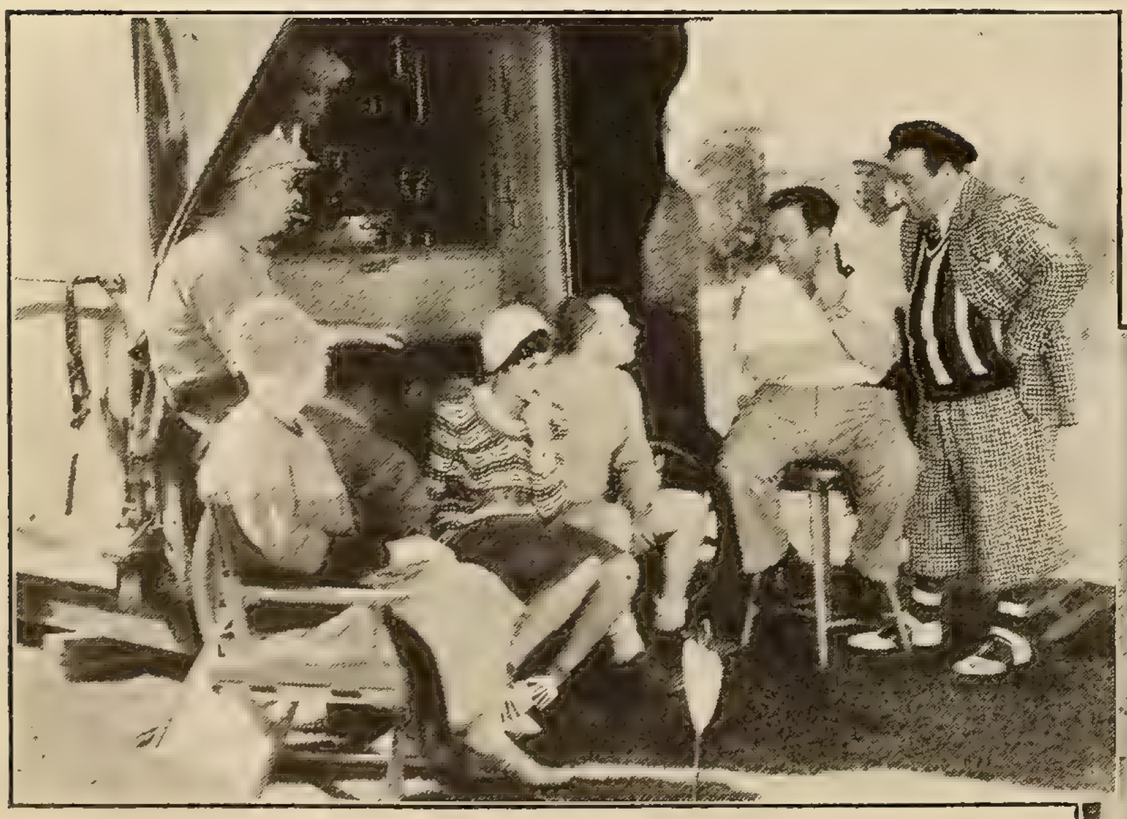
Thelma Todd, Jack Haley, and Zelma O'Neal forget about golf and indulge in the good old-fashioned game of 'megs.'

FORE! "Follow Thru" LOCATION

Come Along and Watch Them Make a Movie of the Popular Golf Musical Comedy

By Helen Ludlam

I MIGHT just as well state right here and now that this isn't going to be the usual location story. For the simple reason that it wasn't like a location. It was too dressed-up a place for that. When I heard that Palm Springs and the "Follow Thru" company with Buddy Rogers, Nancy Carroll, Zelma O'Neal, Eugene Pallette and other favorite players were waiting for SCREENLAND to look them over I actually romped with joy. But, to begin with, the desert was all shot to pieces. My memory of Palm Springs, the lovely Indian oasis, was so simple and so beautiful that when I saw what 'progress' had done to it the shock almost bowled me over. In place of the dirt roads there was asphalt, which was rather nice, for the alkali dust is not so hot; but there were paved sidewalks, too, instead of shady, grassy tufted walks. There were swanky hotels, branches of fashionable Los Angeles stores, tennis courts, golf courses, a flying field. People were going about in ultra-fashionable sports apparel. So by the time one took stock of all this there wasn't much left of the desert. The mountains and the sky, and oh, yes, the original Indian mud baths—thank heaven for that—were the only unchanged things. Even the flowers went back on me because the wild horses had devoured most of them and the hotel managers had combined in rounding up as many cowboys and Indians as they could to corral the strays and either capture or chase away the wild ones.





Above: Helen Ludlam, our Location Lady, on the sidelines with Zelma O'Neal, directors Schwab and Corrigan, and Eugene Pallette.

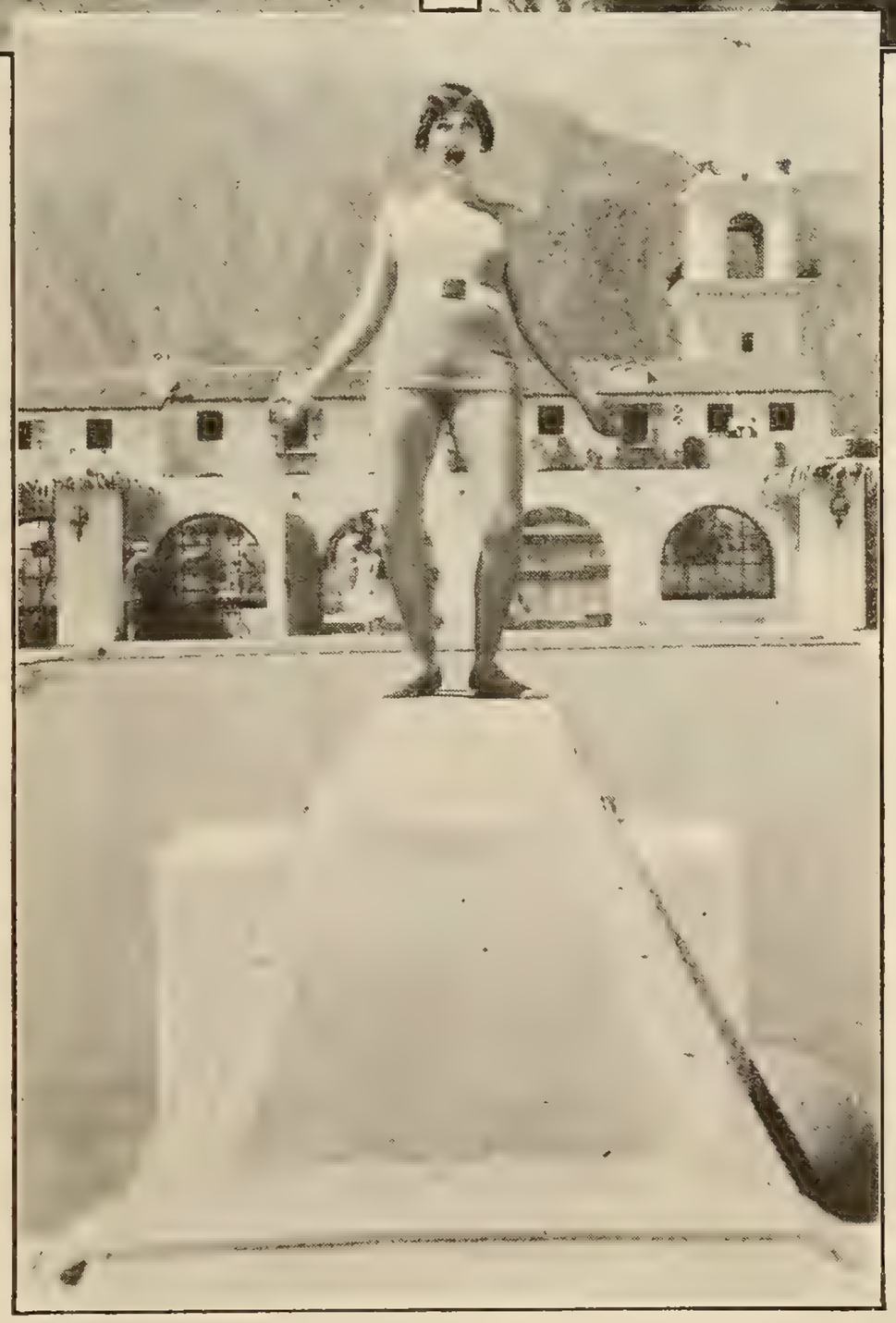
Right: a millionaire 'gallery' watches scenes of "Follow Thru" being made in the courtyard of the El Mirador Hotel, Palm Springs, Cal.



"She's mine, all mine," says Eugene Pallette to Buddy Rogers when they meet an Indian princess on location.



Charles 'Buddy' Rogers, star of "Follow Thru," tells SCREENLAND'S *Location Lady, Helen Ludlam, all about it.*



"Here I go!" cries Zelma O'Neal as she takes a back flip from the spring-board at the El Mirador swimming pool. You'll like this little comedienne in "Follow Thru."

All of which doesn't mean that Palm Springs isn't beautiful—but just a different and more swanky beauty. I took one look at the El Mirador Hotel with its Spanish architecture and formal gardens and, hearing that the picture was to be taken on the grounds, buried my location boots and habit deep into the farthest corner of my suitcase. Everything was terribly dressed up and formal and the players appeared to react in kind. Not that they were high-hat, but there was no gathering 'round as there usually is on locations. We all ate in little groups of twos and threes in the beautiful dining salon and the usual conviviality was conspicuous by its absence. Of course, we were berthed in a very gorgeous hotel with outdoor swimming pool, tennis courts, golf course and spacious grounds beautifully landscaped. We might have been at Palm Beach or French Lick.

We arrived just after the day's shooting was over and every one was hurrying off to play. From our room which overlooked the grounds we saw Nancy Carroll's red curls bobbing over toward the tennis court, and watched Zelma O'Neal, a newcomer in pictures whom I am sure you are going to like, plunge off the diving board into the pool. Then we went out and made whoopee, too.

Zelma is a friendly little thing and very much in love with her handsome husband, Anthony Bushell. They both had been so disappointed that Tony's trip to his home town in England had to be made alone. He left just a few days before Zelma started "Follow Thru" because of the immigration rulings. "I'm going to join him soon as this picture is over, but gee! us kids had looked forward so to that ocean trip together and I just can't bear to think of it." For a moment I feared there was going to be a cry-fest but Zelma bethought herself of the motor trip through Europe that she and Tony were going to enjoy together later and cheered up.

She is like a little colt, utterly unself-conscious. "I don't try to be funny and I don't know what makes me funny," she said. "When I first started on the stage I used to be terribly scared but—" she stopped and looked hard at me a moment as though she couldn't quite make up her mind whether to tell what (*Continued on page* 108)



One of Hollywood's most interesting personalities is Jack L. Sinykin, who owns and operates a kennel to train fine police dogs to be useful as well as ornamental. At Sinykin's left is Chekko, who has starred in pictures and is known as 'the dog with the human brain.'

DOGS *of* DESTINY

The dogs trained by Jack L. Sinykin to lead the blind are four-footed friends of humanity . . .

By Myrene Wentworth

THEY say if you stroll along the Rue de la Paix every day over a period of time you will meet everyone you ever knew. You will also see most of the famous of the earth, the great and near-great.

Hollywood is beginning to rival Paris in the way of encountering interesting people. SCREENLAND meets them all and in turn introduces them to you. And now, here's Jack Sinykin, one of the least known and most interesting personalities in Hollywood. Humanitarian and business man, he started life at sixteen as a shoe salesman and after years of interesting experiences and colorful adventures now spends the greater part of his time in operating and financing a kennel for the training of dogs to lead the blind.

Most of you, perhaps, saw the talking news-reel of the blind senator, Thomas B. Schall, and the black Shepherd police dog at his side which he introduced at the end of his speech as Lux, from Minnesota, his home state, and one of his best friends.

Thomas B. Schall, as you may know, is the senator who lost his eyesight while still a very young man. He became a successful lawyer but gave up his practice to enter politics. He was elected Congressman from his district in Minnesota, served several terms, and finally, became a senator. After Jack Sinykin had established his kennels at La Salle, Minnesota, and a few of his dogs had been satisfactorily trained, he lost no time in presenting Senator Schall with one of them. Lux takes his master to and from the senate chamber each day and the senator wrote Mr. Sinykin that it was the first time since he

became blind that he has been able to walk alone. It is said that Lux is the only dog that has ever been admitted to the senate. He lies at his master's feet during the entire session.

When Mr. Sinykin presented Senator Schall with one of his dogs he had two things in mind: his admiration for the Minnesota Senator and his work, and a hope that this might prove a leeway by which the government might become interested in operating a similar kennel for the relief of the American blind. Toward that goal he is now striving.

One of the things Mr. Sinykin aims to accomplish through his kennels is the training of dogs for picture work. They will be trained to go through a scene just as human actors do, without continuous direction. It is expected they will be even better, for dogs seldom forget, whereas, we humans!

Of all the dogs in his kennels, Jack Sinykin is perhaps fondest of Chekko, who is known as the dog with the human brain. He has been a star in pictures and has a number of wonderful feats to his credit. One day, a strange dog attacked a thoroughbred calf belonging to his master. Chekko sprang to the rescue and won the fight but was so badly bitten that his paw had to be amputated. An artificial paw is being made for him and when he learns to use it, he will be as capable as ever. But even with his three legs, Chekko can hold his own.

Another of the few dogs from the Sinykin kennels now in circulation belongs to Raoul Walsh, motion picture director. Mr. Walsh, as you may remember, is the director who lost the sight of one eye through an accident which shattered the windshield of the car he was driving while on location for "In Old Arizona." Mr. Sinykin met Mr. Walsh one day at the Fox studio and the talk turned to dogs, the director mentioning that his children were extremely fond of them. When Mr. Sinykin went back home he had an offspring from the international champion,



Above: Chekko is versatile! When help is scarce he can even help with the ploughing.



Claus Von Kefelde sent to Raoul Walsh to be a play-mate for his kiddies. These dogs, like many others, are extremely versatile in their accomplishments. For instance, a mother can give a dog the baby's bottle and the dog will take it to the child and put it in the child's mouth. And it will keep the child out of mischief and guard it with his life, besides being a marvelous companion.

It was in Germany that Jack Sinykin (*Continued on page* 128)





Above: Jack Sinykin knows horses as well as he knows dogs. Here he is wearing Valentino's 'Sheik' costume and riding Rudy's horse.

Right: the blind Senator, Thomas D. Schall, and his police dog, Lux.

Left: Chekko lost a paw while defending his master's property. But he holds his own.



Photograph by Gene Kornman

Shoot If You Must!

It isn't often a still camera has such a chance to 'shoot' Harold Lloyd. He's always on the jump. But we pushed right in and caught the comedian at work on the set for a scene in "Feet First," his new picture about the adventures of a shoe salesman. Harold, all dressed up, is in the group in the left center. See the microphone? Extras, off duty for the moment, look on. Just an idea of what a big talking picture set looks like.

AMOS 'n' ANDY

Meet these boys 'pusson-ally.' See them soon on the screen in "Check and Double Check"

By Evelyn Ballarine



Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll, alias Amos 'n' Andy.

"WHAT'S the propolition?" chorused Amos 'n' Andy to Radio Pictures.

"A two-year movie contract at $100,000 a year," was Radio Pictures snappy come-back.

"Check!" said Amos—and "Double Check!" said Andy.

"That gives me an idea for a title," retorted the picture producer. 'Check and Double Check' will be the title of your initial production." And that's that.

But let me tell you about Amos 'n' Andy. Their real life career is more thrilling and sensational than a Horatio Alger, Jr. story. Andy, who is really Charles J. Correll, was born in Peoria, Illinois, in 1890. Amos first saw the light of day in Richmond, Virginia, in 1899. His name is Freeman F. Gosden. The two boys first met in Durham, North Carolina, in 1919, where they united their early theatrical efforts in a musical show. About six years ago they drifted into Chicago, broke and without a job.

They were known as Sam 'n' Henry but not very many people knew them or cared. At any rate, Chicago remained more or less indifferent. Months passed and a Chicago newspaper publisher offered them $100.00 a week to go on the air. They had their chance—after a fashion.

Last August they were given a coast-to-coast tryout. But they were obliged to change their names from Sam 'n' Henry because of previous station rights. They became Amos 'n' Andy and clicked with their first nation-wide broadcast—and the rest is radio history.

They became so popular that their broadcasting time was changed from eleven P. M. to seven P. M., Eastern Standard time. In ten days time the studio received 250,000 letters, 50,000 telegrams, and 10,000 long distance calls of protest from all over the country.

So now Amos 'n' Andy make two nightly broadcasts—one for the east and one for the west. This gives each section the same performance at about the same time, and everybody's happy.

Now Amos 'n' Andy are making $100,000 a year on a two-year Radio contract, a thirty-week vaudeville contract which nets them $5,000 a week, to say nothing of royalties from records and other sources. Anyway, their weekly pay check amounts to $5,500 weekly each week. And that's somethin'—as Amos himself would say.

Amos' southern accent is authentic. He acquired the negro dialect from his negro mammy in Virginia. Andy's drawl was picked up. And what a pick-up! They write their own radio material and constantly travel around the colored sections of different towns in order to absorb the right atmosphere.

Although there are other voices heard in the Amos 'n' Andy broadcasts, the voices belong to the two boys who impersonate the different characters. And their off-stage voices are entirely different from their radio voices. They might be called the Lon Chaneys of the radio world; whereas Chaney has a lot of faces the boys have plenty voices.

Strangely, the affable, happy-go-lucky Amos is tall and slim with wavy brown hair; the blustering, buck-passing Andy, with the booming voice, whom we think of as a great big Samson, is really short and stocky. Both the boys are married.

It is rumored that they have accepted an offer from Ziegfeld to appear in the "Follies." However, their broadcastings must go on even though they may be in pictures or on the stage. So you can continue to tune in on Amos 'n' Andy at seven o'clock as per usual.

Apparently they are the college boy's delight, too, because Rutgers College rated them on a par with Lindbergh as the outstanding figures in the United States—and that's flying high.

You'll be seeing them in "Check and Double-Check."



Among those present at Fritzi Ridgeway's week-end party at Palm Springs—(find 'em)—were Gwen Lee, Scott Kolk, Simeon Gest, John Darrow, Rosetta Duncan (I'll help you—Rosetta has a hat on), Nita Martan, Dorothy Janis, Sally Blane, Marie Bekefi, Elise Bartlett, Sammy Blum and Fritzi Ridgeway.

Hollywood *Goes* Places

House Warmings, a Wedding, a Week-End Party— Let's Crash with our Party Reporter

By Grace Kingsley

"A PERFECTLY scrumptiously beautiful new home—but exactly the same perfectly charming husband! Now, I ask you—wouldn't any lady celebrate?"

Patsy and I were talking about Ouida Bergere and Basil Rathbone, as we 'rested' our wraps in her bedroom, preparatory to mingling with the huge crowd of guests who were attending the Rathbones' house warming and wedding anniversary party in their beautiful new Beverly Hills home.

"They've only been in the house four days, Ouida tells me, and however they've managed to get it ready for this big party, I don't know," Patsy went on, "but, of course, you may expect just anything in the way of energy from Ouida."

Ouida was looking lovely in a white evening gown, while Basil, of course, was as handsome and fascinating as ever.

We found crowds of people overflowing the drawing room, library and dining room, and glancing up saw Gloria Swanson descending the stairs, looking like a Burne-Jones stained glass window or something in her graceful long black evening frock with long white gloves.

"Burne-Jones ladies don't wear white gloves," Patsy remonstrated when I made that remark.

"Well, if they did," Basil Rathbone came to my assistance, "they would look exactly like Gloria Swanson!"

We spoke to Gloria about her children. And when you speak of her children that's when all the superficiality departs from Gloria, and she becomes just a sweetly human woman.

We met Billy Haines and Roger Davis in the living room, and Roger began kidding as usual. Looking extremely severe, he exclaimed to Patsy and me:

"Don't you know that you should be off the beach at Malibu by six o'clock? That's the rule! I saw you two sitting on the beach last Sunday with Vivian Duncan as late as 6:30! It won't do! It won't do!" and he slapped

his palms together in the manner of the teacher to the small boy.

Joseph Cawthorn and his wife, Queenie Vassar, were among the guests, and we found Joe mourning the loss of his beautiful Persian cat, which Louise Dresser had given him. It had wandered away from home.

"Well, Louise herself loved that cat—maybe she came and took it back," grinned Billy Haines.

Cyril Maude was there dancing with Beatrice Lillie, which did make the party look like good old London.

"And a very good dancer, he is," whispered Ina Claire, "none of the mid-Victorian stuff for him!"

Constance Bennett was among the guests, looking pretty; and there were Theda Bara and her husband, the director, Charles Brabin; Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe, Mrs. H. B. Warner, who had come to the party alone because she explained that her husband is working in a picture and must have his beauty sleep.

And we learned that Mrs. Warner herself is going into pictures. She used to be Rita Stanwood on the New York and London stage, you know.

Phillips Holmes, son of Taylor Holmes, was a guest, and there were Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn, Ilka Chase, Aileen Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. William de Mille, Walter Pidgeon, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Glazer, George Grosmith, Frederic March and Florence Eldridge, his wife; Kenneth Thomson and his wife, Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett, George Fitzmaurice and Diana Kane, Elsie Janis and her mother, and many others.

"There's Harry Tierney," whispered Patsy. "Do you know music isn't his only gift. He has a gift amounting to genius for making everybody adore him. He is so kind, so friendly, so modest about his cleverness."



Miskin

Basil Rathbone and his wife, Ouida Bergere, combined a wedding anniversary with a house warming at their beautiful new Beverly Hills home.

Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli were both there, and I'm sure they came together.

"That's a romance of such long standing that nobody even talks about it any more," remarked Patsy. "I suppose some day they'll run off and get married. I'm sure they're crazy about each other."

Jack King had brought Elsie Janis and her mother, and Lionel Barrymore was there, a little taciturn and probably a little shy, but as delightful as ever if you talked with him.

Frederic March came over to chat with us, and had a funny story to tell us about "All Quiet On the Western Front."

"Somebody told the director, Lewis Milestone," said March, "that he ought to give a happy ending to the picture. 'Well,' answered Milestone, 'we might have the Germans win the war!' "

John Colton and Zoe Akins were there together, clever and amusing in their chat as ever, and quite as evidently rather devoted to each other.

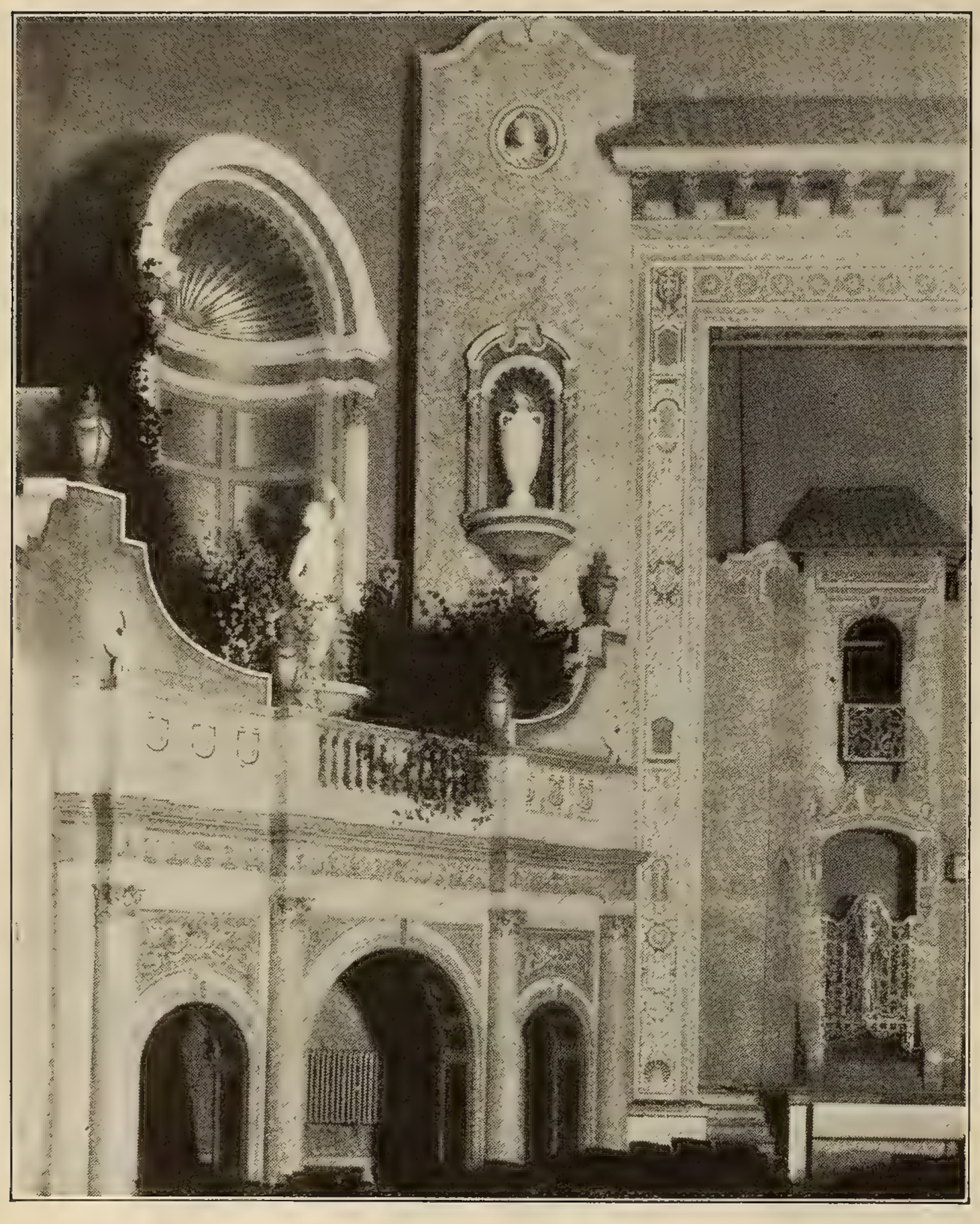
There was a big orchestra which played for the dancing going on in the library and drawing rooms, and later there was a buffet supper served; and if you liked to stroll out in the big garden at the back of the house, which was charmingly lighted, you could do so.

"No matter where the Rathbones are keeping house, on their next anniversary," whispered Patsy as we left, "we do hope, don't we, that they'll invite us to see them!"



Fritzi Ridgeway (top) with a few of her week-end guests: John Darrow, Scott Kolk, Sally Blane, Jessie Wadsworth and Dorothy Janis.

"If anybody wanted me to nominate the original location of the Garden of Eden, I'd (*Continued on page* 129)



The interior of Loew's Granada Theater in Cleveland, Ohio, is a good example of the many surfaces with which Sound likes to keep a rendezvous. Just imagine the fun Sound would have bouncing from the statue to the vase and back again. But the wall at the right is draped by Western Electric engineers. They also give Sound just enough power so that when it arrives in Bacchante's garden it gives her just a nice, soft caress.

The Answer is a Four-Letter Word that Helps You Keep the Big Date at your Pet Theater

By
William J. Reilly

What Keeps the Talkies Talking?

ALADDIN is rubbing his eyes these days instead of his lamp. He learns that Mickey Mouse is squealing in Cairo, Egypt, as well as in Chillicothe, O., and that when Gary Cooper pours a drink in "The Virginian," it's a shot heard 'round the world.

Aladdin wonders how the picture theaters got that way —those Cinderella playhouses that used to sit by the fire, silent, until the Prince came along with the glass slipper and forty-one crated boxes of Sound Projector apparatus.

It's all very glamourous—not only how the picture theaters *got* that way, but how they *keep* that way. For once the Roxy in New York or the State Theater in Red Bluff, Calif., finds its voice, the tradition "On with the show" acquires a new significance. The theater must be kept in good voice and it takes an army of ear, eye, and throat specialists to do the job.

You'd think Hollywood would have called in the medical profession, lock, stock, and stethescope when talkies began playing in theaters everywhere. Doctors are used to being hauled out of bed at all hours of the night. And when a piece of talkie apparatus gets sick in a theater, Old Doc Fixit has to grab his prescription tablet in a hurry.

Your ear is queen now, and the queen must be amused. But instead of calling in the medical profession to nurse its delicate talkie machinery, Hollywood recruited a brand new bunch of experts who combine the qualities of the Northwest Mounted Police, the U. S. Marines, the air mail pilots, and the fastest down-the-pole sliders of the New York City fire department.

For it's very important to be able to get your pants on in a hurry when a theater owner calls you on the telephone and moans: "My amplifier's gone haywire and Jack Oakie sounds like four Hawaiians playing a zither."

SCREENLAND wanted its readers to know what it's all about—since it's in the theater we hear Jack Oakie and all his playmates. So the editor said, "Let's send our dumbest reporter. If he can get this technical business through his head"——. Came a pause and then something was said about my idea of mechanics beginning and ending with an eye-dropper. But I let that pass.

"Give him eight days' emergency rations and a diving suit," Miss Evans went on, "and let him get to the bottom of things."

Remember the story about the man who'd lost his mule? Well, I figured out what a mule would do, so I went to the Western Electric Company. Largest manufacturer of talking picture apparatus in the world; talkie pioneers with Warner Brothers; about 99 per cent of the producers use their equipment to make sound pictures. If anybody could help me, they could.

Believe it or not, the first thing I did when I called on Western Electric was to run smack bang into ERPI. And oh, what a pal was ERPI! Next time your cross word puzzle asks for "A four letter word meaning: What keeps the talkies talking?" just write down ERPI. It's the answer to the talkie maiden's prayer.

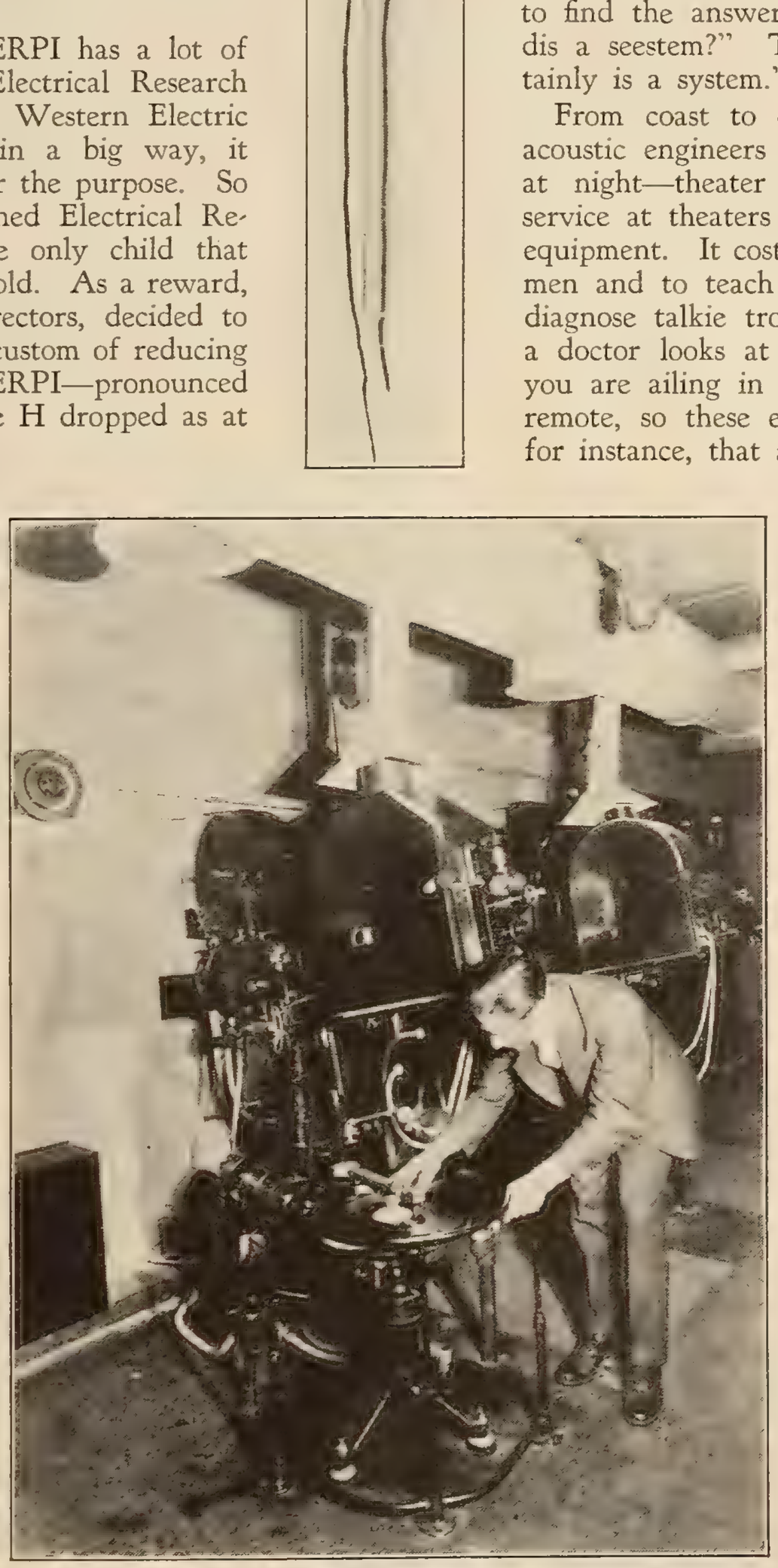
Like the Prince of Wales, ERPI has a lot of name. Its complete title is Electrical Research Products, Inc. You see, when Western Electric decided to go in for talkies in a big way, it organized a special company for the purpose. So the child was formally christened Electrical Research Products, Inc. It's the only child that ever talked when it was a day old. As a reward, its godfather, the board of directors, decided to follow the good old American custom of reducing everything to initials. Hence, ERPI—pronounced something like Herbie, with the H dropped as at Oxford.

A good scout, ERPI. Helps Alice White keep more dates with her boy friends in the theaters than her sex appeal. Without ERPI, girls, you couldn't palpitate to Buddy Rogers. Move over and make room for ERPI. He belongs.

This new talkie child does not live with its parents. It has a place all its own—many floors of the Fisk Building, 250 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York. From there, in the United States alone, radiate 300 territories, 50 districts and 40 offices, the service army of the talkies, transforming silent screens into audible ones, and seeing to it that the delicate mechanism of your favorite entertainment is kept working.

As I said above, when the Prince comes to the silent Cinderella playhouse, he brings not only the glass slipper, but forty-one crated boxes of Sound Projector equipment. Even when it's all assembled and working it requires thirty-three different operations to set it in motion, keeping the operator in the little booth high up in the theater busier than a Swiss bell ringer. There are





The man behind the machine behind the talkies—hitching the voice to the film. Both the Vitaphone disc method and the Movietone sound-on-film system are watched over by ear, eye, and throat specialists. Above: without this engaging little gadget you'd never hear Garbo—or anyone else—talk from the screen. It's the photo-electric cell.

895 parts and not one of them can go sour, else Mitzi Green, imitating Moran, of Moran and Mack, sounds like a child that ought to be spanked.

Every organization has a motto. Western Electric has one, and by the nature of this grand and glorious talkie art, it's double-barrelled, like this:

1. Keep it on.
2. Keep it sweet.

The 'It' being not what Clara Bow has so much of, but Sound. Sound must be kept on the screen and it must be kept sweet. So ERPI is dedicated to the proposition that all ears must hear, and what they hear must be sweet.

There is nothing haphazard about the way this double-barrelled motto is lived up to. At Western Electric, Milt Gross would be knocked bow-legged to find the answer to his constant query: "Iss dis a seestem?" The answer is: "Yes. It certainly is a system."

From coast to coast, an army of 800 ERPI acoustic engineers is on call until eleven o'clock at night—theater closing time—for emergency service at theaters using Western Electric sound equipment. It cost a million dollars to train these men and to teach them, among other things, to diagnose talkie trouble in the theaters. Just as a doctor looks at your tongue and advises that you are ailing in a part of your anatomy quite remote, so these engineers are trained to know, for instance, that an unsteady voice pitch on the screen has its origin in dust on the film sprocket of the projector.

When an emergency arises, the ERPI service men try, if possible, to prescribe the remedy over the telephone, should the theater be a distant one. If the telephoned prescription does not work right away, they hop to it at once in person.

'Hop' is the word. An ERPI man flew from New Orleans to give first aid to a theater in a little parish in upper Louisiana. Over in Denmark the telephone clattered one night in the Copenhagen office of Western Electric at ten o'clock. A theater in Malmo, Sweden, was sending out the talkie SOS. A quick consultation over the 'phone, and the Western Electric engineer, with a kit full of spare parts, was on his way to Malmo in a fast passenger plane. Flying through the darkness over the Kattegat, the arm of the North Sea between Jutland and Sweden, he arrived in Malmo in time to repair the trouble and have the show on again at half past ten.

As I said before, it's a

(*Continued on page* 116)

Yes, Yes, Jeanette!

Old Man 'Mike' has put the final seal of approval on Miss Loff's screen career

By Charles Carter

HER best friends didn't know it, and therefore couldn't tell her.

They discovered it, however, at a preview of "King of Jazz," and did they tell her? They most certainly did. They said it with flowers, with congratulations, with words of praise seldom showered on a young actress by her Hollywood associates.

It is the romantic story of how Hollywood found out that Jeanette Loff could sing. Hollywood knew she could act. But sing? Even her best friends didn't suspect that.

But the day came when Paul Whiteman's big revue was to be previewed for a group of film executives and exhibitors. It was accepted as a matter of course that Jeanette Loff would acquit herself well. But they weren't prepared for the surprise she had in store for them.

Miss Loff sang, and at the first notes there were some low exclamations throughout the darkened theater. They expressed surprise, incredulity, skepticism. Her friends held their breath, just hoping for the best. But they were not long kept in suspense, for the voice they listened to was clear and sweet, and melodious—an ideal screen voice.

Success has come easily to Jeanette Loff. She has never been conscious of struggling or fighting her way to success. That is why she is sometimes out of sympathy with the traditional stories of hardships and disappointments that are inseparable from the experiences of girls who seek fame in Hollywood.

"I suppose I'm not really entitled to enjoy my good fortune," said Miss Loff in reviewing her comparatively brief career in filmland, "for I seem to have attained it without those heartaches and privations which most girls seem to have endured in winning their way from the bottom. To me the whole experience has been enjoyable, even from the very first, although there were times when it didn't seem that I was going to go very far.

"Of course, there were baffling situations that came my way, and now and then I had to meet some severe tests, but I just accepted them as they came along, did the best I knew how, and the rest took care of itself."

Jeanette takes no little pride in the boast that she has attained her place in the sun without 'pull' or undue favors. She has asked little except a chance, and has scorned advantages to be gained by any other means than merit.

Her resemblance to Vilma Banky threatened her chances for a while. Was there a place on the screen for the lovely blonde who looked so much like the Hungarian Rhapsody? Jeanette solved the problem by displaying her own personality, entirely different from Vilma's. So she was welcome.

She came to Hollywood without any definite ambition to get into pictures. As a girl in the remote lumber town of Orofino, Idaho, she played the piano for the local picture theater, and there gained her first impression of motion pictures. Later she played for a larger theater in Portland, Oregon, but the virus of Hollywood never got into her blood.

When she did eventually come to Hollywood it was merely as a visitor, and she had only the ordinary visitor's curiosity about the studios. She never thought seriously of trying to 'crash' the game.

But her comely face and blonde hair made impressions here and there and the time came when she was induced to try her luck with the camera. She accepted the opportunity with a half skeptical reluctance, but soon found herself in demand. Leads began to be offered and she played them well. Now—she's set. Watch Jeanette Loff!



Everything is coming her way now. But there was a time when Jeanette Loff's resemblance to Vilma Banky threatened her future on the screen.



The king of jazz and a blonde queen of the film colony: Paul Whiteman and the leading lady of his revue, Miss Loff. The speakies brought Jeanette new success on the screen. She's all set for future glory.



Photograph by Elmer Fryer, First National

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

From "UNDER WESTERN SKIES"



THE Great Emancipator, as portrayed by Walter Huston in the D. W. Griffith picture, "Abraham Lincoln." Mr. Huston achieves a memorable impression, speaking dialogue written by the poet, Stephen Vincent Benet.



A COLORFUL character from French history is revived for the screen. William Farnum as King Louis XV in "Du Barry, Woman of Passion," the new Norma Talmadge film. Welcome back to pictures, Bill Farnum!



THE new blonde beauty of screenland: Claudia Dell, lately an ornament of Mr. Ziegfeld's Follies, now the heroine of "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." Warner Brothers predict stardom for her soon. Not surprising.



Kenneth Alexander

THE latest portrait of the stellar gentleman who, after some years in Hollywood, still remains more or less of a mystery: Mr. Ronald Colman. If mystery accounts for his charm, may it never be solved!



Left: the tea gown of the season! Gloria wears with grace this transparent black silk velvet gown with sleeves forming large, circular flounces at wrists.



Gloria, in her new film, "What a Widow," wears these unusual creations. Right: a close-up of the dashing widow's hat.

GLORIA SWANSON

Below: a leopard lady! Miss Swanson's suit is of beige, with beige satin blouse. The coat and her hat are leopard-trimmed.





Above: Gorgeous Gloria's most gracious gown. It is of nude satin, using both sides of the material. Circular cape collar falls over one shoulder to form train.

Below: a street ensemble in black flat crepe and grey cloth, trimmed with astrakhan, worn with close-fitting black felt hat.





Widow's weeds of black crepe, trimmed with white silk pique. The black felt hat has a short white veil set in beneath a circular black veil reaching to the floor.

AND HER NEW CLOTHES

All photographs by Russell Ball



Right: You'll find few sports suits as smart as this worn by Gloria Swanson. Of blue, it's trimmed with harmonizing suede. The beret is of blue suede also.





Lansing Brown

WILLIAM BAKEWELL has one of the brightest futures in all Hollywood, says Douglas Fairbanks, with whom Billy played in "The Iron Mask." Bakewell is now seen in "All Quiet on the Western Front."

DOROTHY REVIER is in demand these days. She has just played the good girl in "The Bad Man," a departure from her usual sirenic rôles, and a welcome change for this clever, ambitious young actress.



William A. Fraker



Hurrell

NOW that she has won stardom strictly on her own merits, Joan Crawford may not object if we call your attention to her really amazing resemblance to Pauline Frederick in this very stunning new portrait.



THIS picture gives you an idea of what you may expect of Richard Dix in the future. He's through—fed up—with light comedy, and will play smashing, two-fisted parts beginning, soon, with "Cimarron," by Edna Ferber.



Lansing Brown

VIRGINIA VALLI, one of the most provocative personalities in Hollywood, has been dividing her time between stage and screen. Can't we all get together and persuade her to be true to her first love, pictures?

GARBO'S *NEW* SCREEN LOVER

Introducing Gavin Gordon

By Ralph Wheeler



Mr. Gordon, from the stage, is the lucky actor chosen to play opposite the ineffable Greta in "Romance." Here is a scene from the new Garbo film.

ALONG about the time the world had been made safe for democracy, a gawky young man shook the sawdust out of his mail-order suit and left Chicora, Mississippi, to struggle along as best it could.

His name was Gavin Gordon.

He was out to do Big Things. Maybe he'd be a railroad president or a congressman. Or a soda clerk, anyway.

In Mobile, Alabama, he discovered motion pictures. The first one he saw was a wild-and-wooly Western starring Jack Gardner. Well, now *that* was something like it. He, too, would be a movie star!

A few weeks later, he slipped a clipping from a magazine in his pocket and made Chicago to answer an ad:

"No experience necessary! New faces needed for motion pictures—School of Cinematic Expression."

"How much do you pay?" he naively inquired.

"We don't pay anything—you pay *us*!" he was told.

And so Gavin Gordon—now Greta Garbo's leading man—went to work as a stenographer. And stuck to his typewriter for five years.

"At home there was nothing but a sawmill and so I worked there before I left," he said with a reminiscent chuckle. "You can imagine how thoroughly unworldly I was when I remind you that I had no idea what a motion picture was. I worked as a waiter. I worked as a bill clerk. I was a cook. In fact, I can't recall any jobs around that I didn't work at to save money so I could get out into the world, away from the monotony of small town life.



Gavin Gordon. How do you like him?

"For five years I worked in Chicago at my stenographic job in a railway office. When I was nineteen years old I saw my first stage play and my enthusiasm for play-acting swept away whatever visions I had left of my earlier movie ambitions. I saved my money and went to dramatic school, studying every stage star I saw and practicing all the parts in front of my mirror. Then I met Grant Mitchell through my railway job and begged him for a chance on the stage. It was through Mitchell that I gained entrée to the New York stage."

Towering two inches better than six feet, tipping the beam at a graceful 175 pounds, Gordon's commanding appearance and Southern drawl made an impression upon producers. He played parts on Broadway and stock anywhere he found a job, building himself up until he attained an eminent rating in such plays as "Simon Called Peter," "The Fool," "Romeo and Juliet," and recent hits in "Celebrity" and "Crashing Through."

"All of this time I had quite forgotten about motion pictures, although the talking screen was rapidly drawing actors from the theater. While I was playing with Edward Everett Horton in Los Angeles, however, I tried a talkie part in 'The First Command' between shows but didn't intend to give up my plans to return to New York as soon as the engagement was up. The decision to cast me opposite Greta Garbo in 'Romance' was more of a surprise to me than anyone else. I had made (*Continued on page* 125)

Reviews of the

By Delight Evans



Phillips Holmes and Nancy Carroll in "The Devil's Holiday," the best picture of the month.

The Devil's Holiday

ALSO a holiday for any screen audience. You may wonder why I select this as the outstanding picture of the month when it has no March of the Grenadiers, no ballet, not even a theme song—until you see it. Then you'll understand. It's a little masterpiece—an original story directed by a man who has grown up with the movies. Edmund Goulding is his name. He did "The Trespasser." He lifts Nancy Carroll out of the rut of pretty heroines and she becomes a magnificent actress. He provides a part for Phillips Holmes that makes that young man a potential star. He creates vital scenes instead of mere situations. He has everything a director needs: imagination, poetry, humor, intuition, good taste. You watch him! His story of the charming, innocent boy in the clutches of a mercenary manicurist is surprisingly absorbing, touching, and tender. His direction makes it so. Nancy is a revelation: no longer a musical comedy cutie, but an actress. Hobart Bosworth is splendid. Ned Sparks and Zasu Pitts are legitimately funny. You must not miss this.



Fred Scott and Helen Twelvetrees in the circus drama with music, "Swing High."

Swing High

UNLESS you are too old—or is it too young?—to enjoy circuses, "Swing High" should appeal to you. It is one long, continuous performance under the Big Top. An old-fashioned circus in the good old days before Cinderella ballets and spectacular extravaganzas is the setting. The characters are the circus people: for heroine we have the 'dainty little queen of the air'; for villain, the sonorous ringmaster—against a background of parades and performances, and through it all the familiar sound of the calliope, with, it must be admitted, a theme song or two thrown in for good measure. There is a comfortable, old-fashioned flavor about "Swing High." Seldom are you conscious of the Hollywood mechanics that make its wheels go round. Perhaps Helen Twelvetrees has something to do with this fine flavor. She is an elfin, appealing creature, but not *too* quaint; for all her Gish-like grace, she is warm and human and very pretty—a gay Gish. Fred Scott is a sweet-singing hero. Excellent entertainment.



Paul Whiteman, Sisters G, Stanley Smith, and Jeanette Loff in "The King of Jazz."

The King of Jazz

SIMPLY the last gasp and the final toot of the saxophone in musical movie revues. Just as Paul Whiteman is the best and the biggest of all the jazz band men, so his revue is the most massive and elaborate ever concocted, and it will be hard to top it. Even if you think you have had enough of screen revues you must wind up your season by seeing this one, if only because of the *Rhapsody in Blue* number. The Gershwin masterpiece has been staged by John Murray Anderson and played by Whiteman and his boys so that you'll never forget it, in case you were ever allowed to do so. Jeanette Loff, the blonde beauty, finds her voice—and it's a sweet one. John Boles sings especially well in a smashing cowboy number. The Sisters G dance. William Kent is funny. Murray Anderson has shown imagination and exhibits his keen flair for beauty; he has something for the screen. There isn't enough of Whiteman, believe it or not. The big boy has an ingratiatingly modest screen presence.

Best Pictures

Screenland's Critic Selects The Six Most Important Films of the Month

SCREENLAND'S SEAL OF APPROVAL

The Silent Enemy

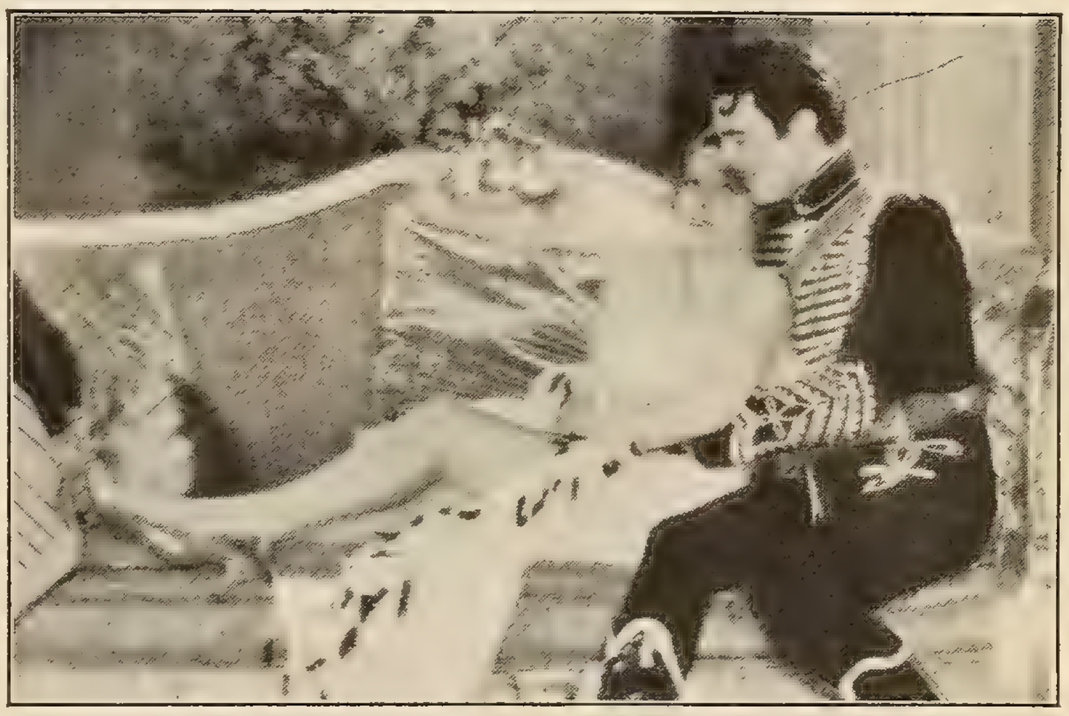
DID you like "Nanook of the North?" And "Grass?" And "Chang?" Then do not miss "The Silent Enemy." It is a motion picture for families, and unlike most 'family' films, it is not a bore. School children will enjoy it more than the wildest western. It is exciting—and it is real. SCREENLAND told you last month about the Burden boys' movie venture in the Canadian wilds. "The Silent Enemy" is the result of their trek into the wilderness. It is an always enthralling record of the daily life of the Ojibway Indians, waging their battle against the silent enemy—hunger. There is more drama in this authentic account, enacted by real Indians, than in a dozen Hollywood triangles. You'll like the little Indian boy, Chinko, with his black bear-cub pets, Amos 'n' Andy's only rivals; Yellow Robe, the stately chief; Long Lance, the young and stalwart 'hero'; Starlight, the pretty 'heroine'; and the supporting cast of bears, bull moose, and caribou. A fight between a bear and a mountain lion provides the big thrill of the month. A picture worthy of your patronage.



Starlight, Yellow Robe, and Long Lance, real Indian actors in "The Silent Enemy."

Bride of the Regiment

EVER hear of Walter Pidgeon? Well, you're going to from now on if the excitement he causes in the rôle of the swashbuckling colonel in "Bride of the Regiment" is any criterion. Pidgeon plays the kind of a colonel who orders a rascal shot, and then turns and embraces the first lovely lady who happens to come his way. As she is Myrna Loy, it only proves the colonel has good taste as well as a flair for stunning uniforms. But he turns again, this time to Vivienne Segal; has her husband locked up in a stuffy dungeon, then begins his most ardent love-making—all to pretty tunes. This picture has its sophisticated moments; even musical comedy movies are growing up. For sheer beauty in color photography it ranks pretty close to the top. There are stirring camera shots of the cavalry galloping along a forest road in the moonlight; and glittery scenes of a 'revel' in the castle. Pidgeon sings a rousing military song; Alan Prior contributes a fine tenor; Ford Sterling, Louise Fazenda and Lupino Lane supply the fun. A musical and optical treat.



Vivienne Segal and Walter Pidgeon in the colorful operetta, "Bride of the Regiment."

All Quiet on the Western Front

MORE than a motion picture—a terrific experience, this picturization of Eric Remarque's best-selling war book. It is as stark, sordid, and daring as the original. Don't go to be entertained. Prepare to be shocked, shaken, and remorselessly swept along by this realistic depiction of what war does to a group of nice lads. Nothing is glossed over; all is set forth on a living screen. Lewis Milestone, a director who has never gone Hollywood, disdains the superficialities of his craft and sticks to the truth. The result is a motion picture of such power and strength that some strong men have walked out on it; but everyone will want to see it if only to be convinced that the once-despised screen has actually come of age. Splendid performances by Lew Ayres, Louis Wolheim, John Wray, Russell Gleason, William Bakewell, Raymond Griffith and others. War shorn of sentimentalities as in "All Quiet on the Western Front" is the best of arguments for peace.



Lew Ayres and Louis Wolheim in the great war drama, "All Quiet on the Western Front."

Critical Comment



The Big Pond

THAT Chevalier! I wish I could let the lady who sat next to me in the Rialto Theater in Times Square, New York, write my review. Every time Maurice smiled or sang or just stood and looked, she would sigh: "Oh, he's so sweet, I love him." It's terrible to be a reviewer and have to control your emotions. It's no secret by this time, though, than even case-hardened film critics have succumbed to the Chevalier charm. Everything and anything he does is all right. And since he always does just the right thing, seeing a Chevalier picture is sheer joy. "The Big Pond" offers the French star his first 'straight' rôle; and his charm is just as potent. He needs no uniform. The story of the American heiress and her game Gallic lover, is human and consistently amusing. Claudette Colbert, that unbelievable combination of heady beauty and naturalness, is the million dollar heroine.



Rich People

I WISH there were more pictures like this one. You'll enjoy every minute of it. It's the sweetest and cleanest romance you can find on the screen today. Don't let that scare you—it's also amusing. Constance Bennett, one of the two or three most glamourous girls in the movies, plays the heroine, a girl with so much money that men are afraid of her. She has beauty, charm, a sense of humor, and the smartest wardrobe of the month—everything, in fact, except a steady beau. Then she meets Regis Toomey on a rainy night when her car breaks down—and from then on becomes a lady northwest mounty, trying to get her man. Regis is tempted, but independent; and it requires all the heiress' wiles to land him. "Rich People" is just the picture to comfort poor little girls; and to convince rich ones that there's still a chance for them. Regis Toomey is grand. See this one.



The Cuckoos

THE product is all that the name implies! But you'll be entertained if you approve the brand of humor introduced to the screen by Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey. All of "The Cuckoos" is not nearly as funny as just one Wheeler-Woolsey scene in "Rio Rita"; but it is funny enough if you want to indulge in a few frank and unashamed horse-laughs. After all, a picture in the good old slapstick tradition has its place on a screen that is growing more arty day by day. If it hadn't been for custard-pie comedy we might never have had Gloria Swanson. Yes, we need our Wheelers and Woolseys to keep us from getting high-hat. Jobyna Howland, whom you saw in "Honey," is chief comedienne in "The Cuckoos." She, too, follows the broad Sennett tradition. This picture is not for those who express amusement by means of snickers. Only loud laughers should attend.



The Bad One

WHY, Ramona! I *am* surprised. Our poetic heroine turns hot tamale on us. Never mind, it's supposed to be good box-office. But I wonder if the Dolores Del Rio fans will like their favorite as the good little bad girl of the Marseilles dance hall for whose smiles strong men fight and kill. The stately Del Rio in such a torrid rôle is like a classicly beautiful cameo that suddenly sticks out its tongue. She gives an intelligent performance that somehow never convinced me. "The Bad One" starts off in "Cock-Eyed World" tempo, only to slow up in to a "Condemned" walk. It is really Edmund Lowe's picture. As the rollicking sailor who captures *the Bad One's* hitherto inaccessible heart, Lowe adds another portrait to his popular gallery of picturesque and lovable rough-necks. The love scenes are in the very best "What Price Glory?" manner.

on Current Films



The Light of Western Stars

WESTERN, 1930 style. Thoroughly enjoyable, too, with its expensive cast, elaborate mounting, and sane and modern direction. Paramount's brand of wild and wooly melodrama is making fans of the fathers as well as the small boys—in fact, sonny is now obliged to hurry through his home work and take dad to the movies to see Dick Arlen ridin' and roamin' his way through his latest refined 'horse opera.' And no hardship for sonny, either. Arlen represents the New Bill Hart school of western heroes. He doesn't talk to his horse or ride away into the sunset all alone. No—he persuades Mary Brian to go along. Mary is charming as always as the girl with the light of western stars in her eyes. But Harry Green almost runs away with the picture. What Harry's doing out on the western plains is a mystery; but here he is, and very funny, too. You'll have to laugh.



Song of the Flame

AT last we've seen—and heard—a logical reason for a revolution. Not musty politics, the edict of a king, the chess-playing of a bishop; but stirring music which excited the people so that they simply had to up and revolt! That's the celluloid low-down on the recent situation in Russia, according to "Song of the Flame," which is a notable picture if only for the fact that George Gershwin and Herbert Stothart composed the music responsible for the upheaval. Bernice Claire, all in Technicolor, looks lovely and sings splendidly as *La Flame* who started things; while Alexander Gray emerges as a prince with genuine sex appeal and an always satisfying voice. Noah Beery contributes an amazing baritone, booming out one of those drinking songs with great gusto. The music makes this picture one of the real treats among the celluloid operettas. Dramatically it fails to thrill.



Ladies Love Brutes

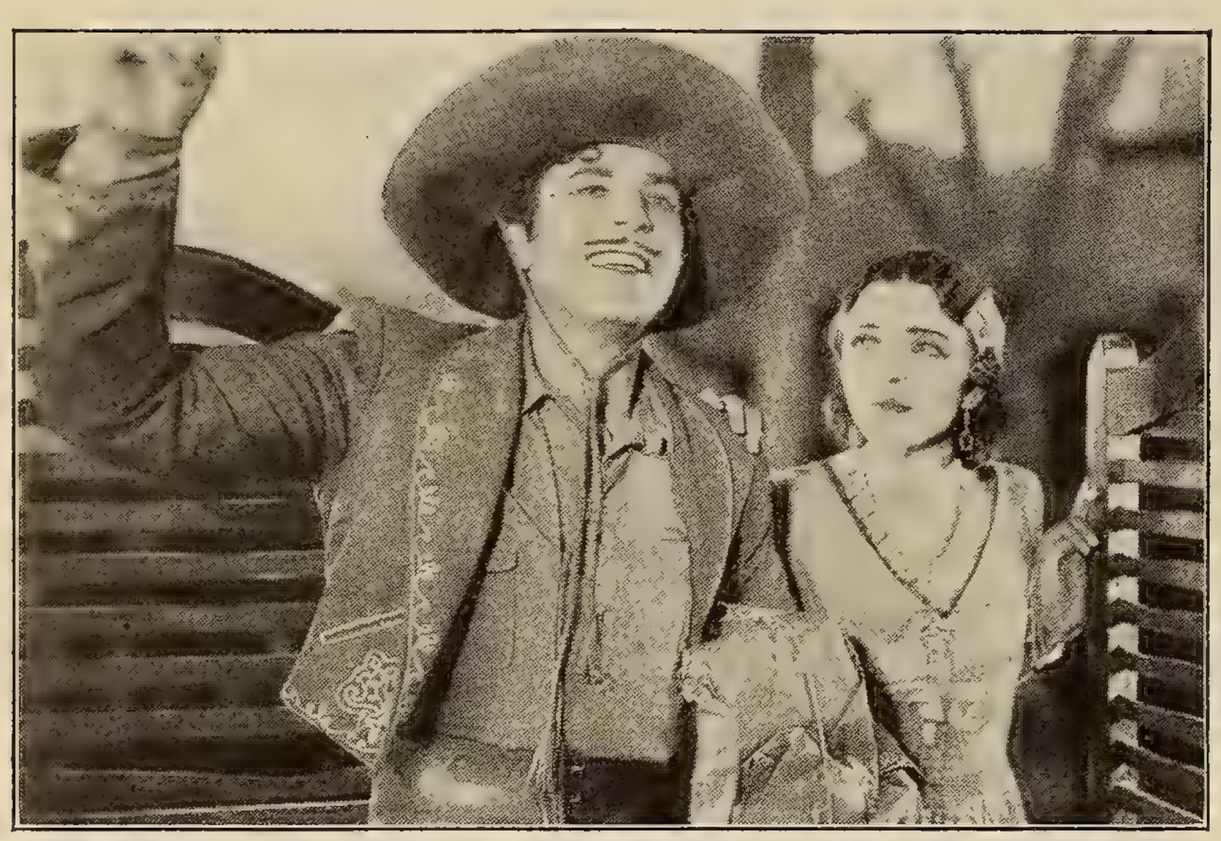
IF you want to be chilled and thrilled, let George do it. Bancroft is indisputable monarch of movie melodrama. His pictures are uncut—the real stuff, with a kick. You can count on rousing, red-blooded entertainment with never a lull. And while George is always the big-hearted brute, he is a different man in each new picture. His latest presents him as a big steel and scaffold man, a skyscraper builder in the big city. He's a two-fisted fighter, a man's man—until he meets *the* woman. She is a patrician beauty; but they have one common interest—their sons. When both children are kidnapped the thrills come faster. You won't anticipate the outcome of the kidnapping plot, but the title, "Ladies Love Brutes," divulges the secret of the romance between Mary Astor, as the lovely heroine, and Mister Bancroft, the world's most successful he-man. Miss Astor's come-back is gratifying.



The Texan

REUNITING Gary Cooper and Fay Wray in a western that turns into a South American romance, this filmization of "The Double-Dyed Deceiver," will please the Cooper addicts, win new friends for Fay, and pass a pleasant, if not too exciting evening. The picture has plot aplenty, with all the twists and turns for which O. Henry was famous. Gary plays the colorful rôle of *The Llano Kid*, who quits his native state in haste after a shooting fray and masquerades as a missing son so convincingly that he wins a nice little old lady's regard and the rather more sentimental interest of a Latin beauty. You may be surprised to meet Fay Wray as the senorita; don't be, for Fay is a versatile actress and behaves becomingly in her new rôle. Gary, too, steps and speaks out, spouting Spanish most acceptably and cutting a dashing figure as a bold *hombre*. This big boy is becoming a real actor.

REVUETTES *of*



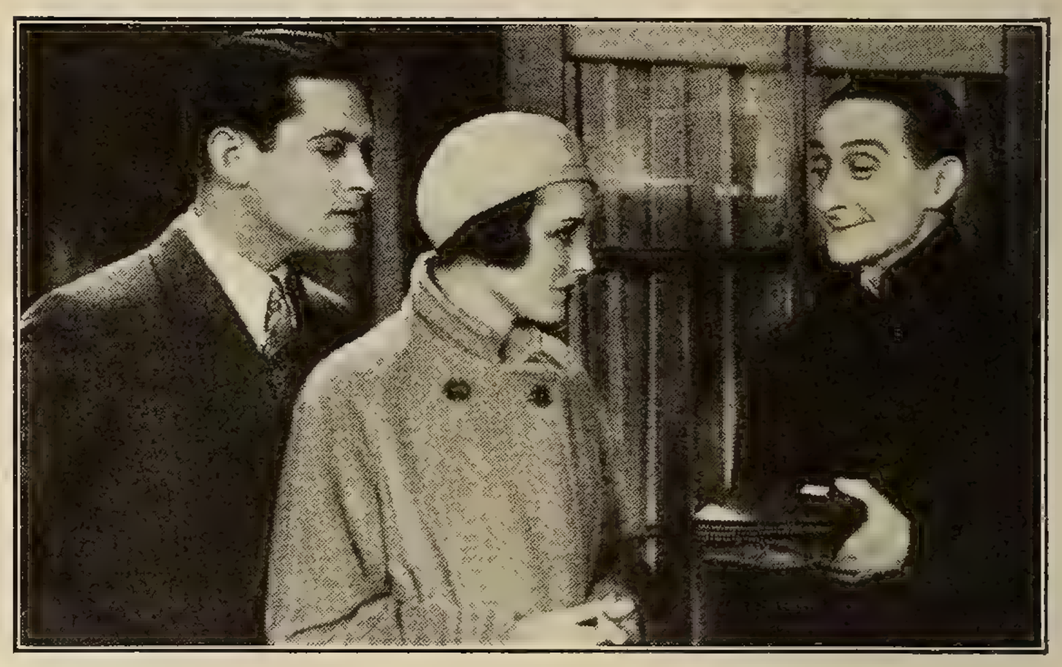
The Arizona Kid

You'll go expecting another "In Old Arizona." But you won't get it. Like most sequels this fails to arouse the enthusiasm of the first edition. Again Warner Baxter smiles and swaggers in his rôle of *Chico;* and as far as Warner is concerned, the film is a success. He cuts a dashing figure as the bandit with the price on his head; though his banditry seems, in this picture, to be confined to heart-stealing. Understandable when you consider that the feminine appeal is divided between Mona Maris and Carol Lombard, two of the prettiest girls on the screen. The blonde Miss Lombard is not quite at home in these outdoor surroundings; but La Maris is vivid and always interesting as the real romance in *Chico's* colorful career. As so often happens, the authentic scenery and the hard-working players are much better than the prop plot.



The Golden Calf

Or, the quest for the perfect—er—limb. Jack Mulhall plays the artist searching for the comely calf, with Sue Carol as his old-fashioned secretary who finally says: "Surprise, surprise!" The quaint El Brendel and the pert and pretty Marjorie White help make this an entertaining, if light, little film.



The Runaway Bride

Here's a fast-moving melodrama that will never let you down. The plot contains pearls, but it has its unexpected moments as well, and you won't be bored. Mary Astor's patrician beauty and practical talents make the heroine's rôle more real than usual; while Francis MacDonald and Lloyd Hughes are good.



Strictly Modern

You'll like this nice little romance. Nothing to shout about, but a relief after heavy heart affairs. Dorothy Mackaill is even more charming than ever in the most sympathetic rôle she has had in a long time; while Sidney Blackmer will make many friends with his half-serious, half-satirical personality.



The Second-Floor Mystery

It may be just another movie, but the presence of the latest leading lovers of Hollywood, Loretta Young and Grant Withers, will lead you to believe it's first-rate entertainment. These youngsters are refreshingly real; and it isn't often you can watch a real romance being enacted for your special benefit.

OTHER PICTURES

The New Adventures of Dr. Fu Manchu

It all depends upon your appetite for mystery pictures. If you are insatiable, you'll enjoy the fresh adventures of *Dr. Fu Manchu.* For hungry-thrill fans, this latest screen instalment of the exploits of the sinister Oriental will answer its frankly melodramatic purpose. If you're a little bewildered to find that Warner Oland, whom you believed successfully exterminated by O. P. Heggie of Scotland Yard several months ago, is still alive and sticking, keep your questions to yourself. Dr. Fu Manchu's Adventures will run on forever—the modern, handsomely mounted and acted talkie editions of the old "Perils of Pauline" and "Adventures of Kathlyn." Jean Arthur and Neil Hamilton play the lovely heroine and handsome hero again, while William Austin provides the very necessary comedy relief for blood-stained dragons, screams, and clutching hands.





Wedding Rings

Bad little sister steals big sister's beau. But if you know your movies you won't be worried. Big sister is no sap, especially as played by lovely Lois Wilson. H. B. Warner is the man disputed, as convincing as he can be under the circumstances. Olive Borden is the provocative third film party.



Soldiers and Women

The real feature of this picture is the appearance of Helen Johnson, from the stage. A new blonde in movieland is always an event, and Helen is not only pretty—she's clever. Aileen Pringle heads the cast of this drama of army-post love intrigue, with Grant Withers and Walter McGrail as hero and heavy.



Temple Tower

The sequel to "Bulldog Drummond," without Ronald Colman. Hardly sporting to compare this with the original. Kenneth McKenna does fine work as *Drummond,* on the trial of a masked master-mind. Rather imaginatively directed, too. Marceline Day is attractive girl interest. Henry B. Walthall is present.



Sunny Skies

'Rah, 'rah—blah! But maybe you will laugh at Benny Rubin, who turns very collegiate for this campus comedy. Or you may like Rex Lease, a varsity hero of the approved pattern; or Marceline Day, as the special sweet young thing. There's Marjorie Kane, too—but she seems to be no relation to Helen.

BUILDING *for* BEAUTY

Exercise Brings Circulation and Grace and Beauty Follow

By
Anne Van Alstyne



A 1930 silhouette. Leila Hyams, a very good example of the grace, symmetry and youthful vitality that come from healthful outdoor activities.

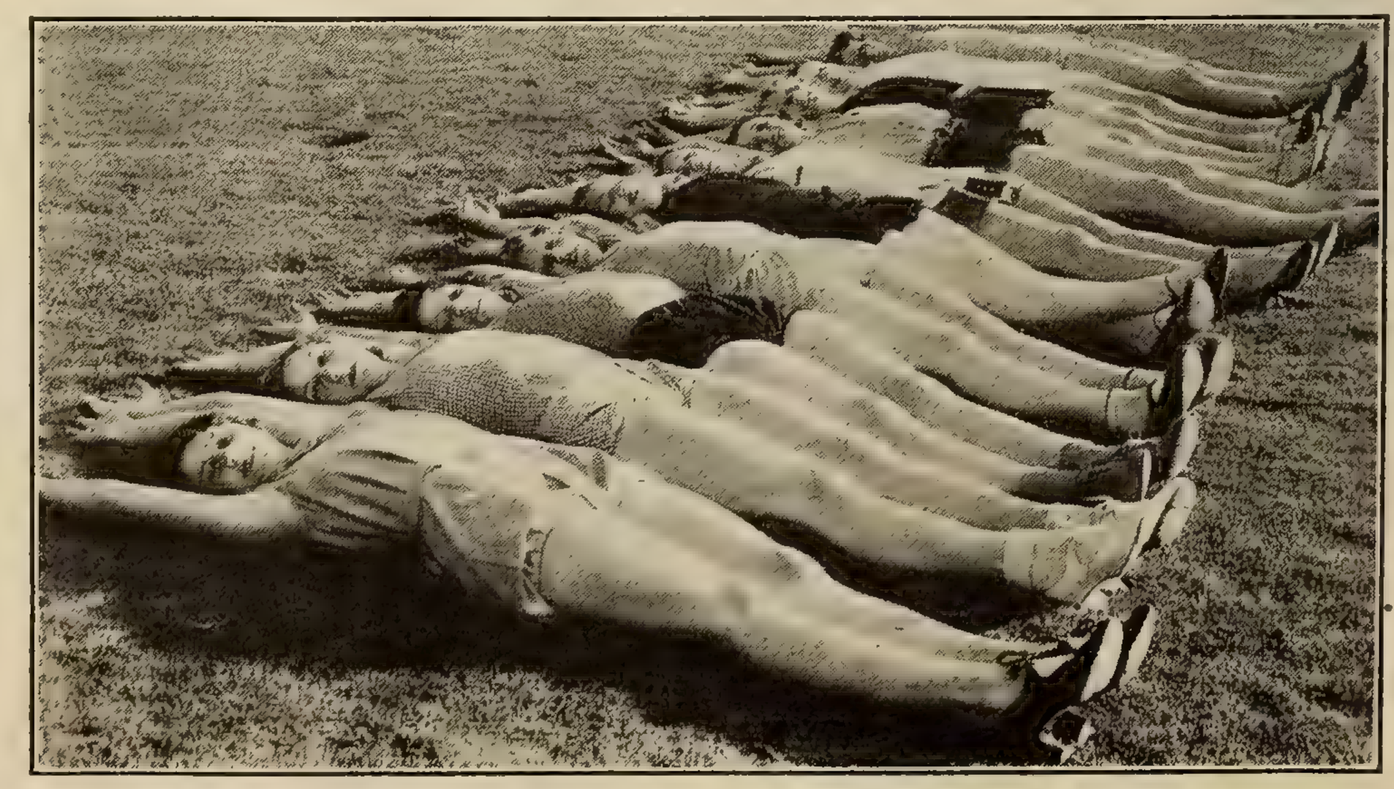
MID-SUMMER! At least it soon will be, and everything tempts you to let go of all the things you ought to do and do the things you want to or else do nothing at all. All winter and spring you attended to your home and business and brushed your hair and did setting-up exercises and paid your bills and kept your weight down and fulfilled your social obligations. You disciplined both mind and body regardless of freedom and comfort and were good and conscientious about most things!

And now—well, as I said, it's summer. There's the perfume of gardens and the tang of salt air. There are warm, moon-lit nights and long golden hours of peaceful leisure. If one is ever to let go and just be one's self, now is the time, you think.

Yes, all right, but wait a minute. To let go in a certain way is all right. Relaxation—all you can command—is splendid. Goodness knows we don't get a chance at it very often, or if we do, we can't. Relax, I mean. And to let go of yourself—well, that depends upon what sort of person you are. If you want to let go of the self you are and make yourself into a better self—that's fine. But if you simply want to neglect yourself physically and mentally for the sake of so-called leisure, stop and think a bit. Of course, your beauty or charm or whatever you may call it, is yours to do with as you will. But look ahead a little. Summer leisure doesn't last for always. Sooner or later, you have to face again the demands of every-day life; and with a weather-beaten skin, dry, lanky hair, a spreading waist-line and ungraceful body what price freedom and comfort when you look about at all the slender, well-groomed others?

Summer is the time to build for beauty. All nature is on your side. Sunlight, fresh air, all manner of out-door activities are yours for the taking, all conspiring to add to beauty in every form, beginning with faces.

We all agree on what we want in faces. Firmness of



A group of Hollywood show girls take full advantage of the California sunshine. A daily sunbath is a splendid tonic and conducive to health and beauty.



Leila Hyams practises the gentle art of holding herself correctly. Head up, chin in, chest out—a posture correct without being stiff or ungraceful.

contour, a skin of firm texture, clear and smooth, with the natural color that comes from good elimination, an active liver, sufficient sleep and exercise. You can have all these, as I have told you many times, if you will take intelligent care of your health and your face. But you can take the best of care of your skin and not get the results you are after if your blood is sluggish. The face must be kept clean and fed, and nothing can really feed it except the blood.

At the beauty salon, the specialist smooths a good cream into your skin, and if she thinks you need it, a circulation cream. With trained fingers she loosens the tense nerves at the back of your neck, then slaps and pats and slaps some more the entire surface of your face to bring up the blood and help the cream do its work. This is all good, but better than pattings and slappings and circulation creams is exercise.

Summer is the season for exercise, so make the most of it. Sports of any kind, golf, tennis, riding, swimming, sun-bathing, dancing in the open air, long walking trips are all conducive to building strength, beauty of line and elasticity. And when you go about this beauty building, do it intelligently and with your own individual need in view. Be careful about over-doing, since to exercise to the point of exhaustion is to defeat one's purpose.

Swimming is a favorite summer pastime and beneficial in many ways. Sea bathing is particularly good, its great benefits coming not only from the change of air and a dip in the surf but from the exercise it necessitates and the opportunity it gives for sunning one's self on the sandy beach.

General rules for sea bathing should be observed. The best time to go in the water is two hours before or two after eating; and choose a time when you are not greatly fatigued or overheated or perspiring, as under such circumstances proper reaction and warmth will not be likely to occur.

Many people should not remain in the water more than fifteen minutes, though vigorous young people pay little heed to such rules and spend the greater part of the morning or afternoon dashing about in the waves and sunning themselves dry on the clear white sand of the beach. In fact, a great advantage of sea bathing or the daily swim is the sun and fresh air and exercise afterward, which permits the entrance of sun and fresh air into pores too little accustomed to either.

Make the most of this opportunity in summer for out of door sun-baths. Put on your bathing suit or beach ensemble or a pair of comfy rehearsal rompers and hie to the garden or the roof or any convenient outdoor place, and let every little pore of the skin drink in the air and sunshine. Daily exposure of the person to the sun is a splendid tonic and beneficial to both health and beauty. Take care, however, as I directed last month, to protect the skin with an oil or cream before exposing it to the direct rays of the sun; as a burned, (*Continued on page* 114)



Virginia Bruce induces healthy circulation after a shower by means of a rough towel rubbed briskly over the body.



Barry Norton (then Alfredo Carlos Biraben), as a 'vegetable man' in a Los Angeles restaurant where he worked for two months.



Barry and Jack Wendell once dug ditches together. Now, Barry's a featured player for Paramount and Jack works in the nursery department.

What Happened to BARRY

If Barry Norton had said "yes" instead of "no" six years ago, he might have had then what he has today. That is a Paramount contract. He might be another big star now. One never can tell.

One night in early 1924, Barry Norton, then Alfredo Carlos Biraben, Jr., was sitting in the Pepper Pot Café in Greenwich Village when Miss Bijou Fernandez, who had previously selected an unknown boy, William Haines, and helped him to stardom, introduced herself.

"Would you like to go into pictures?" she asked.

"Not in the least," was Norton's emphatic answer.

"But I might be able to put you in the Paramount Pictures School."

"I'm not at all interested, I'm sorry." And that ended the conversation.

Today, he has a newly-signed film contract. This story is going to be about the years between, during which he has had more experiences than ten ordinary boys and has been down to the place where he had a few dimes in his pockets more times than you can count on your two fingers.

Barry had come to New York from Buenos Aires with a number of young friends for the purpose of having a lot of fun and seeing Luis Angel Firpo lick Jack Dempsey. They all saw the fight and stayed on to have their fun. It was during their week in New York that Miss Fernandez saw Barry. He turned down her offer because he was doubtful about his looks and ability. An allowance came in every week and he was having too good a time to stop for motion pictures. Anyway, his plans were to return to Buenos Aires for a political career. So Barry continued his round of pleasure.

Before sailing to South America, the young Argentinian thought seriously of Hollywood, and the fascination got into his imagination. And when the boat landed in Buenos Aires with his friends, Norton was in Hollywood. The elder Biraben disagreed entirely with the idea of a motion picture career for one of his family and wired that either his son should come home or have his allowance cut off. Barry decided to see if Miss Fernandez was right. So without his allowance but with the determination of Alfredo Carlos Biraben, Jr., the boy began to build the personality of Barry Norton.

He went to the Paramount studios in Hollywood but the office boys refused to let him go past the gates. Barry went to all the studios. He sold one of his suits of clothes at a time in order to eat. He got a position as assistant clerk at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles because of his knowledge of four languages. He worked as a laborer



"If I can't make pictures in Hollywood, I can at least make Hollywood streets," said Barry. "And they'll be good streets, too."



Because Barry knew four languages, he worked as clerk at the Hotel Ambassador in Los Angeles. Shown with him is Rosita Moreno.

Turning Failure into Success—the Story of Barry Norton's Years Between

By John Godfrey

in the streets in order to keep going. He worked at the Harmon Lumber Company for $4 a day.

During each job he would save enough cash to tide him over once more while he was looking for work at motion picture studios. Each time he was refused even entrance to the studios. He tried to work as an extra in "Beau Geste" and "The Vanishing American" but he wasn't the type. One of his handicaps was the fact that he didn't own a tuxedo.

One day, with his last dime, he bought a half dozen doughnuts and made them last for three days. Finally, he had to sell his best suit. He made the money go a long way but it was gradually spent.

When he had no money in his pockets and hadn't eaten for two days, Barry read in the paper that laborers were needed by a real estate concern. He started into the building where the office was located. At the entrance to the elevator he collapsed, unconscious. When an ambulance was waiting and he was about to be taken to the hospital, it was learned that all he needed was food. He was taken to a cafe and fed and later given a job as 'vegetable boy.' He worked for two months in the restaurant, saved his money, and again tried for work in the film studios.

This time, in typical Hollywood fashion, his luck suddenly changed. He found work continually as an extra. He was given 'bit' parts, the lead in "The Lily," and a Fox contract. He became the *Mother's Boy* in Raoul Walsh's "What Price Glory?"

Barry Norton hasn't said so but (*Continued on page* 112)



At home in Hollywood, with a contract which enables him to make pictures in English, French and Spanish. Good work, Barry.

SUMMER

DOROTHY MACKAILL'S



Dorothy Mackaill, in her attractive kitchen, prepares sandwiches for one of the appetizing hot weather meals in which she specializes.

Shrimp Cocktail

Mix one cup of mayonnaise and one-half cup whipped cream together. Add one-half teaspoon vinegar, one-half teaspoon tobasco sauce and one teaspoon catsup. Add one can shrimps, or the same proportion of fresh boiled shrimps, cut in small pieces. Add the juice of one lemon. Mix ingredients well together, and place in ice box. Serve cold, in tall glasses.

Avocado and Tomato Salad

For four people, one good-sized avocado and three large tomatoes will be needed. Put two large lettuce leaves on each salad plate. Slice tomatoes over them, then a layer of sliced avocados. Mayonnaise or French dressing may be served, but real connoisseurs prefer this salad without dressing of any kind, or with pure olive oil and a sprinkling of salt.

Now that summer is here, our thoughts turn to cool, refreshing menus, and if dinner can be postponed until the sun goes down and a cool breeze comes up, it is doubly enjoyable.

Dorothy Mackaill has just moved into a house at Santa Monica. After living five years in an apartment, she is delighted with having trees, a lawn, and an English garden of her own, the latter reminding her, she says, of the old home in Hull, England, in which she lived as a child.

Since it is still daylight when she returns from the studio, Miss Mackaill delights in having her evening meal in this garden. The house, on a hill in the outskirts of the beach town, has a wonderful view of the blue Pacific. There is one spot that has a particularly beautiful panorama of the coast for several miles. Here a bright-colored table with a gay beach umbrella over it is set up, with chairs to match. In summer she uses dishes of a cool, clear green; goblets, salad and dinner plates to match. Sometimes Miss Mackaill dines alone. Even if friends or business acquaintances are invited to an informal dinner, she has the table set in the garden. Formal dinners are served in the large English dining room.

Dorothy Mackaill is not an extraordinary cook. A career has occupied almost all of her time and until now she has lived in hotels, and apartments, with no place in which to practice cooking. Now, however, she finds time to experiment in sandwiches, salads, and light desserts.

If the day's work at the studio is over early, she sometimes fixes her own hot weather evening meal. She likes to work and fuss around in the kitchen under her mother's expert guidance.

A favorite menu, that her mother often plans for her on warm evenings, consists of chilled shrimp cocktail, cold consomme, avocado and tomato salad, broiled lamb chops, new peas and new potatoes creamed together, and macaroon bisque.

"Being English and raised with the idea of a late supper, I have never been able to get away from it, although I know I should," says Dorothy. "Sandwiches make a good central dish. Using that as the main course, it is easy to add olives, celery, radishes, little green onions, and a dessert and have a good meal that is not too heavy. In warm weather, a good fruit punch and a light dessert like fresh strawberry sherbet make good finishing touches.

"In this age of electric refrigerators, it is easy to have cold punch that has not been thinned out with ice. And freezing sherbet is no task at all, if you remember that sweet things are harder to get to a solid point than tart ones. Personally, I like my ices tart and solid.

"It is a known fact that people need less food in summer than in the colder months. I know that I feel much better, and notice the heat less if I restrict myself to light nourishing foods.

"As soon as it gets hot, I start on a fruit and vegetable diet, with cold meat at noon and some kind of a broiled and baked dish in the evening. I usually have either orange juice or grapefruit without sugar for breakfast. This, and a couple of slices of melba toast and coffee, fit me for the day.

"For lunch, I have tea, perfection fruit salad on plenty of lettuce, cold baked ham, and custard pudding. Sometimes, if I know we are going to work late on the set, I have tea in the afternoon. This is just sliced oranges, cinnamon toast, and orange pekoe or black tea.

"With these simple meals, a great deal of their appeal

RECIPES

Cool, Appetizing Meals Served in an English Garden with Dorothy Mackaill as Hostess . . . By Emily Kirk

FAVORITE RECIPES

Cold Consomme

Boil one potato cut in small cubes, one small onion chopped fine, three carrots cut in slices and two tomatoes cut in small pieces with one and one-half pints of good stock made from beef or veal. When vegetables are tender, take from stove and strain. Put stock in bowl and let cool. When cold, skim and place in refrigerator. Serve very cold.

Fruit Sherbet

Mash one quart berries or their equivalent in fresh peaches. Add two cups sugar, one and one-half cups water and the juice of one lemon. Let stand about one-half hour. Dissolve two tablespoons gelatine in boiling water. When dissolved, add to the fruit mixture. Put in electric refrigerator. Allow plenty of time for freezing, about four hours will do.

is in the flavoring and the care given to their preparation. If the salad, meat, or dessert is to be cold, have it cold, not luke-warm, or just chilled.

"As to the flavoring and seasoning, be sure to put in enough salt and pepper or other spice called for. Many a salad or vegetable has been spoiled by the lack of a little salt. Do not be afraid to taste things. That is the only way you can tell whether things are right or not.

"A cool and pleasing appearance of the food often tempts back the appetite lost through heat. Lettuce that is crisp and fresh on a plate gives an air of coolness. I know that often I will start eating a piece of lettuce and continue through the whole salad, just because the lettuce looks appetizing. Olives, celery, cucumbers, radishes, other fresh raw vegetables served with chipped ice are attractive to the eye as well as palatable.

"Hot or cold beverages are a matter of taste. Some people firmly believe that a hot drink makes one feel cooler, while others prefer iced tea, coffee, or a fruit drink. A great deal of the keeping cool process is mental anyway, so do as you wish. However, one suggestion here, a tart lemonade is twice as effective as a sweet one. The less sugar used, the better and more cooling it is. For the extremely hot weather, a bowl of potato salad, cold baked ham, and fruit sherbet give you all the necessary food values, and there is no danger of over-eating. Of course, I'm speaking of my way of making potato salad, with plenty of vegetables besides potatoes.

"I am listing some of my (*Continued on page* 108)



All ready to serve. A plate of those delicious avocado sandwiches and one of the refreshing salads Dorothy describes in these pages.

The STAGE . . *in* REVIEW

By Benjamin De Casseres

"Romeo and Juliet"

EVA LEGALLIENNE went Shakespeare and topped her season at the Civic Repertory with the best production of "Romeo and Juliet" that I have ever seen.

It was played vitally. It moved swiftly from the beginning. It was understandable to the dullest mind not soaked in the beauties of Shakespeare's English. In a word, it was a human "Romeo and Juliet" played down-stage and not up in Valhalla or Nibelheim.

Eva LeGallienne in taking over the rôle of *Juliet* tried something that was the last thing I ever expected her to do. But she did it remarkably well. She dramatized *Juliet* instead of sentimentalizing her. She put vim and individuality and fire into this girl and lifted her out of the caramel sundae class of Young Things.

J. Edward Bromberg gave a gorgeous performance of that beloved swashbuckler, *Mercutio*—also, the best *Mercutio* I have ever seen. Leone Roberts made us laugh as the *Nurse*—real laughs. The *Romeo* of Donald Cameron was too matinéeish for my fancy. Scenically, the performance was also fine.

(Why doesn't some one do this version of the great love-story into a talkie?)

"Three Little Girls"

This musical comedy by Messrs. Feiner and Hardt-Warren and a collaborating staff of more persons than SCREENLAND can spare the space to record for posterity, is one of those lulling, dreamy, ancient, sentimental, often bewitching, down-through-three-generations sort of thing, with Viennese music culled and made over from our old friends, Offenbach, Strauss, Lehar, *et Cie.*

Love, of course (would you believe it, Hedda?), is the kernel of the theme. This love-game begins in 1846 and runs all the way down to 1890 and tells the same story over three times — from grandpa and granny down to the grandchildren, where, the stars being more propitious in 1890 than before, all ends well in the best of all Shubert universes.

The Shining Lights in this revolving-stage entertainment are Natalie Hall, Raymond Walburn and John Goldsworthy. If you are not too seriously inclined in these hot days, "Three Little Girls" is your dish of watercress and angel-cake.



Maurice Goldberg

Harriet Hoctor, premier danseuse of "Simple Simon," in one of her exquisite numbers.

"The Vikings"

Ibsen is a great name to conjure with in the higher realms of dramatic art, but it sometimes happens the amulet doesn't work. Magic has its off-days.

The Blanche Yurka-Richard Herndon production of Ibsen's "The Vikings" failed to register on me as it should. Simply because it is *not* Ibsen. This play was written when he was very young; and while it is vigorous—even howling—and holds in germ many ideas and motives that later came to maturity in his other work, it can by no stretch of the imagination be set down as an Ibsen drama.

Miss Yurka as *Hjordis,* a somewhat Brunnhilde-like being, was plainly not at her best. Miss Yurka is such an accomplished mistress of her art that she can do nothing badly. So her performance, was at most, interesting.

"The Vikings" would make a fine opera for some new Wagner. Mr. Wilfred's Clavilux was on view, throwing lights hither and thither; but it takes more than that to infuse life into this outmoded drama of beards and furs and breathless messengers. Our tastes in hokum have changed.

"Ada Beats the Drum"

There's quite a passion for exposing Americans. And it's high time—no people need a blowing up like we do. But woe to him who does it seriously!—he'll get a bread-knife in his back. So we must do it laughingly.

In "Ada Beats the Drum," by John Kirkpatrick, it is plainly over-



Eva LeGallienne went Shakespeare and topped her season with a splendid performance of "Romeo and Juliet." From left to right: Leone Roberts as the Nurse, Eva LeGallienne as Juliet and Donald Cameron as Romeo, in a scene from the beautifully staged production.

done. The laughter becomes a haw!-haw! and the brain-tickle that should be there becomes a goatish giggle.

Here are a bunch of Babbittized papoose brains from the Middle West (apparently) who go to Southwest France to gimlet Continental Culture into the brain of little *Leila Hubbard*. *Ma Hubbard* is strong for Europe, but the old man is strictly a Coca-Cola Yahoo who is for returning to the U. S. A., where God's on his throne and all's well with the speakeasies.

The girl (played mock-merrily by that odd little bit, Nydia Westman) prefers—being a daughter of her dad—an American as her steady. The Ma (Mary Boland) wants her to marry a Spanish painter with Continental fallalls. Many things happen—some of which click and most of which thud out. The author has beaten the drum of his theme to a frazzle.

"Lost Sheep"

Belford Forrest's comedy, "Lost Sheep," put on by George Choos and Jack Donahue, knocked us all cold.

Here is a screaming idea—an idea that would have hit Guy De Maupassant straight between the eyes. But Mr. Forrest is not a De Maupassant (who is?). Therefore, this gorgeous theme is not treated with the delicacy and finesse that it deserves. There are empty stretches, holes where the playwright is obviously casting around to keep the merriment agog.

There is a house of evil repute on a suburban London road. The madame and her pleasure pack have just moved out without notifying their high-toned trade. Into this 'Ouse of Sin moves a Methodist minister, his wife and his three little girls.

Well, when the 'phone starts to ring and the old customers in top hats start to arrive for the evening's debauch, you can, without pulling hard on your imagination glands, guess the *contretemps*, the (*Continued on page* 113)



Natalie and Bettina Hall, two of the "Three Little Girls," in the musical comedy of that name.

What the Film Famous are doing on and off the Set

HOT *from*

THERE are two new things in Clara Bow's life, a hair cut and a boy friend. The hair cut is short and close to her head and the boy friend is Rex Bell. The much-discussed friendship with Harry Richman appears to be a thing of the past. Clara and Rex are seen together everywhere, and seem very devoted.

* * *

Dolores Del Rio, who was a close friend of Rudolph Valentino, was chosen to unveil the statue placed in honor of his memory in De Longpre Park at De Longpre and Cherokee Streets on the late star's birthday anniversary. Dolores delivered the dedicatory speech, which was recorded by sound news reels in three languages.

The statue is named "Aspiration," modeled by Roger Noble Burnham, and its existence was made possible by the thousands of contributions from Valentino admirers which have come from all over the world. The inscription at the base of the statue offers this information.

George Ullman, head of the Rudolph Valentino Memorial Association, still receives many letters asking questions about Rudolph which shows that interest in him is still alive.

* *

It seems the thing for wives to give their husbands sixteen-cylinder twin-eight Cadillacs on their birthday. Frances Marion whose husband is George Hill, the director, was one of the givers; and Joan Crawford presented Doug Fairbanks, Jr. with one for his birthday.

* * *

Buddy Rogers' kid brother, Bh, is going into pictures. He did a bit in "Follow Thru" and now has signed a contract with Paramount, which will start him off in small parts and build him up. Yes, that's really his name! Try to pronounce it.

* * *

Clara Blandick, that fine character actress, plays the rector's aunt in "Romance" starring Greta Garbo. It was Miss Blandick's first experience with Greta, and hearing of her temperamental ways she felt rather nervous. But she changed her mind once she met her. Greta really is a sincere artist and works very hard. She is terribly shy and nervous, however, and one day went completely up in her lines. "Oh, I am so sorry, I am so sorry," she said twisting her fingers, which were as cold as ice. "I am so nervous. I wonder, please, could we not



Left: "love me, love my cat," says Alice White. That's all right with us. We always did like Alice, and this is no alley cat. He's a grand cat!





Above: could I reveal, exactly what I feel, Dolores Ethel would say if she could, I'd tell the world how proud I am to be born a Barrymore. And maybe Papa John and Mama Dolores aren't proud, too!

Lower left: Buddy Rogers and his young brother, Bh. Bh, (it's all right when you write it, but how does one say it?) has played bits in pictures, but now he has a contract and will have real parts.

HOLLYWOOD

have some boards put up around the set and have them stay that way?" There was no one on the stage except those actually concerned in making the picture and when the boards were put up as she requested, the only ones who could see her were the director and the cameramen. "And she wasn't kidding, either," said Miss Blandick. "She was really terrified."

* * *

Neither does Greta care for social contact, unless with a few friends whom she likes and with whom she feels at ease. The usual polite social whirl out here means nothing in the world to this girl.

Recently a party was given in honor of Lord and Lady Mountbaton by Marion Davies who invited Greta; but Greta refused. It was to be a really swanky affair and Marion wanted very much to have Greta attend. She told Mary Pickford of her failure to persuade her. "Oh, don't you worry, I'll arrange that," said Mary. But after she had called about nine times her confidence began to wane. Finally Greta was persuaded to answer the phone and the invitation was repeated. "Oh, but you see I am so sorry," said the Swedish girl haltingly, "I feel much better at home than in society, so I don't think I go. Thank you very much."

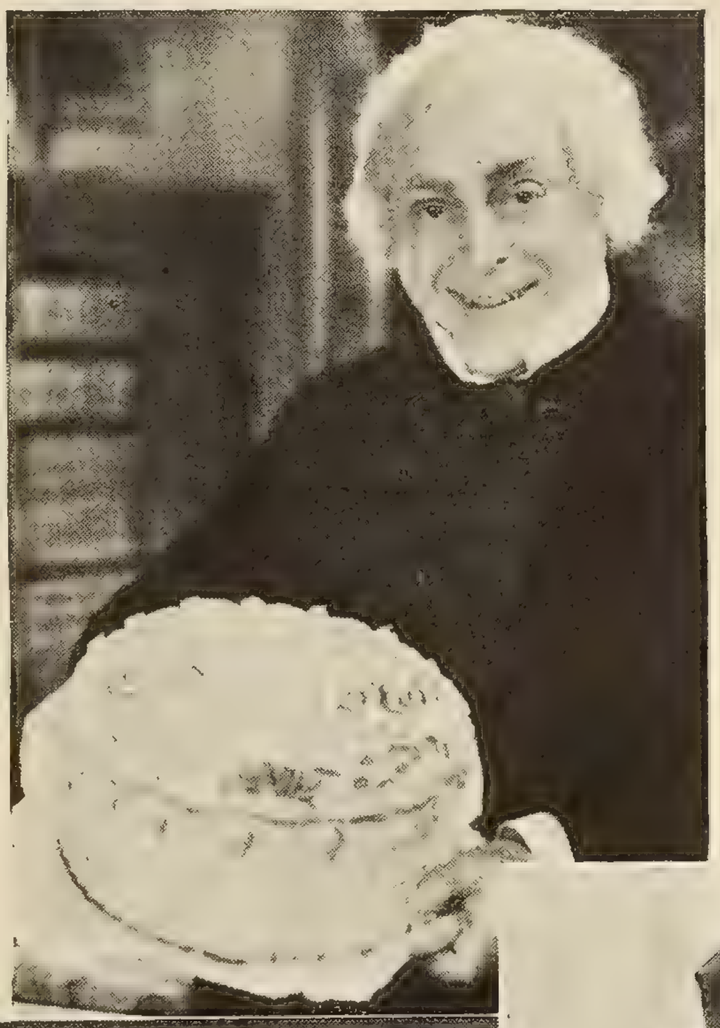
And that, as the saying goes, was flatly that.

* * *

And here's another thing that concerns Miss Garbo. For years, Fred Niblo has been trying to interest the financial powers at Metro in a story by Barney Glazer on the Empress Josephine. Unlike other yarns that mention Napoleon, he is to be, in this, a secondary character. It being woman's day the author thinks the women of history should have their due. Now it looks as though the deal would go through, and Greta will play *Josephine* if it does.

* * *

Ronald Colman and William Powell had planned to go vagabonding in Honolulu but they couldn't get away at the same time. Ronnie pulled a fast one even on the studio and boarded the Homeric in New York harbor bound for his home town, London, on the day before the Goldwyn studios thought he would board the Chief in Los Angeles on his way to New York. "Well, I guess Colman really *doesn't* want any publicity," said a newspaper man new to our town, who thought the Colman reticence was 'all bluff.'



Right: Cyril Maude, noted English actor, makes his talking picture debut in "Grumpy" in which he appeared on the stage more than 1300 times.



Above: Lon Chaney, introduced to the microphone for his first scene in "The Unholy Three," looks apprehensive. Jack Conway, director, and Lila Lee, leading lady, do the introducing. The fourth party? We're asking you.



Right: The elder and younger generation of western outlaw heroes. William S. Hart came down from his mountain ranch to visit Johnny Mack Brown on the set of "Billy, the Kid," King Vidor's film, in which Johnny plays the name rôle.



Above: Mitzi Green and William Austin indulge in a good old-fashioned game of leap frog at the Paramount studio where they both work. Oh, I say, Austin, old bean, rawther tiring, what?

Dolores Del Rio, unveiling a statue placed in memory of Rudolph Valentino in De Longpre Park, Hollywood, on the late star's birthday anniversary. At the right is Roger Noble Burnham, the sculptor.





Claudette Colbert, with the lovely lady who, as you may guess, is her mother. When you see this, Claudette, with her husband, Norman Foster, will be on that 'round the world trip on a freighter.

Ronnie is on his way to visit his relatives and Bill Powell will join him in London as soon as he finishes his present picture for Paramount.

* * *

Those around Hollywood who have been smacking their lips in anticipation of the second round of the Gilbert-Tully bout are doomed to disappointment, because these two inflammable personalities who have been at loggerheads for two years are now good friends. The trouble was all about an article about Jack by Jim, over which there was a grand row. Finally, their friends succeeded in making peace between them. Then Jim was put on dialogue for "Trader Horn" and met Jack on the lot several times. And next thing anyone knew it was announced that Jim was to play a part in Jack's next picture, "Way for a Sailor." They even had their photographs taken together one day when Jim was at Jack's place in Beverly Hills, the first Jack had had taken since his European trip. It looks like the beginning of a very strong and lasting friendship.

* * *

And Jack and Ina? Well, they're good friends, too. There's nothing to surmise or conjecture about so far as they are concerned for they have every intention of just staying together. Ina is back from New York where she went on business and turned down one or two very attractive offers to star in stage plays. "Why should I stay in New York when my husband has to remain in California and we love each other?" Ina is reported to have said in answer to those people who don't like to see her cut her brilliant career in two, even to be the wife of Jack Gilbert. But Ina isn't worrying about that. She has won great success and knows that she could go out any day and repeat it if she wanted to. Just now she is content to let things rest as they are. There's plenty of time ahead for careering.

* * *

Fans of Helen Twelvetrees will rejoice when they see



Zake Taylor tags Laura Lee out during practise at Wrigley Field. Roger Hornsby, star second baseman, stands by. The Chicago cubs paid a visit to the "Top Speed" set to see Laura at work.



Above: A peace pact. Jim Tully and Jack Gilbert make up and are now the best of pals. Jim is scheduled to play a part in Jack's next picture, "Way for a Sailor."

"Swing High" to realize that their *idol* is not a lisper. The first talkie picture of this captivating actress presented her as the lisping girl in "The Ghost Talks" and she was the recipient of many letters of sympathy for her impediment in speech!

* * *

There was quite a flurry in Hollywood when Bebe Daniels announced her engagement to Ben Lyon, followed shortly by wedding invitations. Because it was the first time either of them had been married it was suggested to Bebe that she take over the Hollywood Bowl for her wedding so that all her friends could attend. But Bebe and Ben preferred to have a quiet wedding and a big reception afterward.

Mrs. Harry Martin (Louella Parsons) was matron of honor. Among the bridesmaids were Marion Davies, Lila Lee, Betty Compson, Marie Mosquini, who has been Bebe's friend since they were nine years old, Diana Kane Fitzmaurice, Constance Talmadge.

Ben Lyon chose Hal Howe to be his best man and the ushers were Henry Hobart, George Fitzmaurice, Sam Hardy, Frank Joyce, Howard Hughes, Skeet Gallagher, Wallace Davis and Dr. Harry Martin.

There could be only a short honeymoon because both Ben and Bebe had working schedules to think of; but as soon as they can, they will be off to Europe for a real honeymoon.

The seriousness of this romance between Bebe and Ben was a surprise to Hollywood. Both are so popular and have been reported engaged so many times that it just looked like another transitory friendship; but this turned out to be the real thing.

* * *

Reginald Denny, looking very stunning in his costume for the *bal masque*, an ultra gorgeous

With three generations of the Warner family present, the tallest peak in Hollywood mountains is christened "Mount Warner." Right, Benjamin Warner, father of the three Warner brothers, with J. L. Warner and Jack, Jr.



scene which Cecil De Mille put on in "Madame Satan" apparently did not feel as fine as he looked, for his forehead wore a thoughtful frown.

"Well, I'm not superstitious," Reg said, explaining it, "but I'm wearing a wig of Rudy Valentino's and I do feel curious."

* * *

Going back to weddings—it is probable that before this is printed Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson will have followed the example of Ben and Bebe. Last winter, Sally, Hoot and a party of friends were snowbound for ten days in Hoot's mountain cabin. The second morning after they arrived they looked out upon a snow-fast world. They started on horseback for provisions; but the horses, after wallowing desperately in shoulder-deep snow for three hours, decided to go to sleep. So did Sally. This meant they were freezing to death and the rest of the party, realizing the danger, shook off the lethargy that had begun to envelop them, too, and started beating up both Sally and the horses. Fortunately, enough food had been stored in the house so they didn't starve, but the fare wasn't as sumptuous as it normally would have been.

"Ten people under one roof for that many days is a good test of friendship," said Sally. "After it was all over I still liked Hoot and we both thought that if we could stand that test we must be really congenial."

* * *

Fred Niblo is the 'sound effects' in the dance-hall scene of "Easy Going," starring Bill Haines. He does not appear nor does he get screen credit but it is his voice which yells, "Hot dogs! Popcorn! Hot dogs!"

* * *

Because of the way audiences received John Barrymore's rendition of Shakespeare's "Richard III," in "Show of Shows," Warner Brothers will present him in a picturization of "Hamlet," which was one of Barrymore's most interesting stage rôles. And the beautiful Dolores may play *Ophelia,* though this has not been even rumored as yet. It has been said that these two will appear in "Trilby," Jack playing *Svengali* and Dolores the ill-fated *Trilby.* "Hamlet" is scheduled as a special, to be made after Mr. and Mrs. Barrymore and their baby daughter Dolores Ethel have had a cruise on their yacht, *The Infanta.*

* * *

We dropped in on Sylvia, the Swedish masseuse, at the Pathé studio and found Madge Kennedy being pummeled. Madge was singing lustily. After the first stanza she said, "Sylvia, I don't know whether you like this or not but I have to sing to take my mind off what you are doing. You nearly murder me, but just the same you're wonderful."

When Madge first met Sylvia, the diminutive Dane gave the actress a critical glance and said, "You look too dignified. Cut your hair off." This was just what Madge's friends had been trying to persuade her to do for years but it took Sylvia to turn the trick. Next time Madge appeared she wore the most adorable bob you ever saw.





Above: "Girl of the Golden West" company on location. Ann Harding's maid gives her personal attention, while the handy make-up man attends to James Rennie, leading man.

Charles Chaplin and company on location for "City Lights," Chaplin's latest picture. Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie's best pal, is present, grin and all, just looking on.

Below: Jeanette MacDonald, who enacts a lovely countess in "Monte Carlo," Ernest Lubitsch's new production, listens to the wax recording of the song she has just made. Jack Buchanan supplies the male interest.



"Smooth Skin a Girl's most Appealing Charm," *say* 45 Hollywood Directors

Hollywood · Broadway · European Stars · 9 out of 10 use Lux Toilet Soap



LOIS MORAN, *charming Fox star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap leaves my skin marvelously smooth."*



Photo by H. D. Carsey

BILLIE DOVE, *First National's appealingly lovely star, in the luxurious bathroom built for her in Hollywood. "A smooth skin is most important to every girl whether or not she is a motion picture star. I use Lux Toilet Soap and find it delightfully pure and refreshing."*

Billie Dove.



MADGE BELLAMY, *ever so popular a star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap leaves the skin smooth as a petal."*



FAY WRAY, *delightful Paramount star: "It helps give the skin a wonderful smoothness."*



DORIS KENYON, *attractive young star: "Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin such lovely smoothness."*

CHARMING SKIN—smooth and clear and soft! The girl who has it attracts people wherever she goes.

"People *love* the beauty of smooth skin," says Mervyn Le Roy, First National's famous motion picture director. Like 44 other leading directors he has found this out from long experience in choosing girls who will most surely touch the hearts of millions of people.

"To a screen star," he goes on to say, "a flawlessly smooth skin is a supreme necessity. No art of the make-up man can simulate skin beauty under the merciless test of the close-up."

And lovely skin must have the most intelligent care. The charming Hollywood screen stars long ago found out that Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin exquisite.

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THE Broadway stars, too, have long been enthusiastic about Lux Toilet Soap—so daintily fragrant and white. And now, in the capitals of Europe, too, the beautiful screen stars have adopted it.

Never were the lovely actresses more appreciative of Lux Toilet Soap than since talking and singing pictures have become so popular. There are more close-ups than ever in the talkies—and every close-up demands a practically perfect skin if a star is to hold the public heart.

If you aren't one of the millions of women who are using Lux Toilet Soap, you'll be delighted to find how smooth and soft it keeps your skin. Its caressing lather is instant—even in hard water. Order several cakes—today.

Lux Toilet Soap

Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake . . . NOW 10¢



Colleen Moore enjoying the cool sea breezes on her yacht. Her friends are waiting for her next talker. "Footlights and Fools" was her last and it seems a long time between pictures, Colleen.

ASK ME

By Miss Vee Dee

WINNIE *from Buckeye State.* No, I couldn't say that *Yankee Doodle* was the theme song for the American Revolution but after going to some of the talkies, I have about decided the old-fashioned movies were too good for words. Madge Bellamy was born in Hillsboro, Texas. She is a free-lance player but you can write her at 519 No. Beverly Drive, Hollywood, Cal. Jackie Coogan was born Oct. 26, 1914.

Aretas of Columbus, Ohio. Ivan Lebedeff was born June 18, 1899, in Uspoliai, Lithuania. He has black hair and eyes, is 6 feet 1 inch tall and weighs 148 pounds. He was on the stage in Russia and appeared in pictures in France and Germany before coming to the United States. He played in "Street Girl," all-talking film with Betty Compson, Jack Oakie, John Harron and Ned Sparks. Ivan is now working in "Radio Revels" at the RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Buddy's Fan from St. Louis, Mo. No issue complete without the usual information about Charles . Rogers—shows you can't keep a good kid down and who wants to? Buddy was 24 years old on his last birthday, Aug. 13, 1929. His father and mother are living and he has two sisters and a brother. He was one of the 16 pupils of the Paramount School. His latest picture is "Follow Thru," with Nancy Carroll. Mary Kornman and Johnny Downs have outgrown "Our Gang." Jean Darling is the Gang's leading lady since Mary grew up.

Margaret T. from N. Y. City. I'm not an electrician's daughter but I know watts-watt about Vondell Darr. She was born April 18, 1919, in Los Angeles, Cal. She is 52 inches tall, weighs 54 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes. She has appeared on the screen in "On Trial," "The Dummy," "The Pony Express," "The City That Never Sleeps," and "Feet of Clay."

Phoebe S. of Woodbury, N. J. You like my name, do you? I think it's pretty good myself—that's why I've never changed it. I could go on forever telling you of the brothers and sisters on the screen but here are some of them: Dolores and Helene Costello, Mary and Jack Pickford, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day, Viola Dana and Shirley Mason, Alberta and Adamae Vaughn, Charles and Syd Chaplin. But Will Rogers and Charles (Buddy) Rogers are not brothers, not even father and son. Will's sons are just kids.

Buddy O. from Milwaukee. Sorry not to announce your fan club but we discontinued mention of fan clubs in SCREENLAND some time ago. Gilbert Roland's latest picture is "New York Nights" with Norma Talmadge. Is Grant Withers getting good breaks? I'll tell you he is. Hasn't he just grabbed off a swell girl, Loretta Young, for better or worse? Rex Lease appears in "Troopers Three" with Dorothy Gulliver. Write him at Tiffany Productions, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Miss Vee Dee will be glad to answer any questions you may care to ask about pictures and picture people. If you wish an answer in the Magazine, please be patient and await your turn; but if you prefer a personal reply, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

Snowshoes from Vancouver, B. C. Do I follow you? It's a pleasure. Nancy Carroll has a four-year-old daughter, Patricia Kirkland. Sue Carol and Nancy Carroll are not related. Nancy was born November 19, 1906, in New York City. The neighborhood knew her as Nancy La Hiff but when Broadway began to sit up and notice the beautiful red-haired girl, she became Nancy Carroll. She has blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 119 pounds. She gets her fan mail at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Gary Cooper's hair is brown and not red, as you have been told. Come again and often. Many thanks for your praise.

An Indian Girl from Biloxi, Miss. You like all the handsome male stars but Richard Dix has the only spot in your heart—how about *that* Richard? He was born July 18, 1894, in St. Paul, Minn. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 165 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. His new picture will be "Cimaron," from Edna Ferber's novel. You can write Dix at RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Mrs. M. R. from Columbus. I can call you a fan from Georgia or anything I like, can I? All right, fellow-fan. Richard Barthelmess has made several pictures since "Out of the Ruins." "Scarlet Seas," followed by his first talkie, "Weary River," "Drag," "Young Nowheres," "Son of the Gods" and his newest one, "The Dawn Patrol." You can write Richard at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Marian Nixon appears in "Courage," with Belle Bennett and Rex Bell for Warner Brothers.

Bobbie from Dayton, Ohio. Of course my "Ask Me" department is great. With gentle guidance and synchronized control, you fans have made these lines what they are today. So there you are, and every-

(Continued on page 127)

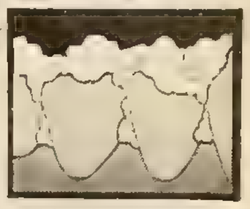
It Gives Your Teeth A *Double* Cleansing!

Colgate's penetrating foam sweeps into tiny crevices, washing out decaying particles as well as polishing the surfaces...thus cleansing teeth completely.

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



Diagram showing tiny space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having "high Surface-Tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having "low surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevices, cleansing them completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.



IT is easy to fool yourself that you have really cleaned your teeth, after vigorously scrubbing the outer surfaces until they sparkle.

But unless you use a dentifrice like Colgate's, whose active foam penetrates the spaces between teeth, and the tiny fissures where food particles collect, and *washes* out these hard-to-clean places, you haven't done a complete job of cleansing. Your teeth, though pearly white, are only *half* clean!

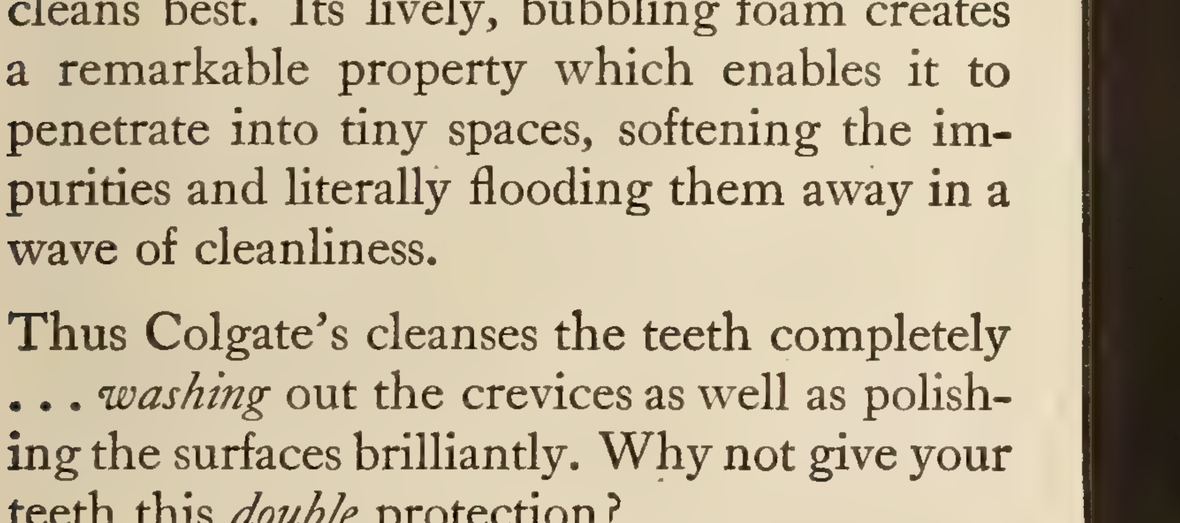
Not all dentifrices are able to clean these crevices equally well. Scientific tests prove that Colgate's has the highest penetrating power of any leading toothpaste . . . hence, Colgate's cleans best. Its lively, bubbling foam creates a remarkable property which enables it to penetrate into tiny spaces, softening the impurities and literally flooding them away in a wave of cleanliness.

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If you prefer powder, ask for Colgate's Dental Powder . . . it has the same high cleansing ability as Ribbon Dental Cream.





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Name.....

Address.....

HELEN ARRIVES — *Continued from page 51*

too. Could anything be more wonderful than this glorious sunshine and pictures? From now on I expect to call Hollywood home and motion pictures my life work. Really, I am very grateful for the opportunity to be here."

Helen's first move was to purchase a modest little home and furnish it. Then she bought a car of inexpensive make. Being without ready funds, all were bought on monthly payments. Her salary was not large but people told her it should increase rapidly. Having no expensive habits she anticipated no trouble in meeting the payments and all would have been well had things turned out as expected. But she had not reckoned on the second detour. There was a break in the paving of the road to fame. She had to go 'round, and the going was none too good.

During her first six months in pictures she made but one production—a talkie. All who saw her lisping characterization in "The Ghost Talks" proclaimed it a masterpiece but after that picture she was allowed to sit with folded hands.

To a girl actively inclined, this always proves a hardship. It's awfully easy to 'Go Hollywood' in Hollywood when there is nothing else to do. "Satan finds work for idle hands" in any city but he is especially fond of finding jobs for non-working motion picture players. Salaries are large in the film capital and he has no trouble providing ways for them to spend money. Proving an easy subject, idle Helen was introduced to Hollywood night life. By the time she was cast in her second picture, she had spent her salary months in advance and was head-over-heels in debt.

Had Fox kept her busy afterwards everything might have turned out well, but "Blue Skies" was Helen's last picture for that company. Immediately after it, she was informed her services were no longer in demand and her contract would not be renewed. It came as a bolt from the blue skies to her for, despite the fact she had made but two pictures for them, Fox officials had expressed themselves satisfied with her work.

Can you imagine the heart-break that was hers? Without warning she was left high and dry by the tide of fortune. No money, no position, no credit and four thousand miles from home. The modest little home, heavily mortgaged, was lost. Her automobile went next and then the furniture passed into the hands of its original owner. With no hope for the future in pictures, there was nothing to do but return to New York where she might find work on the stage. So she prepared to make the trip. The detour had proven rocky and she was still far off the road to fame.

Several of her friends were present when Helen announced her determination to return East. None of them will ever forget the heart-break in her voice when she told them.

"Well," she said bravely, though her voice trembled a little, "I've been a failure and it's all my fault. Perhaps things would have been different had I kept busy but that's a poor excuse. I can blame only myself so I'll just say goodbye, and bless you all for your many kindnesses."

But Helen was not fated to leave Hollywood. One of her friends, believing in her more than she did herself, begged so earnestly that she finally consented to try again. With his help, she secured a manager with whom she went to Pathé studios and asked for a rôle in "The Grand Parade," then being cast. A test was made both of her voice and screen appearance. This being pronounced excellent, the part was hers.

Determined to prove her failure with Fox was not due to inability, Helen threw herself into her new characterization. For weeks she lived, slept and dreamed it, and acted accordingly. Pathé officials were delighted and, before the picture was completed, signed her to a long-term contract which calls for many times the salary paid by Fox. Hailing her as a second Lillian Gish (though I think that a little unfair to Helen, who has a personality of her own) the studio is rapidly building her to stardom. In her second picture, she is being featured in the all-star cast of "Swing High" and studio officials are not afraid of results.

This time there will be no detour along the road to fame. The street is well paved and Helen intends to stick to the middle of the road.

Anxious to see others succeed where she nearly failed herself, Helen hands out a little very good advice.

"If you want to be wild, go to Borneo —not Hollywood," she says. "There are two things that absolutely refuse to mix —success and excess. If you want to have a so-called good time Hollywood will provide it but it won't mix with a screen career. When you enter pictures, stick to your knitting, otherwise there will be several good-sized holes in the stocking of success."

A SINGING LESSON BY RAMON NOVARRO — *Continued from page 25*

All languages are interesting to sing in, for each language has a different and distinct value to the voice. French is splendid for the nasal tones; Italian and Spanish for the forward open vowel sounds; and although English is looked upon by many as the ugly duckling of the language family, it can be of great benefit to the voice and very singable if special attention is given to the consonants. Russian and German are wonderful languages to help one to attain clean, crisp diction.

When I vocalize I always prefix the vowel sounds with a consonant, to bring the tone on the lips. For instance, when practising on *aw,* I put the consonant *n* —making it *naw.* The same thing should be practised on *nay, ni, no,* and *nu.*

A student should become acquainted with music of all nations, for besides the beauty that one takes into one's own soul it is a broad education to know the different countries by the distinct quality and charm that each expresses through the medium of its music. Personally, I love music and composers the world over, but one of my greatest favorites is Verdi. His operas are so big, so free from petty themes, so melodic and yet so massive. He has the rare combination of all the virtues and few of the faults of most composers. His "Aida," "Traviata," "Otello," "Il Trovatore," and many others shine like priceless jewels in the crown of everlasting melody. They say in answer to a questionnaire asking for the most familiar and dearly loved tunes, sent to the four corners of the earth, Verdi's "Il Trovatore" led all the rest. The children of the slums and the crown heads of the nations know the *Miserere.* This proves that really great music will be appreciated by all. Verdi is by far the greatest composer for the singer; he knew more about writing for the voice than any of his contemporaries, or in fact, any modern composer.

When I was in Milan, I attended several wonderful performances at La Scala, excellent from all angles, not only the voices, but scenery, costumes, lighting and orchestra are perfect at La Scala. But I was disappointed in the climate of Northern Italy. Always thinking of Italy as a land of singers and sunshine I expected it to be like California. Because of this climate, California is a wonderful place for singers to live. Although you should never let such things as climate, or anything else for that matter, affect your voice.

In my last pictures I have found it quite difficult to sing after a long day on the set with the strong lights drying up the air. Little does our picture public realize how hard we work. How many long hours we stand waiting for lights, to adjust the microphone, and countless other things that arise to delay proceedings. The *tout ensemble* of a sound set is a rare combination of mental and manual labor. Carpenters, electricians, property men, designers, costumers, technical directors, make-up experts, cameramen and sound technicians, tone operators, script girls, writers, musicians, and last but not least, the director and the actors. To make all of these people in their different departments work in unison while a singer waits to sing a song is nothing short of a miracle. Often when I hear someone criticize a singer on the screen, I feel how much better he might have been under different circumstances. In a theater, for instance, the stage is ready, the orchestra begins and the singer walks into the setting and falls into the rhythm of things, sings his number or act, as the case may be; then he is through for one performance. This is never true of pictures; scenes are taken over and over and numbers are sung literally, countless times.

One of the great ambitions of my life is to be a composer, and to that end I intend studying for many years to come.

I have already composed many songs. In my picture, "In Gay Madrid," the two numbers *Into My Heart, Querida* and *Smile, Comrade, While We May,* I wrote in collaboration with Turk and Ahlert. In my other picture, "The Singer of Seville," I collaborated with Herbert Stothart on the *Prelude* and *Lonely.* Someday I will compose an opera for the screen.

Before I finish this lesson, I would like to send forth the message of inspiring people to sing. Not only to those who wish for careers on the stage or screen but to everyone, to those who have but little time to devote to it: sing in Glee Clubs, in churches, in choral societies—sing to your sweethearts, sing at your work, and sing when you play! For again I repeat—singing is the most psychic of all arts, and whatever you hold as your highest conception of beauty, you will eventually express.

A Hundred Million Eager Hearts Await Their Coming To The Screen!



SUMMER RECIPES — *Continued from page 95*

recipes below, for the convenience of readers who would like to try them. Most of them are my mother's, ones that are tried and proven favorites in our family."

PERFECTION FRUIT SALAD

½ package gelatine
1 pint boiling water
½ cup cold water
1 cup sugar
½ cup fruit juices
2 cups finely chopped apples
1 cup shredded pineapple
½ cup chopped cherries
1 orange chopped fine
½ cup nut meats

Soak gelatine in cold water two minutes, add fruit juices, boiling water, sugar, and strain. Place in refrigerator and when jelly begins to set, add remaining ingredients. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise.

POTATO SALAD

5 good sized potatoes
3 large tomatoes
5 hard boiled eggs
2 cucumbers chopped into cubes
½ onion chopped very fine

Boil the potatoes and when cold dice. Add the tomatoes, cucumbers, eggs and onion thinly sliced to the potatoes. Add enough mayonnaise to moisten. Add salt and paprika to taste.

AVACADO SANDWICHES

1 large avocado
1 loaf bread
½ lemon

Chop avocado very fine. Mash to a paste, then add juice of lemon, salt and pepper to taste. Spread on thin slices of buttered bread and cut into long narrow strips. Mayonnaise may be added to the paste, if desired.

NEW PEAS AND POTATOES

1½ lb. peas
1½ lb. new potatoes
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 pint milk

Boil vegetables separately until done. Add a fourth teaspoon sugar to the water in which peas are boiled. To make the sauce, put butter in a pan and melt. Add flour and stir until smooth; add milk and continue stirring until there are no lumps. Add peas and potatoes to sauce and let simmer until thoroughly heated. Sprinkle with paprika and serve.

MACAROON BISQUE

1 pint sweet cream
2 dozen macaroons
⅔ cup pulverized sugar

Whip cream very stiff. Add the macaroons, pulverized, then the sugar. Put in a dish and place in the frigidaire. Turn on extreme cold until the bisque begins to freeze, then turn to ordinary cold.

FRUIT PUNCH

6 oranges
3 lemons
3 grapefruits
½ pint tea
1 large can crushed pineapple
1 pint concentrated grape juice
4 cups sugar
1 pint chipped ice

Mix fruit juices, tea, crushed pineapple and sugar with chipped ice. The sugar mixes better if dissolved with a little hot water and cooled before adding it to the punch. Place punch in refrigerator until ready to serve.

FORE! "FOLLOW THRU" LOCATION — *Continued from page 57*

cured her of being afraid or not. Evidently she decided that her words would fall upon sympathetic ears for she completed her sentence. She happened to meet a lady who told her, one time when she said how she suffered from stage fright, that if she would just realize before she went on the stage that she was only a channel for God's expression of joy she would lose all sense of self-consciousness. "I took the advice seriously and used to stop a moment before I went on and closing my eyes would think, 'now God is making people happy through me.' Then I'd caper about and have the time of my life because I never thought that I, myself, was doing anything. The idea relieved me of all responsibility and I did much better work. And people laughed and seemed to be enjoying themselves and I loved it, too. I do the same thing in pictures, and really I don't think I could act at all if I didn't say my little prayer, because pictures frighten me. I'll get used to them, though."

I suppose Zelma will be razzed by her friends because she told me this but I'm going to pass it on because it is a beautiful thought and one that will help anyone, if they try it out, no matter whether they are scrubbing floors or building cathedrals. And because she is sincere I'm sure she will know how to handle the razzing if she gets any.

She told me another thing she used to do when she was a little girl to help her through the tiresome tasks we have all been called upon to perform when play seems so much more attractive—namely, helping mother. She turned everything into a game. "Mother was very particular about having things tidy and I liked them that way, too, only it was such a nuisance to spend time putting things in order. So I used to play that the forks were ladies and the knives gentlemen and the teaspoons children. The table-spoons and soup spoons were the grandparents, and all these people had their own rooms and had to be kept separately. And it became a lot of fun." Which may be a very happy thought for some other little girl who finds washing and wiping and putting away the dinner dishes an uninspiring thing to do.

It was just pathetic what that moving picture company did to the El Mirador! It was nothing for five or six grips to scale the walls and look for a spot to plant their reflectors, mike booms, or even camera platforms. Every graceful turret of the hotel was commandeered for this purpose sooner or later. And oh, how hot it was! Terrible, dry, throbbing heat, for it was about the tag-end of the season when the temperature becomes unendurable. I looked up at one grip who had been sitting in the broiling sun balancing a reflector for about an hour. He was fat, and not too young, and the expression of disgust on his face was a comical sight. I'll bet he wouldn't have given a nickel for the whole moving picture business at that moment.

But what a break for the hotel guests! There they were getting a free look at movies in the making—a thing no amount of money or pleading would have given them the chance to do in Hollywood. Only a favored few are admitted through the sacred portals of the studio. Out here they stood in crowds and feasted their eyes on Nancy Carroll, Buddy Rogers, Thelma Todd, and laughed at the capers of Zelma O'Neal, Margaret Lee, Eugene Pallette and Don Tompkins. Margaret Lee and Don supplied the juvenile humor while Zelma and Eugene were more sophisticated, and you'll laugh plenty over the four of them.

Your old friend Claude King plays Nancy's father in this, and told us about the first time he ever met Maurice Stiller who, as you all know, is responsible for bringing Greta Garbo to our shores. Stiller had sent for Mr. King, but after he had been ushered into the director's presence Stiller was busy writing and took no notice of him for several minutes. Well, Claude isn't high-hat, but aside from the fact that he has considerable dignity and reputation as an artist it is disconcerting even if it is your very first film job to have a person disregard you for several moments after you have been announced. However, Claude stood his ground, thinking it was a new kind of test. Suddenly Stiller looked up at him and said impatiently, "No, no. *Gott*, no!" and went on writing. Apparently the interview was over, but Claude said: "Well, Mr. Stiller, I came here at your request and at the advice of my manager—" and was about to apologize for living when Stiller cut in with, "You'll be remembered when the rest of us are forgotten!"

"What do you mean?" asked Claude, suddenly furious at what he thought was ridicule, the cause of which he did not understand.

"You'll be remembered when the rest of us are forgotten," Stiller repeated.

"But I don't understand," said Claude.

"Bernard Shaw mentioned you in the foreword of one of his plays. A man who is a fine enough actor to be worthy of comment from Shaw will outlast all of us. So why should you care that you are not the type for the part I have in mind?"

Which is an illuminating incident on Stiller!

Buddy Rogers was looking very handsome in a golfing outfit with orange sweater and socks to match. In private life he wears the same sort of togs—went back to town in a yellow sweater and socks. How the flappers gazed at him, and they were almost able to rub elbows with him, too, for as soon as each player finished a scene they would dash for the lobby to get away from the burning rays of the sun until the next scene was called. Buddy is certainly a prize-winning heartbreaker if one can judge by the languishing looks cast in his direction. Even in his own world the girls are not immune to the charm that he is quite unconscious of possessing. But Buddy's head is set squarely on his shoulders. He is shy, modest, and I noticed what nice manners he had and how sweet he was to his mother. His

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mother, father, and kid brother were there with him—a pleasant vacation for them. Almost all the players had their families there. You see it wasn't a bit like a location — more like a trip to a vacation resort.

I asked Henry Hathaway, who always seems to be the assistant director on every Paramount location that I am sent on, how he kept the hotel guests in order. It was bad enough in the silent days to keep outsiders from underfoot, but now! Suppose someone wants to go for a ride and their car is parked perhaps fifty or a hundred feet from the spot from which the company is shooting. They are asked not to start their motor, not to slam their doors and not to talk until the releasing whistle blows. The guests are told to move aside and keep away and not to walk across the lawn while the shooting is going on, and a few other 'don'ts.' But they are given a place to stand where they can see what is going on, so they don't feel injured. Henry is the only assistant I happen to have been on location with who has this delicate job to perform and he seems to get it on every picture. On "Redskin" he had a crowd of people from Alburquerque as well as visiting Indians to boss around. In "The Virginian" he had to stop motors on the high road, and now the El Mirador guests. "How do you control them?" I asked him, "they must think you have an awful nerve." "I just ask them!" said Henry. "They like to see movies being made and know that we have to push them around a little. We couldn't do anything about it if they refused but people are pretty regular, I find, and not nearly as disobliging as the pessimists would like us to believe."

Eugene Pallette had on an awful-looking golf suit—just you wait till you see it, and the picture is one hundred percent Technicolor, so you won't miss a thing. Gene had a tricky line to say and muffed the word 'rubber.' "What's 'lubber'?" grinned Henry Hathaway. "Henry says I muffed *rubber*," said Gene. "I heard it trip myself—I mean bounce!". Gene has a reputation for being something of a wit, and I must say that most of the humor one hears broadcasted from the Paramount lot originates with Gene.

Lloyd Corrigan and Laurence Schwab are co-directing, and they make a pretty fine team. Mr. Corrigan is responsible for some of the best stories Paramount has recently put out, and Mr. Schwab of Schwab and Mandel fame is well-known in the theatrical field as producer of "The Desert Song," "Good News," "Follow Thru," and "The New Moon."

There were more than a hundred people in the scenes the first day I was there, and I had about decided that Paramount had taken over the whole second annex to house them when one of the extras enlightened me. Four busses left the studio in Hollywood at three-thirty, in the morning, arriving at Palm Springs in time for them to be made up by eight-thirty, and carried them back each night! This performance went on for three or four days. You'd think the girls would look exhausted, but they didn't. There is some magic in pictures that keeps eyes bright and faces cheerful in spite of the long hours and gruelling work under lights that almost make one faint if stood under longer than ten or twelve minutes at a stretch.

There is a law out here, an assistant told me, that permits a company to work their people any number of hours but they have to be fed, every six of them. So the girls and boys got plenty to eat even if they were short on sleep.

The assistant manager of the El Mirador was kind enough to drive us all around Palm Springs, pointing out places of interest and finally winding up at the summit of Palm Canyon where a tiny store offers all kinds of Indian pottery and animals carved out of wood by a gentleman who lives in Palm Springs and likes to while away his leisure hours thus. There were some elephants and camels which stood about eight inches high, but I liked best the little Scotty dogs about three inches long that looked at us with shy, though friendly, eyes.

Several stars were vacationing at El Mirador, among them Eddie Cantor, who is now in the midst of making "Whoopee" for Sam Goldwyn; Ken Maynard, who intends building a theater at Palm Springs; Kathryn Crawford; Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett, and the Tibbett twins.

The last few location scenes were scrabbled through because everyone was anxious to get back home. Buddy Rogers took a final plunge in the pool where his brother had been all morning and then, after a hasty lunch, dashed off so his dad could keep an appointment in town.

Zelma and Eugene were in the final scenes—the ones standing on the bench overlooking the golf course on the other side of a hedge, which was made by Paramount. When the whistle blew after their third scene, Lloyd Corrigan jubilantly tore the handkerchief off his forehead which he had worn because of the heat and shouted, "Okay! Wrap 'em up for home and mother!" And you never saw such scrambling. It was like a grammar school recess. Some went to pack and others for the automobiles waiting to take them back to Hollywood. And thus ended the "Follow Thru" location.

HOW TO HAVE A HOLLYWOOD FIGURE — *Continued from page 19*

fall for a woman with a beautiful figure—whether on the stage or off. A man may overlook a peevish disposition in a woman—poor dumb fools that we are—but there isn't one man out of ten thousand Madison Square fight fans who can overlook a thick ankle or a pair of hips broadening out like the sides of a Zeppelin hangar. So if you want to get your man—or woman—it's up to you to get rid of that old devil fat.

It's dumb to get fat in the first place. But few people realize it until it's too late. There are five kinds of people who mostly run to fat:

1. The greedy.
2. The vain.
3. The ignorant.
4. Those with defective hearts.
5. People who have trouble with their pituitary glands.

The greedy get fat, naturally, because they over-eat. The vain because they are too swell-headed to see themselves in their true light. The ignorant because they haven't got the brains to realize they're fat until they tip the scales at a hundred and eighty or so. People with heart trouble take on weight because they're afraid to exercise, and people with gland trouble do the same because nobody—not even the most famous scientists—know what all this gland business is about.

But regardless of the reason for your over-weight, you can get rid of it. And not by trick diets, either, but by exercise. And the first thing for you to understand is that exercise at my gymnasium is divided into two classes: active, for the strong; and passive, for the not-so-strong.

To give you a tangible idea of just how to go about shedding those extra pounds, let's imagine that you're up at my gymnasium, and I've promised to return your money to you unless I can show you how to melt off the fat.

We'll take the well ones first. You've been examined, your heart has been found o.k. So now your lesson is ready to begin.

See that woman over there? She's the assistant district attorney for the state of New York. It's as necessary for her to be thin as it is for a stage star. Because when you hold a big business job, your clients expect you to be a pleasure to look at—not an eye-sore.

"Who is that other woman?" you ask. "The pretty one with the slim legs and hips?"

Well, she's a grandmother. And she's just coming here to take off a little surplus around the waist—so she can wear the new style dresses. She's faithful, too. She comes every day.

Now, we're all ready. Go over there to your dressing room and put on your reducing garments.

"What are they?"

My own invention. Rubber face and chin mask. Rubber trousers, rubber military coat, and rubber abdominal band, over which you must wear a thick woolen or cotton fleece union suit, a bathing suit, and a sweater coat which gives you six thicknesses of wrapping beneath which you must exercise—and sweat. That's the answer:—you get thin by the sweat of your brow—and all points south.

We're all dressed for the first act, so we'll go up one story to the roof where, under glass which allows you to enjoy the pure rays of the sun, the fun begins.

First we walk and dog-trot, flat-footed a little—this is to arouse a good perspiration. And next, we indulge in special exercises, after ten laps around the open-air track. Of course, if you still feel peppy, you can jog 20 laps—which makes one mile.

Now, we'll leave the well ones up on the roof for a little rest and sunshine. That'll restore their energy. Downstairs in the gym you will later watch them lie on the health tables and go through 'Belly Flattening.' Now let's see how those who are taking the passive exercise are getting along—those whose hearts won't let them go through the strenuous routine.

Here we find row after row of men and women in their own separate departments standing in the vibratory massage machines or sitting in the chair massage rollers. The first machine looks like a wire barrel. You step into it, the attendant presses the button. The action begins. From your knees up to above your waist, this wire barrel having a two-hundred-pound massage pressure, gently and firmly massages you, stimulating the circulation, quickening the liver and kidneys, and

helping to stretch the intestines and the vertebra.

The second machine—the chair massage roller—is one you sit on, to have your hips, thighs, and legs reduced. It is made up of an immense number of rubber spools which quietly revolve, breaking down the fatty tissues and rubbing off and solidifying the surplus flesh—a real lazy man's way of reducing with no harm done to a defective heart.

But now, of course, I realize that all of you can't get to New York for personal treatment, so the only thing for you to do is to treat yourselves in our own homes. So put on some heavy wool or get rubber garments, and as our class in the gymnasium lies down on the health tables and starts their routine of exercise, you lie on your floor at home and go through the same business. This, of course, only if you have no serious heart trouble.

1. Lie on the floor, face down. Rise slowly on the palms of your hands and knees drop the weight with the abdomen striking smartly on the floor. Rise again on the palms and again let the abdomen touch the floor. Repeat five times, increasing each day the number of times. This is an excellent exercise to promote intestinal activity and absolutely flatten the abdomen.
2. Stand erect. Stretch the arms in front of the body, parallel to the floor. Count one on rising to the toes while lifting the arms above the head and inhaling deeply. Exhale while returning the arms to their original position. Repeat five times, increasing each day until you reach twenty-five. This is splendid for developing the neck and chest.
3. Stand erect. Extend the arms in front of the body level with the shoulders, the palms turned downward. Keep the head stationary. Kick up to the fingers, first with the right leg, then with the left. Kick the fingers on count one, return to standing position on count two. This stretches the vertebra, relieves nerve strain and stimulates circulation.
4. Stand erect, with feet together and legs stiff. Place the hands behind the head with the fingers interlaced. Bend the body slowly sideways. The movement must be solely with the waist. Keep the rest of the body rigid. This quickens the liver and kidneys.
5. Stand erect, feet apart and extend the hands above the head, palms forward. On first count lean forward and touch the left toes with the right hand. Repeat touching the right foot with the left hand. This will strengthen flabby abdominal muscles, and benefit the back which is generally unaccustomed to stooping.

A lot of people, however, don't need such strenuous treatment. A gentle toning each day, a little restraint in eating, and a good stiff workout a few times a week, will answer their needs.

Here is the routine which I follow myself and this is sufficient for those who wish only to keep their weight where it is.

When you arise in the morning, drink two glasses of hot water. This promotes circulation and is in reality an internal bath.



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Next do two hundred bends. This is just the old stunt of stooping with knees unbent until the finger tips touch the floor. This is a nice exercise to do with your wife, or your brother or sister. Make a game out of it and see who beats.

And now for breakfast. My own is of crumbled bran, mixed with some other cereal, orange juice or half a grapefruit and a cup of coffee. But you can have an egg if you like. One soft boiled egg, two minutes; or one scrambled egg, soft; or a one egg omelet. And you can substitute tea for coffee, but you must not take any cream or sugar. That comes hard at first, but later, you'll get to like it. During the summer, to vary your breakfast diet, you can have some sliced fresh fruit on your cereal. But be sure you use skim milk over it, not cream.

Now for lunch. A cup of hot, fresh spinach soup, one slice of rye bread or whole wheat bread, one glass of buttermilk, and asparagus on toast.

You may vary this, however, with fresh tomato soup, made with skim milk, and a small salad of lettuce, parsley and olives, or you can take one cup of chicken broth, cottage cheese, hearts of lettuce, but remembering only to eat one slice of rye bread (not fresh) with any of these three sample luncheons.

If you feel you must have meat, take one piece of calf's liver, not too well cooked, one-half of a tomato sliced, one piece of toast, and one cup of tea. Or if you prefer, sweetbreads, broiled on toast, lettuce with French dressing, one slice of whole wheat bread, and one cup of tea.

Of course, by dinner time, you'll be pretty hungry. But we must keep this meal down if we want to keep the good old waist line down. I should suggest, one cup of chicken broth, stewed chicken boiled with onions, parsley, celery and peppers, chopped very fine, fruit salad, consisting of sliced apples and pears and almonds, and one slice of whole wheat bread.

If this doesn't appeal to you, try in its place one cup of beef broth, one thin small slice medium rare roast beef, with creamed onions, fresh spinach, hearts of lettuce, and a fruit dessert, sliced pineapples, sliced oranges or sliced grapefruit.

Should this not hit the spot, try instead a cup of asparagus broth, one broiled lamb chop, two if small, green peas, hearts of lettuce, toast, sliced peaches or strawberries, raspberries or blackberries, according to the season.

Perhaps, though, you'd like a little fish for a change. If so, it's all right to have a piece of broiled or boiled fish, sprinkled with lemon, and served variously with either clam broth or green vegetable soup. With the fish you may also have cauliflower, watercress and egg salad, and fruit dessert.

In this connection, it is unnecessary for me to add that no alcohol nor ice cream, cakes, white bread, butter, or pies, are allowed.

Health has always been my one study, from the time I started out boxing in a barn to the day in 1905 when I won the light heavyweight championship of the world, through the exciting period when I became the first American to win the middle and heavyweight championship of England, clear up until today.

Four things I have found indispensable to happiness and well-being. They are: exercise, rest, care in eating and cheerfulness.

Of course, there are people who will eat a half-pound of candy and gain two pounds. These are those unfortunate ones who have glandular disturbances. I am neither a doctor nor a scientist. I do not claim to be an expert on pituitary or any other kinds of glands. But this much I have learned: overaction of the glands can be cured by moderate, persistent exercise. In a way, the same is true of heart trouble. There are, naturally, a few cases of organic heart trouble which nothing can cure. But there are many kinds which are greatly benefited by gentle, consistent, passive exercise.

I can not give general directions for people suffering from these two ailments but if you will write me or come to see me, I shall be only too glad to advise you regarding your condition, and, to let you have the benefit of my thirty-five years' experience. Health and beauty like most screen stars have, are both within the reach of nearly every person. It is up to you, however, whether you are willing to undergo the necessary work and restraint obligatory upon the permanent possession of a beautiful figure like Alice White or Joan Crawford or Nancy Carroll.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BARRY

Continued from page 93

I am sure he was very lonely in Hollywood before his 'break.' Few unsuccessful persons are accepted or even noticed among the cliques of the film colony. An Argentine boy would be entirely out of place. Naturally, when people did recognize him, Barry Norton quickly accepted their friendship.

In any large community in the world there are certain persons who attempt to attach themselves to the young and successful. These 'friends' have their jobs down to such perfection that they can take everything from a celebrity, give nothing in return and make the celebrity feel grateful. Some of these people were at Barry's apartment eating his dinners, driving his car and letting him pay the bills at night clubs. And Barry liked the companionship and gaiety because he had seen none for so long.

About that time, the gossips began to tell of Hollywood's new playboy. One famous reporter wrote a syndicated article about Barry Norton saying that he interviewed the star in jail when he was there on a speeding charge. He branded the boy as 'wild.' The writer said that five minutes after he was out, Barry was again speeding at fifty miles an hour. It made a good story at Norton's expense. The truth is that Barry Norton never has been arrested for speeding. He has had traffic tags. Yes, but who hasn't? But he received them because he didn't know the regulations and rules of North American traffic. His tags were for double parking and not stopping at boulevard stops. He was in the police department just once for ten minutes when he forgot to carry his driving card. And he wasn't interviewed in jail.

Barry went from one picture to another. He was featured in "Mother Knows Best" and "Four Devils." Paramount thought enough of him to borrow him for "The Legion of the Condemned" and "Sins of the Fathers." He continued playing the same abandoned youth—a wild 'mother's boy.' He didn't like the parts but he was happy to play any featured rôle after his fight for extra parts.

After the advent of talking pictures, Fox let Norton's contract expire without renewing the option. And where was Barry Norton? Paramount didn't rush to grab his services. Neither did any other studio. For four months he was out of work.

During that time Barry became acquainted with Ramon Pereda. When Paramount made "The Benson Murder Case" in Spanish, Pereda was selected for the part played by William Powell in the English version. One day when Barry was helping Pereda by translating the English script into Spanish and explaining the situations, an assistant executive of Paramount's foreign department came to Pereda's house. The assistant noticed Norton's excellent knowledge of Spanish and suggested that he try for the part of *Mohler* in the foreign version. Barry was given a test. Besides testing in Spanish, Barry asked if he could do a scene in English. He did one of *Second Lieutenant Raleigh's* scenes from "Journey's End." B. P. Schulberg, general manager of Paramount west coast production, saw the test and not only authorized Norton for the part but gave him a long-term contract. By the new agreement, Norton can appear in English, French and Spanish pictures.

One reads about the reformation of this actor and that actress in Hollywood. But this is not the reformation of Barry Norton. Barry has struck his feet down to hard rock. There isn't going to be any transformation. He is showing and has been showing for the last four months what sort of a person he really is. He has courage and persistence. These are the qualities which are helping him now.

Barry Norton has learned a lot of things in the last few years—about Hollywood and life in particular. Many things have happened in the four months he waited for work. He has few friends now. He doesn't need them. He goes to shows alone. He swims and rides horseback alone. But don't think that Barry is lonely these days. He's having the best time of his life.

Nothing is allowed to stand in the way of his career. He hasn't been assigned to an English-speaking part as yet. But he's waiting for the part to come. And it will be a very safe bet that his performance will be one of the best of the year.

THE STAGE IN REVIEW

Continued from page 97

double entendres and things like that that happen.

There are many chuckles in this comedy; but my regret is that there might have been more. Cecelia Loftus, Ferdinand Gottschalk and Sidney Fox were the gold medalists (especially this beautiful little Fox girl, a newcomer of which we shall hear more).

No, Linda, "Lost Sheep" is no good for the picture trade—not while your Uncle Will and the ladies' clubs are awake!

"Virtue's Bed"

This play by Courtenay Savage might have been called, à la Nietzsche, "The Eternal Return."

No one—I least of all—would have believed that an old sex pot-boiler of the good old days of Bill McKinley could have been revamped in 1930, put on Broadway, and not only made interesting and even gripping but a box-office winner to boot!

Just shows that, strictly speaking, we know nothing of the Public, its whims and whams.

The play opens in Northern Africa, on the roof of a-a-a-a-a-well, another house-of ill-repute. Eileen Gregory, a New England girl (played strenuously by Ara Gerald), is about getting away with the idea of going respectable in dear old England (where, she is told by a Major, nothing changes—therefore, she could not get away with it).

The second and third acts take place in the heart and fifth rib of the Upper Clahsses, where Eileen, to test the old *Mrs. Tanqueray* theory, comes across cold turkey to her aristocratic friends about the past.

Well, the Major (and old man Pinero) were right. They leave her flat, and she goes off to South America with the Major, where they no doubt open up a night club or a tango dump.

But, somehow, you don't walk out on this old lady of the nineties. Memories of *Paula Tanqueray* and *Mrs. Dane* keep us glued fast.

WOOLSEY

Continued from page 55

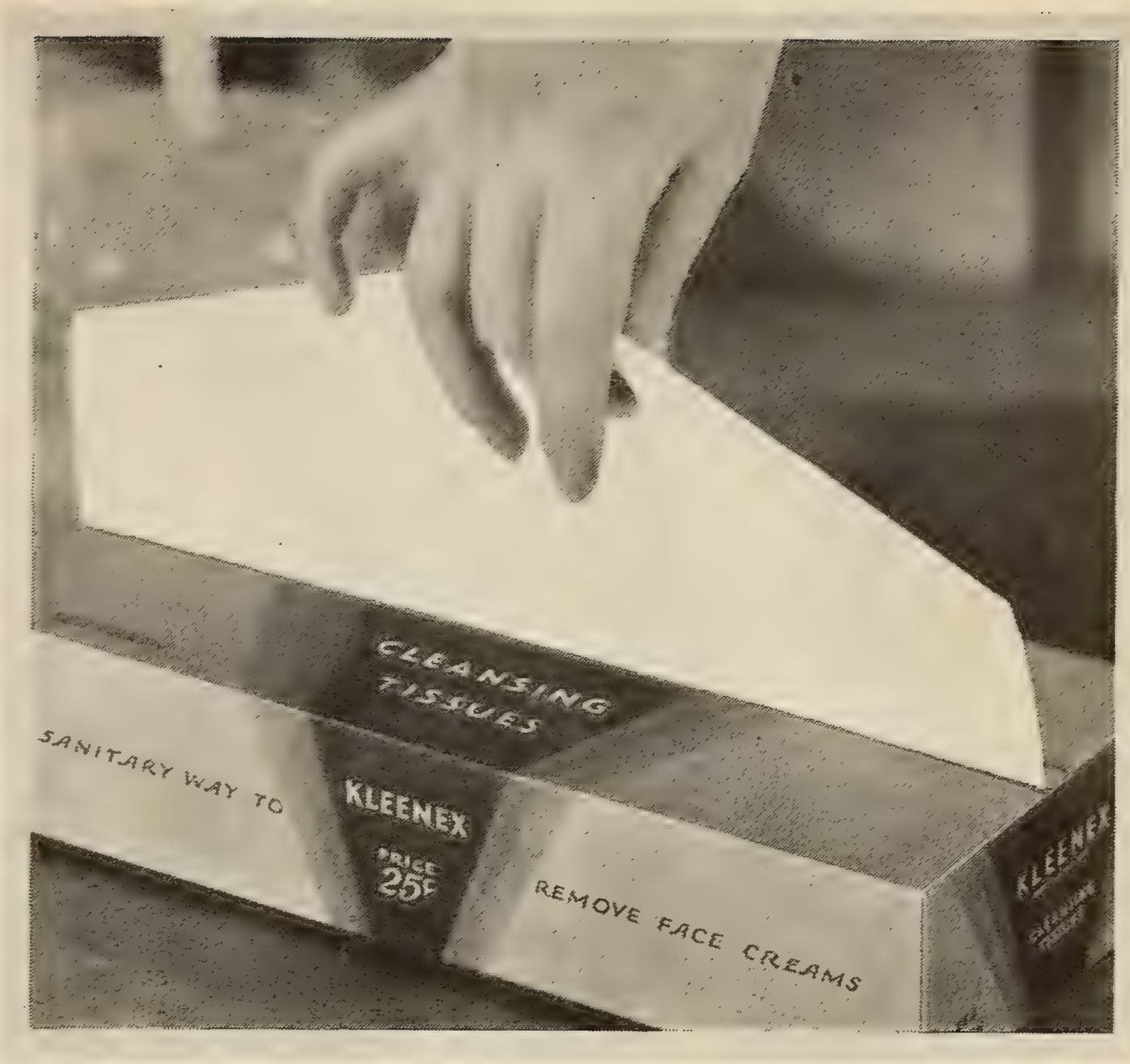
Yes suh, I takes care of all his clothes. He don't do much dressin'. Most of the time he runs around in an old sweater and last year's pants. Yes suh, Miss Minnie is always pickin' on him 'bout that.

Yes suh, he plays golf. Well, I don't know 'bout that. When I fetch him from the course he's usually in a bad humor. He's always sayin' to the boys he plays with, "You're two up," and "You're four up" and so on. Mr. Bobby always down, I know that.

Yes suh, he always goes to the prize fights. Next day he talks 'bout upper cuts and left hooks. I don't know what he's talkin' 'bout half the time. Nobody pays him any 'tenshun, anyhow. That's his big worry, I think—nobody payin' him any mind. I know he's always pickin' on me for that.

Me? Oh, yes suh, I has ambitions. Yes suh, of course I'd hate to leave Mr. Bobby. cause he'd be like a lost dog in a meat house 'thout me—but I'm not gwine to be an actor's valet all my life. No suh, indeedy!

Well, suh, I reckon I'd ruther be a newspaper 'porter!



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WASHES AWAY HAIR

BUILDING FOR BEAUTY — *Continued from page 91*

blistered skin with its attending discomforts will render null and void all benefits derived from the sun-bath.

Building for beauty includes the acquisition of grace, poise and self-control. It has been said that the American woman is beautiful until she walks across a room. And true it is, that it's usually the woman with the graceful carriage, not the girl with the pretty face who catches the eye of the observant audience in Peacock Alley.

It's only a year or so ago that I tried to impress my readers with the fact that the short, narrow skirts and straight line dresses emphasized poor carriage, lack of poise and grace more than any costume since the days of the Directoire. But now, we have the flowing skirts, ruffles and laces supposed to lend grace to awkward movements and they don't at all. In fact, it's only too apparent that with the styles so reminiscent of curls and curtsies, ruffles and romance, awkwardness and ungraceful carriage are decidedly out of place.

A good carriage is, consequently, of more moment now than ever before. You marvel at the way your favorite movie stars walk and move. You admire one, perhaps, for her lightness of step, her freedom of movement; another for her stately grace, the way she holds her head, a posture correct without being stiff or ungraceful. Were they all born that way, or did they acquire this grace?—you ask. I don't know, but this I *do* know. Either they are holding on to something with which they were born; or they have worked hard to obtain something they did not have originally. In either case, they have worked. Whichever way it is, it is worthy of emulation.

Make your playtime hours count, but don't expend twice as much energy as is necessary in your play. Not only is it tiring, but it takes from your grace of movement. *Awkwardness is caused by liberating more energy than is necessary to accomplish the action.*

For example: Watch the way a cat walks across the room. She uses just enough energy to carry her to her destination. She doesn't waste it by placing her foot down with such force that you hear the click of her paws as you would the heels of a woman. Her purpose is to walk across the floor, not make an imprint upon it. I suggest that you emulate the cat's unself-consciousness and her grace. Every one of her motions are automatically adjusted in the amount of force to be expended to do the thing she wants to do. It is owing to this perfect adjustment that the cat has been the symbol of litheness and grace since the days of the Egyptians.

Practise the art of coming quietly into a room as if you knew where you were going. Don't sit down 'all in a lump' but keep the middle of your back against the back of your chair. Remember to relax your muscles. If you stand with your muscles taut, you will look wooden and stiff. Stand straight, but let your arms hang at your sides, palms to the back. When you sit, let your hands rest in your lap, palms down.

Walking is one of the best forms of exercise. No matter what the weather, a brisk tramp is good for the health, the spirits and the complexion; and it's a fine medium for acquiring the habit of correct carriage and posture. Don't walk any old way, trudging along with slumped shoulders and drooping head. Keep your head up, your chin in, your chest out, the abdomen back. Walk on the balls of your feet, lightly. This makes you graceful and without apparent weight.

In carrying an umbrella or package, watch your elbows. If they stick out, you have made unnecessary angles and it makes you look aggressive, as though you were getting ready to shove some person out of your path. Hold your elbows as an athlete holds his, close to the body. And don't use your arms to propel your body. Don't swing them back and forth and don't swing your shoulders from side to side—a movement that's quite as awkward as swinging the arms, and in either case you're expending twice as much energy as is necessary.

In the large cities there are salons where one may go and submit to the trained ministrations of physical experts whose business it is to correct posture, to keep bodies slim, straight and lithe. In one of the attractive exercise rooms you may undergo massage or exercise strenuously and go forth eager and refreshed, resolved to keep up the routine of exercise prescribed.

One salon gives chin exercises, exercises for reducing large arms and shoulders, large bust and hips, and for overcoming constipation. There are rooms for sun baths, for electrical treatments, for body massage—everything health-giving, body-building, and beautifying. And a little book written by the clever young woman who built up this successful business contains numerous exercises, carefully described and illustrated, charts of the proper proportions and for the various heights and ages of women, also practical advice on reducing diets.

Not everyone can reach a good salon, but in almost every town there is some kind of gymnasium with some one in it who can help you a little, at least. And there is always the radio with its very complete system of exercises. Suppose you do have to get up fifteen minutes earlier in the morning. It is well worth it. Just try it some morning, and see.

Remember, when you exercise, that the idea is not to become acrobatic, but live and supple, so be sure that the muscles are relaxed. Take your exercises lying down if possible. Practise the stretching exercises I gave you a month or so ago, and if you want more, I'll send them. We need quickened circulation but we also need relaxation. Tumble about in your room to slow lazy music. Do exercises on the sandy beach, on the roof, or around the swimming pool, wherever you happen to be, every muscle relaxed.

Here are a few excellent exercises that may be done any time, any place, and will help to keep the body slim and elastic.

Stand erect, with hands clasped over head, then sway from side to side, moving from the hips upward until you feel a good pull on the side waist muscles. Repeat ten times. In the same position, with arms stretched wide at sides, swing the body from the waist as far to the right and to the left as you comfortably can.

Bending exercise: With hands on the hips, bend backward, then forward, then alternating left and right. Then, try this standing on one foot, letting the other foot swing with the motion of the body.

Back-bending exercise: Raise arms above head, keeping elbows straight. Sweep them

forward and down until they touch the floor. Try this at first with the knees slightly bent, and work up to a point where you do not need to bend them at all.

Deep breathing is such a hobby with me I can't refrain from telling you again about it. This is an ideal outdoor exercise. With hands raised, palms outward, inhale deeply, counting ten. Hold, count ten, exhale, count ten. Or, clasp the hands behind the head, the palms supporting it, and with the chest thrust forward, exhale as advised. If this causes giddiness, count but four and gradually increase the counts to ten, even to twenty. Acquire the habit of breathing deep while you walk, play, sit and stand in the open air.

Of course, too, you must give attention to your external appearance. Meaning hair and faces, hands and arms. If you're one who looks well with straight hair or if your hair is naturally wavy, you're in luck —and *such* luck! But if you're one who looks 'terrible' with straight hair, get a permanent, particularly if you are to be at the seashore swimming a lot, or in some spot remote from hair-dressers. Go to a good operator and be sure that your hair is in good condition and will take a permanent well. After you get it, care for your hair just as you did before. Have on hand a wave-setting lotion and set of combs and you can do the re-setting yourself.

Hands are conspicuous with the summer frocks so keep them as nice as you can. And if hands are conspicuous, what about the arms? Elbows, especially, have such a propensity for getting leaned on, bumped, grimy and rough. We're all in favor of pretty, dimpled elbows, but how many do we actually see? The trouble is, we pay so little attention to them, and all they need is a nightly scrubbing and a good cold-creaming. If they are dark-colored, use a good bleach on them every night. During the day, when you use a lotion after washing the hands, rub it into the arms and well into the elbows.

When it comes to make-up, don't use too much. The healthy, glowing, out-door look is far more attractive, especially in daytime; that is, if you have given your skin protective care and have not allowed it to become red, rough and weather-beaten. If you are tanned, and like the sun-tan make up and find it becoming, then use it, particularly for daytime. It goes well with sports things and is natural in appearance if correctly used. But for formal wear, and with evening gowns, a daintier make-up is more desirable. Use a rachel or peach or cream powder according to the shade your skin has acquired, with your natural coloring accented just a bit. For your arms and shoulders, and your neck if necessary, a liquid powder, not white but toned to your skin, gives the desired finish.

Beauty of face is more or less ephemeral, but beauty of figure and line, a poise of body and spirit, have something of the eternal about them. Many requests have come to me for exercises of various sorts. I have tried to give you, here, suggestions for exercises and outdoor activities that will help you to build for beauty. This is well worth working for, girls, and if I can advise you about special problems, whether they're faces, figures or personalities, write to me about them and I'll do my best to help. Address Anne Van Alstyne, Screenland Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. Please enclose stamped, addressed envelope for reply.



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Fair		COLOR OF LASHES		Dry	
Medium				SKIN	
Ruddy		COLOR OF HAIR		Oily	
Dark				Dry	
Sallow		AGE		Normal	
Olive		Answer with check mark			

Name _____
Address _____
City and State _____

WHAT KEEPS THE TALKIES TALKING?

Continued from page 65

system. Which even anticipates how a remote theater shall be reached in time of trouble. Thus, when the Baltimore office of the Western Electric installed equipment in the New Theater at Easton, Maryland, it was foreseen that the airplanes would be the solution to that particular job in an emergency. Out on a tip of the Eastern Shore, Easton is 300 miles from Baltimore by land or water, but only forty miles by air. Arrangements were made to have a plane ready at all times. Six months went by and everything was peaches down on the Eastern Shore. But that theme song ended abruptly one afternoon. ERPI took the emergency in its stride, every move plotted, like a platoon of West Pointers doing squads right.

In midwinter, up in North Dakota, the ERPI men mush on like Nanook of the North. And in some places they wade through more mud than the book censors. Just so you and the boy friend can keep the big date at the pet theater.

Of course, the emergency call is the most spectacular performance of Western Electric men in the field. Yet every day in the course of routine, they are fighting dramatic battles with sound problems and freak acoustical properties in theaters.

We play everything by ear in our picture theaters now, but naturally, most theaters were built before Al Jolson's sound waves from "The Jazz Singer" and "The Singin' Fool" inundated them. Some theaters can be hitched to sound without kicking, but many of them buck, squeal and snort until tamed.

For instance, sound travels at the rate of—well, anyhow, it travels. Ever hear an echo? That's sound on a return trip. In a talkie theater, when sound travels, it goes places and does things. It likes walls, so when it comes out of the horns behind the screen, it makes a bee line for all walls. Then what? If it's a hard wall it bounces back. The harder the wall the harder sound bounces back.

This rubber ball business gives what ERPI and I call reverberation. Now, like paprika, a little reverberation goes a long way. We do a lot of our talking in rooms so our ear is used to a certain amount of reverberation—there being walls, ceilings, chairs and things in most rooms for sound to do its bouncing act on. In other words, if our ear didn't get its normal reverberation ration, whatever it heard wouldn't sound natural.

You get the idea immediately. Western Electric and ERPI have to leave just enough hardness in the theater walls, so that sound can bounce sufficiently for your ear to feel right at home. And what do the engineers do when they find theaters with too hard walls—you know—the skin sound loves to touch—too much? They drape 'em. They hang draperies around the walls, just enough to humor sound in the bouncing game it learned in kindergarten—and to please your ear.

And the nice part of it is that Western Electric has figured out mathematically the sound absorption qualities of various drape materials. So that they can tell how much sound a square foot of a given material can blot up.

And after that can the engineers go back to their office, put their feet up on the desk and play executives? Not at all. The battle has just begun.

Some theater walls are soft and must be stiffened up. Here again mathematics enter the picture. Then, too, there are all kinds of tricky alcoves, pieces of statuary, and bits of bric-a-brac about which sound loves to play hide and seek. Accompanying this brainstorm is a picture of part of the interior of Loew's Granada Theater in Cleveland. It is a good example of the many surfaces with which sound likes to keep a rendezvous. Within a small space there is a statue of Bacchante, the lady of the grapes, a couple of winged lions, a flock of vases, eighteen different kinds of wrought iron, concrete, stucco, numerous alcoves, and a young forest.

Just imagine the fun sound would have bouncing from Bacchante to the lions, rustling through the leaves, and back to Bacchante again. But Western Electric knows that all play and no work makes sound a dull boy. So, as you can see, they drape the wall on the right, and give sound just enough power so that when it arrives in Bacchante's garden it gives her just a nice, soft caress.

It may not surprise the girls to learn that sound has a greater affinity for them than for the boys. A theater full of women make a better talkie audience than a theater full of men. Yep, sound loves the ladies. The engineers call it 'better sound absorption qualities.' Which means that sound can do his stuff better when the ladies, God bless 'em, are present. Richard Dix sounds better, and so does Paul Whiteman's orchestra.

Happily, a full theater makes a better show than an empty house. The owner of your favorite theater shakes hands with Western Electric on that.

Around the clock, as the theater fills and empties, the operator up in the projection booth is kept advised by 'phone, or buzzer, just how the house is filling up, and in what parts. He regulates the volume of sound accordingly. All of the controls are under his thumb—figuratively speaking—for he needs about ten thumbs at all times. The wires run from his booth around the walls or across the ceiling back stage to the screen. Right behind the screen are the horns. These loud speakers are behind the screen and nowhere else in the house. They are so placed to keep the illusion of the voice coming from the screen. If you saw Bill Haines' lips move on the screen and heard his voice from somewhere in the balcony, you'd say it was another Bill Haines trick. But if Ruth Chatterton did it, you wouldn't care for it.

Also, they have now discovered that an even better effect is gained if the horns are placed behind the upper half of the screen. So that when Joan Crawford talks, you don't hear her voice coming from somewhere down around her ankles. Of course, Joan's legs talk but, well, you get what I mean.

All kinds of electrical interlopers try to crash the gate when a talkie show is on. Can't blame them if Nancy Carroll is on the screen, but still they don't belong and they throw a monkey wrench into the machinery. For instance, a theater in Washington, D. C., was playing "Such Men Are Dangerous" recently. Suddenly, for no reason at all, a low moaning negro spiritual was heard coming from the screen. It was like a ghost song, giving a weird background to the dialogue. It did not belong in the picture and its phantom quality created an uneasy atmosphere in the theater. Especially among the negroes

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City_____ State_____

in the balcony. Many of them got up and left.

The Washington ERPI office was called and the engineer arrived to lay the ghost. Soon he found it. A broadcasting studio on top of the theater was on the air with the negro spiritual and by induction its music had seeped down into the sound system of the theater. The house is not haunted any more.

In Philadelphia, where pictures do not play on Sunday, a third projector was added, over the week-end, to the battery of two already working. Show time came Monday morning and it was necessary to make a temporary electrical connection. When the picture went on, a queer hum was noticed, a new kind of hum, not catalogued in any way.

It was found that when the temporary connection was made, an electric cable had been run around the projection booth. The sound apparatus had been eavesdropping on the faint noise that is made by alternating current when it alternates. It alternates sixty times a second and is known as a "60-cycle hum." The friendly talkie apparatus had reached out, taken this hum from the wire, amplified it and served it hot to the patrons. It had ERPI hot and bothered for about ten minutes.

Western Electric is now making a new talkie installation once every 69 minutes. When the name of a theater comes up on Western Electric's waiting list, ERPI gets on the job, pokes around in all the silent dusty corners of the theater, and decides what type of equipment, and how much of it, will best permit you to hear your favorite stars. The size and shape of a theater are important factors.

ERPI stays at the theater for two weeks, making the installation, fighting 'dead spots' and freak acoustical properties, and giving sound a new lesson in how the well dressed ether wave will behave. At the same time, the theater staff is instructed in the operation and maintenance of the equipment. ERPI has a test film all its own. It's a sort of final exam for the equipment. There are no stars in this picture—in fact, nothing appears on the screen at all. You see nothing. All you do is hear—all kinds of sound: voices of every range, pitch, and resonance, all types of musical instruments, and a hand-picked bunch of incidental noises and effects.

Moreover, what the voices say, and what the instruments play is chosen with an eye to the ear. In this ERPI test film, words are put together in chains, with no regard at all to their meaning, but with all regard to phonetics.

If the equipment passes this strictly oral test, it can reproduce any thing from a Duncan Sisters' choral to a congressman's speech in the news-reels.

But even after that ERPI maintains constant watch to see that all is not silent on the talkie front. Once a week for two months after the theater's sound premier, an ERPI engineer calls. Known as a Routine Call, this visit is made whether the patient is ailing or in perfect health. After the first two months, a similar call is made every two weeks indefinitely. Just as a nurse keeps a chart on you, ERPI charts everything — in triplicate. After every call is made a written report is made. One copy is left with the theater manager, one is sent to the theater owner, and the third copy is sent to the nearest ERPI headquarters where a file is kept on each theater.

Besides the Routine Call, there is the Emergency Call, with which you have already been acquainted. Also, the appointment Call. This is a consulting service. You know, "Nothing wrong with me, Doctor, but I wish you would give me, a thorough examination." That's the idea.

Once every six months an ERPI Inspector —one of a staff of 125—visits every theater using Western Electric equipment. The apparatus is inspected from Alpha to Omega and the good old test film is run, just to see that the equipment has not forgotten anything since the last exam.

Here are some cheerful statistics. The ERPI men, 800 in all, travel 100,000 miles a week in this country, by air, rail, and automobile, making each week 3000 calls of all types on over 4000 theaters now using Western Electric equipment. There are 115,000 shows run over Western Electric sound projectors every week in the United States. Less than one tenth of one percent have been subject to emergency calls on ERPI. The most remote emergency job has been handled in 12 hours. Fifty percent of these hurry up calls are made in thirty minutes. In New York, for instance, it takes ERPI from five to fifteen minutes to be on the spot of a four-alarm call.

The largest theater using Western Electric equipment is, of course, the Roxy. Although the Auditorium in Atlantic City, uses the company's system and seats 40,000, it is not, strictly speaking, a theater, and the smallest theater served by Western Electric for sound is the Piedmont, in Spruce Pine, North Carolina. The Piedmont seats 200 people.

Seventy percent of all of us talkie fans in the United States hear our talking pictures over Western Electric sound systems.

They come by it honest, as we say in the Pennsylvania Dutch country. Since 1869 Western Electric has been identified with the history of the electrical transmission of sound. Back in '69 they were making telegraph apparatus and fire alarm boxes. In '76, when Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone, they began making most of the telephone equipment, and have continued to do so. Under sea, in the air, at listening posts in the front lines during the war Western Electric equipment passed the news along.

The Bell Telephone Laboratories are maintained jointly by Western Electric and the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and it was of this marriage that talking pictures were born. ERPI comes of good parents.

This is interesting — this: In 1883 the first multiple switchboard was built and installed by Western Electric in Antwerp, Belgium. And completing the cycle, the same company, on March 28 of this year, made vocal the first picture theater in Antwerp, the Dixi. A one-paragraph history of the company, I calls it.

ERPI has a lot of little brothers and sisters overseas. In France it's the Société de Materiel Acoustique, Inc.; and in Austria it's Western Electric für Oesterreich, G. m. b. H.

As I said before, Mickey Mouse is squealing in Cairo as well as in Chillichothe. In Cairo it's the Triomphe. In Algiers it's the Splendide, a great name for a talkie theater. Cwmcarn and Methyr Tydfil—not a sister team—are two of the many towns in Wales where the folks hear Victor McLaglen.

In Saltcoats, Scotland, they go to La Scala to hear "The Cohens and Kellys in Scotland"; and in Tralee, Ireland, they ride down in the jaunting car to the Picture-

drome to hear John McCormack in "Song o' My Heart."

Whether it's the Pflum Theater in Budapest, the Pola Negri Palace in Warsaw, the Folkebibliotelket in Fredrikstad, Norway, the Excelsior in Rangoon, India, or the Tivoli in Mumbles, Wales, they get the all-talking, all-singing, all-dancing celluloid from Hollywood through Western Electric.

And speaking of Mumbles, Wales. It's a good thing the talkies weren't born there. Else they would have been the mumblies instead of the talkies; and just imagine the big news about "Anna Christie" being 'Garbo Mumbles.'

ERPI is doing his stuff around the world. In Austria he is teaching folks to call a non-synchronous attachment a "Nichtsynchroner Zusatz-Apparat." And getting away with it. Over there, just as over here, Western Electric is taking engineers to school in the talkies. As ERPI did over here, they deliberately inject sound troubles into the schoolroom projector apparatus and then say, "Find it. Fix it."

Unless memory fails, I believe I mentioned previously that the men Hollywood called in to take care of its talkie apparatus were a composite picture of the Northwest Mounted Police, the air mail pilots, the U. S. Marines and the champion down-the-pole sliders of the New York City Fire Department.

I have no amendments to offer except to say that a little experience in lion-taming comes in handy. The Northwest Mounted have to get their man. The ERPI engineers have to get their squawk, squeak, or whatever vocal button the young sound projector seems to have swallowed. The slogan of the air mail pilots is "The Mails Must Fly." In talkie language that means "The Show Must Go On," and the ERPI army enlists for the duration of the war for just that purpose. Once John Gilbert takes a maiden in his arms and begins murmuring impassioned things into her ear, the proceedings simply must proceed.

And as for being able to spring to pants like a fireman and slide down the pole in an awful hurry, well, it just has to be done. Imagine what you would do if the telephone rang one night and the voice at the other end of the wire said: "This is the Bijou Theater! The exciting lamp got too excited and Clara Bow has lost her It." Now, I ask you, what would any gentleman do?

They are thinking of getting special police permits and fire engine sirens for all ERPI service automobiles. So when a situation like the above arises a new exciting lamp for Clara will have the right of way.

Police would recognize the car by the name of Western Electric on it, or by the ERPI initials. You would, too. Either one is the name of a friend.

The Sessions Westminster Chime Clock

which was offered by Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in the May issue of SCREENLAND has been awarded to:

MISS AUDREY WHITE,
614½ Heliotrope Drive,
Hollywood, California.

Jo-cur offers $1000.00 For Beautiful Hair!





FIRST PRIZE
$250.00 and a portrait of the winner by Charles B. Ross, famous painter of beautiful women
SECOND PRIZE $100.00

2 Prizes $50.00 each	10 Prizes $10.00 each
4 Prizes 25.00 each	70 Prizes 5.00 each

ARE you proud of your lovely hair—its beautiful finger-wave—its becoming arrangement? Of course you are! And the beauty of your hair may mean real money to you in the Jo-cur Hair Beauty Contest. Think of it! You may win the money for a whole new outfit—a trip—or some other luxury you have always wanted. One thousand dollars in prizes will be given in this search for beautiful hair. Will you be one of the fortunate winners? Why not? Your chance is as good as anyone's. Read the simple rules that follow—then enter the contest.

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

All you need do to enter is shampoo and finger-wave your hair attractively. Then send a photograph showing your hair, to Miss Jo-cur, Curran Laboratories, Inc., New York City. With the photograph, send a brief note telling whether you used Jo-cur Shampoo and Jo-cur Waveset, the original finger-waving liquid, in dressing your hair. That's all there is to it. **Judges will consider only the beauty of your hair** as shown in the photograph. In awarding prizes, equal consideration will be given all contestants regardless of the preparations used in dressing the hair. But, don't think you must submit an expensive photograph. A good, clear snapshot is all that is necessary. Photographs cannot be returned and the right is reserved to publish any photograph submitted. The contest closes September 30th.

HERE ARE THE JUDGES

These experts in feminine hair beauty will pick the lucky winners in this contest. Their names guarantee that the judgment will be fair and impartial.



Alice White, First National Star, whose beautiful, wavy hair is the envy of millions.



Hazel Kozlay, Editor of American Hairdresser Magazine, an authority on beautiful hair.



Charles B. Ross, famous painter of lovely women.

FOR BEST RESULTS

You will be delighted to see how easily and beautifully you can shampoo and finger-wave your own hair with these famous preparations.

Jo-cur Shampoo Concentrate—lathers luxuriously, brings out the hidden gold in your hair, and leaves it soft, silky and **easy to finger-wave.** It should be your first thought in hair dressing.

Jo-cur Waveset — sets natural-looking waves quickly and is beneficial to hair and scalp. Its use is simplicity itself. Millions of women recognize Jo-cur Waveset as the one ideal finger-waving liquid.

OTHER JO-CUR BEAUTY AIDS

Jo-cur Hot Oil Treatment corrects scalp disorders.

Jo-cur Brilliantine—adds the finishing touch to the coiffure.

Simple directions for shampooing and finger-waving the hair come with each of the Jo-cur Beauty Aids. If you wish to use Jo-cur Shampoo Concentrate and Jo-cur Waveset in this contest, you will find trial sizes at most 5-and-10 cent stores—regular sizes at your drug store.

If your nearest 5-and-10 or drug store is out of Jo-cur Beauty Aids, we will mail you trial sizes of all four products upon receipt of 50c in stamps.

Remember the contest closes at midnight September 30, 1930. Be among the first to enter your photograph in this nation-wide search for beautiful hair.

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491 East 133rd Street, New York, N.Y.

"Now I can stand the Public Gaze"



Charming—self-confident

Can You?

When you slip your beach coat from your shoulders and your bathing suit seems all too brief ...When you tee off in front of a watchful gallery and the sunlight glances on your stockingless legs . . . When you raise your arms to pin back a stray lock and your dress is sleeveless . . .

You can meet such moments with nonchalant poise if your skin shows no trace of ugly superfluous hair.

The Secret of Charm

It's so easy to keep your underarm, fore-arm and legs free of fuzzy growth when you use faintly fragrant Del-a-tone Cream. (Removal of under-arm hair lessens perspiration odor.)



Perfected through our exclusive formula, Del-a-tone has the distinction of being the first and only *white* cream hair-remover

Easy to apply as cold cream, Del-a-tone actually removes hair safely in 3 minutes or less. When you see how smooth and clean it leaves your skin you will understand why actresses and society women, who are constantly in the public gaze, consider it an indispensable aid to loveliness.

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The Only *White* Cream Hair-remover



Del-a-tone Cream or Powder—at drug and department stores. Or sent prepaid in U. S. in plain wrapper, $1. Money back if desired. Address Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Co. (Established 1908), Department 148, 233 E. Ontario Street, Chicago.

1929 sales of Del-a-tone Cream reached a record volume—four times greater than any previous year. Superiority—that's why.

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Dept. 148, Delatone Bldg., 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me in plain wrapper prepaid, generous trial tube of Del-a-tone Cream, for which I enclose 10c.

Name.....

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Clip and Mail TO-DAY

THE BOY FRIENDS' GIRL FRIENDS

Continued from page 33

tête-à-tête every day.

A psycho-analyst called June a 'modern girl with an old-fashioned complex.' She's a lively little person, with apparently unlimited vivacity, always singing or dancing, but possessed of an assortment of high ideals into which Arthur is determined to fit.

"A man likes a girl who is above him," says Arthur, naively. "No hard-boiled Hannas for me!"

Joel McCrea, another tall and good-looking youth on the lot, is also decidely fond of June and is providing the spur of opposition to Arthur.

The studio lunchroom at RKO might put out a sign: "Romance Rendezvous" and get away with it. Not only June and her two cavaliers, but Dorothy Lee and Fred Waring, Billy Bakewell and Sally Blane, Phillips Holmes and Mary Lawler are seen there day by day.

Phillips Holmes is another of the candidates for Mary Brian—in fact, he was the very first boy friend she ever had.

Mary's first picture was "Peter Pan." While they were making it, Betty Bronson, who played *Peter*, was going around with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Christmas vacation, Doug had a guest—Phillips Holmes, who had gone to school with him in New York and who was out in Hollywood for the holidays. So they made it a foursome, and Mary went along.

Phillips went back to school, first to England and then to Princeton, and presumably he and Mary lost track of one another.

Then, a few years later, Paramount sent Buddy Rogers and Mary east to film a college picture at Princeton. Phillips came forward with a glad cry and showed Mary the town.

Paramount brought Phillips back to the coast and the rushing of Mary continued until ill-health forced the younger Holmes out of pictures.

Now that he's back again, he still is seen with Mary Brian, but lately Mary Lawler has been sitting across the luncheon table from the handsome fair-haired youth.

Mary Lawler just arrived to play the lead opposite Richard Dix in his new picture. She's a demure-looking maiden, intensely interested in dress designing.

No, it's no longer the wild tomboy-girl up-ending a cocktail glass who leads the race for popularity with the boy friends of Hollywood!

Marguerite Churchill, whose dignity and sweetness are remarked on stage, screen and in real life, played with Russell Gleason in Paul Muni's "Seven Faces." Russell, who had never cared for girls before, liked Marguerite. He still likes her. It's a tragedy to him that she's up in Oregon making "The Big Trail."

It wasn't her delicate beauty or her talent that attracted him. It was her sweetness and the fact that she has brains.

"My mother has brains, too," comments Russell. His father and mother, James and Lucile Gleason, are so happy that Russell admits to feeling he had better follow his father's example and find a girl like his mother.

"Of course, we're not old enough to be thinking of getting married," he adds, "I've got to get somewhere first."

Up in Oregon with Marguerite are David Rollins. Fox's juvenile, and John Wayne, newest of youthful leading men. No wonder Russell looks worried.

Davy was running around with Dixie Lee before he left, but John was apparently unattached. So romantic-looking, too.

"I don't have any luck with girls," asserts William Janney, best known as Mary Pickford's brother in "Coquette," and now being brother to Richard Dix. "My very first girl was Ruby Keeler. And look what she did! Got married to Al Jolson! I went to school with Marguerite Churchill. Didn't make the least impression on her, either.

"I'm sticking to girls outside pictures. Maybe I'll get a break some day."

The course of true love, as you may have heard, never did run smooth.

There's Frank Albertson

"I like old-fashioned girls," he declares, staunchly. "My girl isn't a bit modern—she's sweet. You don't have to think: 'Now what'll I say? How can I amuse her?' She doesn't have to be entertained. We just talk—you'd be surprised how many things we have to say!—or if we don't feel like talking we can keep still and—boy, it's grand! She likes anything. Goes anywhere. Never crabs. She could have come out of an old-fashioned paper valentine.

"But her mother doesn't like me. Can't think why not!" with a gay little grin. "The family say terrible things to me, practically throw me out of my car when I come around. Yet if one of 'em happens to say 'Hello' to me in passing, there I am back again on the front porch.

"I called up last night and her mother answered the phone and said she wasn't in. I reckon I sounded sort of crushed, so she went on: 'Frank, I want you to believe me. She really isn't in. I don't want you to feel hurt. I don't want you to be offended.'

"I said: 'You ought to know by this time, you *can't* offend me'

"I reckon I'd better not mention my girl's name. Yes, she's in pictures. She's the sweetest girl in pictures. That ought to be easy. And she has red hair!"

Eddie Quillan of Pathé, however, says this old-fashioned stuff is all wet with him. He is rushing Sally Starr at present. It's a case! Yes, going on for two weeks, anyway. She's full of pep—Clara Bow type, if you know what I mean. Hot dog! Hot mamma! Whoopee!

These boy friends aren't old enough to think of matrimony definitely. Billy Bakewell says he thinks 27 would be about the right age for that. They just like to go around with girls.

But look at Loretta Young and Grant Withers, Sue Carol and Nick Stuart, Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. Only last year, *they* were 'just going around,' too.

On the other hand, you might look at Buddy Rogers, who has played escort to Mary Brian, June Collyer, Claire Windsor, *et al;* or Gary Cooper, whose romance with Lupe Velez got so much space—or Charlie Farrell, who was supposed to be heartbroken over Janet Gaynor's marriage, but who trots about with Virginia Valli now.

Cupid hasn't snared them—so far!

ZIEGFELD PICKS THEM

Continued from page 23

girl and advised her to take dancing. She had been sent to me by a dear lady friend. Fortunately, she went into pictures and the world knows of her great success.

"Nearly every show-girl I have seen in the selection of talent for the picturization of 'Whoopee' has been before me in the East. Muriel Finley, for instance, is a "Follies" graduate.

"I believe that when Evelyn Laye, the English star of 'Bitter Sweet,' hits Hollywood she will create a sensation. Not only is she a great performer and possessor of a voice that has no equal but hers is a beauty that will screen wonderfully. She made the greatest individual hit of any artist I have ever presented on the stage."

For forty years the name of Florenz Ziegfeld has been one to cope with in the theater. For the last twenty-odd years he has reigned supreme in his own field. The fact that Mr. Ziegfeld has been interested enough in talking pictures to cast his lot with them is the most important step New York has made in our direction. For by his own confession, Mr. Ziegfeld has come to stay.

He came at the invitation of Sam Goldwyn to watch his stage production of "Whoopee" being made into a picture and to act in an advisory capacity. But before he accepted Mr. Goldwyn's invitation, Mr. Ziegfeld had about made up his mind that pictures, from a producer's standpoint, interested him. And so he accepted.

He has rented one of Marion Davies' beach houses because his wife, Billie Burke and his daughter Patricia adore the beach. "Personally, I'd rather be here in town, but they are the ones to be pleased." However, I've an idea that if Billie Burke gets the job in Paramount's "Dancing Mothers," it is rumored she has been offered, the Ziegfeld family will be moving 'close in.' Eight o'clock made up on the set is not conducive to living quarters twenty miles from the studio.

Mr. Ziegfeld is on the "Whoopee" set every day and while he takes no active part in the production of the picture he is a keenly interested observer. He has, of course, given valuable advice in things a picture producer knows nothing of and yet must learn. now that the stage and screen are wed.

Mr. Goldwyn is one of our shrewdest and most interesting magnates. He is determined to give the public the best he can find and present it in the finest manner obtainable, and so when he signed with Mr. Ziegfeld he took the brains and talent that made "Whoopee" what it is along with him. Of the players there are Eddie Cantor and Paul Gregory. John Harkrider, who has been with Mr. Ziegfeld for the past three or four seasons, is doing the costumes for the picture and the original "Whoopee" music is being used. Mr. Goldwyn is endeavoring to express picture technique through the medium of stage-trained material and it looks as though he has a wow.

I asked Mr. Ziegfeld whether he found the stage and talking pictures technique vastly different. He told me it seemed to him that the screen comedian was up against a terrible problem in not having an audience to play to. Humorous situations that are created and that bring a laugh are easy to handle, but a comedian can never, personally, be as funny on the screen as on the stage because the quality of magnetism and personal contact is lacking. The effect a bit of business, or the way a song is put over, has on a comedian's audience is very inspiring, and dialogue and business is often changed entirely, by inspiration and on account of the reaction of the audience. If they get the electric response that all players work for, it stimulates them. They know they are working on the right track and improve upon it. But a screen player with nothing but a mechanical instrument to play to cannot do that. He is shooting in the dark and cannot tell what points get over best. Even the natural expression of people on the set, the carpenters and electricians and assistants, is wiped out because absolute silence must be maintained. Dramatic scenes are very different because one's own emotions are aroused by the scene itself, but there is nothing save a wet blanket of unresponse to aid the comedian and it isn't possible to be as funny under these conditions.

"I have formed an idea and a solution of this important detriment to comedy performances and intend trying it out when I make my first picture. I mean a picture that will be solely mine in every detail, not just the reproduction by another producer of what I created on the stage."

Mr. Ziegfeld told me he had not come out with the desire to teach Hollywood producers their business. "I came out to learn. How I will absorb this learning and adapt what they call picture technique, that seems to cover a multitude of sins, to what I know of the stage is something that I will know when I see my first picture.

"There is one thing the screen producer will have to learn how to handle, as we had to on the stage, and that is the difficulty in getting the material one wants, when one wants it. I have noticed since I have been out here that people who do creative work are expected to turn it out like sweatshop workers. It can't be done. You can't give a song-writer a paper and pencil and tell him to have a song hit on your desk by tomorrow morning at eight o'clock. If he does it and the song happens to be up to or above his usual average, it is just an accident. He happened to be in the mood. One cannot dictate to inspiration.

"Mr. Goldwyn has signed Frederick Lonsdale, the celebrated English playwright, to write for the talking screen. Mr. Lonsdale has given the modern stage some of its finest plays. But he works through inspiration. He may do one act of a new play or two acts and then he may never write the third. On the other hand, he may finish it quickly."

Mr. Goldwyn's solution of that particular problem is, "Do fewer pictures, and make better ones. One producer can't do more than four pictures a year and do them right. The reason some producers have a lot of deadwood in the morgue is because the pictures are no good. The exhibitors are not fools." And then came the inevitable and naive Goldwyn touch, "I don't have any trouble."

But the fact that Mr. Goldwyn doesn't bite off more than he can chew shows that he has more than average sense. "One production at a time. Then I know what's going on." But plenty of drive goes into that production.

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20 exceptional short stories of the marvelous moment in which we live—all fresh, up-to-the-minute fiction by Katharine Brush, James Aswell, Ursula Parrott, Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald, and Lois Seyster Montross

240 pages of sparkling comedy from the leading humorists and illustrators in the country—Donald Ogden Stewart, Don Herold, S. J. Perelman, Peter Arno, H. W. Hanemann, Dr. Rockwell, Groucho Marx, and John Held, Jr.—together with the best of the latest humor direct from 110 college campuses profusely illustrated by those inimitable college artists

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The most difficult thing in the business, Mr. Ziegfeld told me, is to pick a song hit. You may like it and your friends may like it, but one never knows how it will click with the public. "I'd pay a man a million dollars a year if he could listen to a song and tell me whether it would go over or not and be right about it. But I'm afraid the person doesn't live who possesses so complex an understanding of public tastes. At least no one has ever found him."

I asked whether talking pictures had really had as devastating an effect on the stage as reports indicated. "Talking pictures have not hurt the theater in the least. Good shows are standing them up at prices anywhere from three to twelve dollars top plus the war tax, just as they always have. But the shows have to be good. My production of 'Simple Simon' is doing phenomenal business; so is any good dramatic show, and there are three or four this year. Pictures have hurt the road shows—they were hurt long before pictures became important—during the war when the railroads raised their prices to such an extent that a producer couldn't afford to travel a company. That was the real beginning of the road show trouble. Pictures did the rest. A good road show would still stand them up, but traveling expenses eat up the profit to such an extent that it is no longer worth a manager's while to worry over them.

"Twenty years ago there were not more than fifteen first-class theaters in New York. Out of that number one could be sure of seeing at least seven good plays. Today there are over sixty theaters and one is fortunate to find seven good plays during the entire season. Things produced in quantity always suffer in quality.

"The possibility of reaching millions instead of thousands, and in places a road show could never reach, is what interests me so tremendously in the picture business. And I think the advance made in talking pictures in the next ten years will be inconceivable with our present understanding of them. Many things have still to be adjusted before the perfect recording and camera work will be seen in talking pictures, but that day is coming."

Mr. Ziegfeld plans to bring his whole production of "Simple Simon" to Hollywood and make it into a picture. He is enthusiastic in praise of Harriett Hoctor. "She is the greatest dancer I have ever seen in all my forty years' experience in the theater. She is greater than Adelaide Genée or Pavlowa or anyone. She is the first dancer to do a toe dance in boots, and the hunting number in 'Simple Simon' is a sensation. Genée danced with boots and her ability to do a solo in them astonished New York, but she never did a toe dance in them. Miss Hoctor has an ethereal, unearthly quality about her that is astounding. I turned her down once, too—she had nothing but technique and was as cold as a statue, but she was determined to succeed and worked very hard. The next time I saw her I was amazed at her progress."

"Simple Simon" will be Mr. Ziefigeld's own and probably his initial effort as a picture producer. His plans are already in the making but too unformed as yet to announce. It is probable, however, that another few months will find him buried in production and I am sure, if one can judge by his past achievements, that first picture will be a knockout.

THEIR LITTLE MANNERISMS

Continued from page 27

the gesture has become a part of him. Watch for it the next time you see him, either in person or on the screen—but why bring that up?

Being nonchalant at all times and at any cost has forced Norma Shearer into Hollywood's mannerism parade. Instead of lighting a Murad or reaching for a Lucky, Norma has resorted to twirling her beads. She started this little habit on the screen but now it has followed right into her private existence. They do say that after a day's work at the studio, the Shearer 'poils' have been through as many as five thousand revolutions!

Then there's Jack Oakie. You just knew he'd have a mannerism, didn't you? He has—and an odd one, too. Probably you remember seeing Jack in certain pictures, where upon being introduced to someone, he would do a couple of funny little dancing steps, then swing around and greet the person with out-stretched hand? Well, that's it—Jack's pet mannerism. If you ever come to Hollywood and meet genial Mister Oakie you can reasonably expect to be greeted with his little 'dance of introduction'—that is, of course, provided he hasn't got rid of his little trait in the meantime.

The 'eyes have it' as far as Janet Gaynor is concerned. La Belle Gaynor is equipped with twin-beam headlights from which tears can be turned on or off at will, and at almost any intensity. When changing from low to high—that is, from a few little drops to a regular river of tears—however, Janet finds she must close her eyes for a moment. Hence, in reality, as well as on the screen, one isn't amazed to find her batting her lovely orbs at a record-breaking speed.

Portraying *Chico* in "Seventh Heaven," donated the personal mannerism now kept as a pet by Charles Farrell. It is as characteristic of Charlie as an underslung chassis to a Daschund and you must admit that is pretty characteristic! This, of course, all has to do with that habit of placing his first finger alongside his nose—the pose indicating deep, very deep thought. Young Farrell uses it particularly when it comes to choosing between the blonde and brunette of the species, and judging from reports it must work very beautifully. Charlie also has a habit of wrinkling up his brow as though he were frightfully deep in thought when he's not really at all.

Not to be left out of the 'mannerism brigade,' Marjorie White has taken to screwing up her nose in front of the camera. Marjorie has done it in real life ever since the little boys of the neighborhod began to call her 'Shorty,' which wasn't so very long ago, either. If you missed "Sunny Side Up" and other pictures that Miss White has played in, just watch for her next screen appearance and see if you can't easily detect her little mannerism.

Buddy Rogers' chief mannerism is constantly running his fingers through his curly locks. Buddy does this both in films and out of them. And fingering and straightening his necktie is another mannerism of his.

William Powell is still another. Bill doesn't really wear collars too tight for



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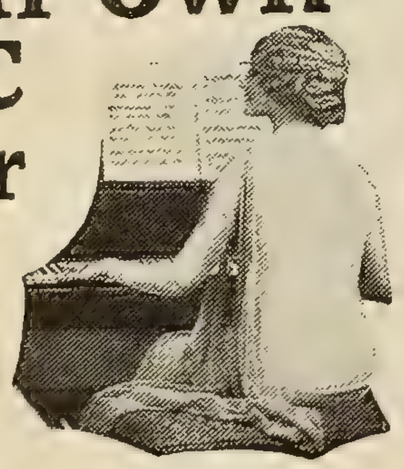
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him. That constant stretching of his neck as though he were Mary, Queen of Scots, getting ready for an appointment with the ax and chopping block, is just a habit. Powell doesn't know how and where he first contracted the odd trait, but one of his friends once laughingly remarked that the great *Philo Vance* of the screen spent many hours as a child, bobbing for apples!

Lilyan Tashman has an odd way of throwing back her head with a quick jerk when anyone speaks to her suddenly. If Lilyan ever should come to your town and you see her on the street, just say, "Oh, hello, Miss Tashman!" and watch her head go back in the air! It is a distinct mannerism and possibly Lilyan doesn't even know she possesses it.

Victor McLaglen has a trait of sticking his thumbs into his upper vest pockets and waving his fingers in the air! Vic does this off the screen all the time and recently he's done it in one or two pictures, probably unconsciously.

No one can quite move their eyebrows around like Catherine Dale Owen! It's her one very famous mannerism. In fact, it's a standing joke in Hollywood that if you see a moving eyebrow, look behind it and there you'll find Catherine! She can raise either or both eyebrows high in the air and rejoice over it! It's her distinguishing mannerism both off and on the silver sheet.

Looking at you through half-closed eyes is Hedda Hopper's pet trait. If you don't believe it, watch for Hedda in "Such Men Are Dangerous," starring Warner Baxter. Practice has made perfect this mannerism of Miss Hopper's and she does it unconsciously on the screen as well as off just about all the time.

One mustn't forget Paul Muni, who has a habit of clasping his hand over his chin. Paul had to do this a lot in "Seven Faces" when he portrayed the rôle of Napoleon. Evidently, the habit had 'sticking' qualities, for it's getting to be a real mannerism of Paul's in his private life.

Then, of course, there's petite Fifi Dorsay of "They Had to See Paris" and "Hot for Paris" fame, whose pet mannerism is throwing her head way back in the air and laughing gaily and loudly.

And Helen Kane, who made 'Boop-a-Doop-ing' the favorite pastime of Hollywood, whose little trait consists of coyly sticking her finger up to her chin every so often, both off and on the screen.

Mannerisms!

Our little town has 'em and to spare.

You might say they come in all sizes and shapes and in all wrappings! For they certainly do!

ROGERS: GINGER—*Continued from page 34*

a career, should be Ginger's.

To have relented and allowed Ginger to be drawn into pictures at that early age, would have automatically nullified her own choice of a career; would have stamped her with the theater. The choice should be her own!

When at twelve Ginger had progressed into a local personality in Fort Worth, the Texas town to which we had migrated, the hit of every home-talent affair, in constant demand even by local theatrical managers as an 'Extra Added Attraction!' to their regular bills, it became apparent that the theater was to be the scene of her future. With this decision our ambition began reaching out for motion pictures, the high goal to which all actors aspire.

The sooner we began the foundational work, to study the technicalities, the earlier in life would Ginger's success be won. No faith in 'chance' or 'lucky breaks!' *Experience!* That was the thing most to be desired.

Long hours Ginger and I would sit at home dramatizing incidents of Texas history from her school books, writing them into playlets, producing them, using the boys and girls of her classes under the auspices of teachers and principals; giving the plays for the benefit of one school fund or another—to buy a piano or a play-ground apparatus; times rich in experience for the other students as well as Ginger; and a genuine local hit in one piece we called "The Death of St. Denis," with thirty-five children playing grown-up parts of the Texas-Mexican-French régime — political strife, Indian troubles—it was grand! Teachers and mothers wept at the death of *St. Denis* and the shooting by an Indian of his lovely wife, *Maria* (played by Virginia Rogers). Stage-poise, the 'feel' of audiences, enunciation, the voice over the footlights, were all gleaned in this child-school.

Then came the Charleston!

Always a natural dancer, the Charleston gained an ardent disciple in the fourteen-year-old Ginger, and when contests began to filter into Texas, she won medals and cups. The State Championship Contest! Ginger won it. The reward—a four-week tour of the key cities of Texas in vaudeville. From the first performance, Ginger was hailed as an embryonic star. Grateful for this beginning, we yet never took our eyes from the high goal—pictures.

Gaining renown and success in the home State is a far cry from Broadway. Encouraging, yes. But we lived to learn through the next four years what the word *courage* really means. Cancelling at the height of a successful tour because Ginger was working too hard; learning to sing instead of dance, and relaunching Ginger as a singer; long tours with seemingly no progress.

Occasional bright spots: a long engagement with Paul Ash in Chicago; recognition from Publix Theater officials; the weeks with Ed Lowry, dean of picture house comedians, in St. Louis.

Then New York—and a drastic decision to stay there until Ginger should get a Broadway show. For by this time we had learned that a Broadway show was the stepping stone to motion pictures, *talking* motion pictures.

Long weeks of waiting! Paul Ash again to the rescue with an invitation for Ginger, while she waited, to become one of his stock personalities at the Paramount Theater, Brooklyn. This substitute proved to be Ginger's great opportunity. It was here Messrs. Bolton, Kalmar and Ruby saw and signed Ginger for their musical success, in "Top Speed."

Over-night, Broadway made Ginger Rogers a star! (Inwardly I chuckled, for hadn't *I* known it since that cold gray dawn in Independence, Missouri?)

Three weeks after the Broadway opening of "Top Speed," Ginger began her first Paramount talking picture, "Young Man of Manhattan" with Claudette Colbert, Norman Foster and Charles Ruggles. She is now working on her second "Queen High"—which, it has just occurred to me, will never be finished unless I wake her up right this minute!

URBAN—*Continued from page 31*

laughed, "none of us have much architectural data of those times, so we shall have to re-construct what little we can ascertain of that period. But whatever we do, as Mark Twain says, it can't hurt the sixth century. Therefore, we'll have to conjecture a bit as to just how the people lived. All this will be most interesting in contrast to the modern wise-cracks of Mr. Rogers.

"My second picture will be 'The Man Who Came Back.' Now just imagine. I'll leave this modern office in New York and in fancy go to San Francisco to re-create the atmosphere of the lowest sort of cabaret there. From San Francisco I go, again in fancy, to China. But do you think I see any of the beauty of that land? Not at all. I must stick to the opium dens. From there I journey, still in imagination, to a British possession, an island in the Pacific—and then back to New York again. Quite a trip!

"However, the designing of sets will be the least of my work in California, perhaps. It is a well-known fact that the new talking picture industry needs the knowledge and experience of all the artists possible to help develop it, not only on account of the industry itself, but for the sake of the millions of people who enjoy pictures. Every artist who goes to Hollywood has big experimental problems to work out.

"I can't say just at this time exactly what I am going to do. But I can tell you several specific things I shall try to do.

"First, I am not satisfied with the present lighting of moving picture sets. Most of the lights used at this time are white. I plan to use colored lights.

"For instance, just imagine that I have a yellow tree. I paint the whole tree but it will always be the same dull yellow if a white light is thrown on it. But if I throw a deeper yellow or orange light on it, the tree will come out with thousands of transparencies—mixtures of all the yellows in the world. There will be as much difference in the use of the white and the yellow lights as there would be between the color of a tree in the rain and of a tree in the sunshine.

"If you should see the best scenic work I have ever done lying on the floor, you would say: 'How terrible!' But if you should see it set up, with the colored lights on it—well, maybe you would think better of it. All the scenery I design is built for light effects only.

"Another thing of which I am a great believer is in taking most of every picture indoors. Now I know the California sun is wonderful—dependable and permanent. But, hold on a minute. I'm going to make colored pictures and the great composition in color is not only the color itself but the real secret is in the use of light and shadow. The artist has to have that in his own hands. You can't depend on things which happen outside. Nobody human is able to command the sun to stand still. And when it changes, all your angles are shifted and your lights and shadows are not where you planned them at all.

"The third thing which will claim my attention will be miniature sets. When you see your favorite movie star standing below a castle parapet singing a song, I hope you never stop to think that in reality that castle may not be longer or wider than twenty feet. It's apt to be a miniature model magnified many times by the camera's lenses until when you see it on the screen it looks like Buckingham Palace itself.

"'Why do we use these miniature sets?' perhaps you'll wonder.

"I'll tell you. It saves expense, in the first place. But that's not the primary consideration. The real reason is that it is so much easier to construct this tiny model and then magnify it since all the work can be done indoors. You can put your lights on so easily, introduce what color you need, get the proper shadow and light effects, and still not move from the table on which you are building your model.

"I believe enormously in the educational value of talking pictures. I don't mean that you should be taught lessons when you pay your good money to go into the theater to be amused. But I do mean that millions of people, even without realizing it, through the talking picture, will become so accustomed to real artistic form—artistic atmosphere, wonderful photography, splendid color, and clear unblurred sound that before they know it, they will become just as artistically sensitive and as dramatically critical as that small class of cosmopolitans who have had the advantages of education and unlimited money—those who are able to attend the Metropolitan Opera in New York in the winter, go to London for the Covent Garden season, then on to Paris, for the Comedie Francaise, and later to Vichy and Monte Carlo to hear the greatest singers and dramatists of the continent. Talking pictures really have brought Art right to our door step, and we have only to open our eyes and ears to learn."

GARBO'S NEW SCREEN LOVER

Continued from page 83

a test at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for another picture but the Garbo picture had never been mentioned to me."

It seems that Clarence Brown, directing the new Garbo talkie, had made exhaustive tests to find a leading man without success. The part called for a man who could play the part of the minister-lover with convincing humanness and dignity, yet endowed with romantic appeal.

Brown and Miss Garbo were in a projection room, looking at various tests, when the operator put on Gordon's test by mistake.

"That's the man!" exclaimed Brown. "Who is he?"

Garbo nodded.

"I don't know—but he's the man!" she agreed.

A few hours later the casting office got Gordon on the telephone and told him to report at 9 a.m. to begin work.

"On what?" he asked, astonished, since the film he tested for had already been released.

"The Garbo picture," he was told.

Gordon grinned as he recalled the moment.

"And you can imagine my embarrassment," he said. "I had a date to take a very charming young lady golfing that morning—and I think she's still waiting!"

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GERSHWIN — *Continued from page 30*

"I recall when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer tried to get Bernard Shaw to let them picturize 'Pygmalion.' Shaw was about to agree, if Metro would permit him to pass on all the important technical points. Of course, that couldn't be done."

"How long have you played the piano?" Gershwin was asked.

"I can't remember—exactly."

But just then Ira broke in:

"Jos has always played the piano."

"No I haven't, Ira."

"Jos has always played the piano," Ira repeated firmly. "I remember when Jos was twelve years old, pop bought a piano for me to take lessons on but the first day it was brought into the house, Jos sat down and played," he finished proudly.

"Oh, Ira, I didn't either."

"You did, Jos. I even remember the piece you played. It was: *Put Your Arms Around Me Honey, Hold Me Tight.*"

"But where did you learn to play?" I asked Gershwin, a little bewildered.

"He never had to learn," Ira volunteered again. "There was a family who lived in a tenement not far from us. They had a piano a long time before we did and Jos used to go up there and play. And he never had to pick out tunes like the rest of us. He just sat down and played."

Ira is a more phlegmatic version of 'Joseph.' He, too, has been signed to go to Hollywood. He plays the solid, unvarying bass to George-Joseph's scintillating and versatile treble. The relationship between the brothers is a happy one. Ira openly admires his brother. And 'Joseph' depends upon Ira, not only for lyrics but also, I imagine, for an escape from the bothersome business details which oppress any young successful artist.

It has been ten years since Gershwin had his first music published. And in all that time, the one song of his which people of all classes, young and old, love is: *I Was So Young and You Were So Beautiful.* Somehow, that song is the keynote to Gershwin's character. Despite the sophisticated modern music this boy has composed, he himself is apparently not sophisticated in his outlook. There is a devastatingly naïve quality about him which seems to say: "I'm expecting something rather wonderful to happen. Won't you stick around and we'll see what it's all about?"

"When I work," Gershwin explained, "I have to go up to my farm in Westchester where I can be quiet. Particularly to do my orchestrations."

"But how can you work out orchestrations if you never studied theory or harmony?" somebody asked.

"I did study. I had a certain amount of technical training," Gershwin answered.

"Yes," Ira broke in again, "he had just one month at Columbia University under Professor Coles. One hour in the morning for one month. That's how he learned instrumentation."

"Was there ever anybody musical in your family?" another guest wanted to know.

"Sure," George smiled. "Pop used to whistle a lot. And he could play grand tunes with a comb and tissue paper."

"No," Ira corrected, "there never has been a musician in our family as far back as we can trace. My sister dances, I write a few verses, but Jos, he's the——"

"Oh, cut it out, Ira. Let's talk about something else," George interrupted. "You know, I'm crazy about golf. I just took it up lately but it's my weakness now. I play as often as the weather lets me. One of the best times I ever had in my life was last week when Condé Nast gave a two-day golfing party—for twelve men, no women at all. It was grand. We played the first day at Lido and the second at Piping Rock. That's another reason I'm so glad to go to Hollywood. You can play there every day."

"Yeah, play the piano!" said Ira, grunting. But just then the telephone rang, and Gershwin's portly Viennese man servant—the same one who made the delicious strudel and tart—walked in: "Pardon me, sir, I just wanted to remind you that you're attending 'Le Sacre du Printemps' tonight with Mr. Kahn."

"That's right—I am. Well, folks, will you excuse me? I've got to hurry and dress."

And so the company faded quietly away, leaving Gershwin, his brother, his sister, his sister-in-law, together, in their exquisite pent-house home overlooking the Hudson River; a home built by the genius of a little Jewish boy from the east side, who started life with every handicap, but who at thirty-one has the eyes of the world fastened on his success. A success which is only starting. For when one begins to work with the illimitable possibilities of talking pictures, the future is bounded only by one's desires and dreams.

JACK VS. 'MIKE'

Continued from page 29

to learn something new. I remember when Calve, already a noted singer, came to me.

" 'But why do you wish to take lessons from me?' I asked her.

" 'Because you have something I do not know. I wish to learn it.'

"John Gilbert is another who is eager to know, to learn something new. He is a splendid fellow. When he first came to me for lessons he said:

" 'How anyone can fail to understand the correct use of the voice after reading your book I do not see.' "

" 'Then you have read my book?' " I asked in surprise.

" 'I have studied it,' he replied. That is the way with Mr. Gilbert. He will go into anything whole-heartedly. And it is the way to grasp this thing of voice training. When you know it *here,*" pointing to the forehead, "the voice can begin to function as it should.

"But I find the same thing is true with many of these moving picture people. They can concentrate. It is really easy to teach them. For, after all, it is a thing which must be grasped mentally.

"Bessie Love is another of my pupils who is learning rapidly. With six months of faithful training I will surprise people with her voice. Little Dorothy Jordan is another of the younger actresses who comes to me. She has a very sweet and lovely voice.

"It is an interesting thing, this teaching

here in Hollywood. I have taken some of the younger players, quite unknown, and started them in lessons, players in which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have every confidence. For it is my ambition to train these young players to be the singing and talking stars of the future. To teach them to sing beautifully, naturally, and combine with gestures and facial expressions which will photograph. It is not at all necessary that a singer grimace before the microphone."

Cheering news!

"There are plenty of voices in Hollywood to be trained," continued the doctor, "but all could be taught. It all depends upon the individual how long it will take. Gloria Swanson had lessons for less than three weeks before I felt she could speak properly. Longer than that is necessary, of course, for singing. Miss Swanson still comes to me every day by special arrangement for coaching. She will not let anything interfere. Even Sunday she is here.

"Players like Joan Crawford, Anita Page, Marion Davies, are being switched around from picture to picture and it interferes with their lesson hours."

An enthusiastic personality, this famous doctor. Eagerness in his quick movements, interest in his eyes; his knowledge the shield, his enthusiasm the buckler, which girds up the ambition, spurs the courage and gives new voice to those who would sing.

With his family, Dr. Marafioti joined the western procession of Grand Opera and already finds California an idyllic spot.

And throughout Hollywood abandoned careers are being brought down from the attic, discarded voices dusted off, for here is assurance that perserverance and study will make bright and shining voices out of the old voices.

ASK ME—*Continued from page 104*

body's *happeh!* Lane Chandler is 6 feet 3 inches tall and Gary Cooper is 6 feet 2 inches. Evelyn Brent is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Joan Crawford weighs 110 pounds. My assortment of December birthdays are rather low just now but here are a few: Virginia Lee Corbin, December 5, 1910. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., December 9, 1908. George Lewis, December 10, 1903. David Lee, December 29, 1926. Gilbert Roland, December 11, 1905.

Monroe Salisbury Inquirer, Ohio. If a screen player can be located, this department will find them sooner or later, with music and sound effects. At last, Mr. Salisbury, we have found you with "The Jade Box," a serial with Louise Lorraine and Jack Perrin. Mona Maris, who played with Warner Baxter in "Romance of Rio Grande," appears with Baxter in "The Arizona Kid."

Lolly-Pop of Milwaukee. Am I William Haines' sister? Can you feature that? But Billy tells me he *has* two sisters, Ann and Lillian. His latest release is "The Girl Said No," with Leila Hyams, Marie Dressler, Polly Moran. Stan Laurel, of the comedy team of Laurel-Hardy, was born June 16, 1895, in Ulverston, England. He has auburn hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. Johnny Hines was born July 25, 1897, in Golden, Colorado. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. Ben Turpin was born September 19, 1874, in New Orleans, La. Billy Dooley was born in Chicago, Ill., in 1893.

Mary L. S. of Fort Wayne, Ind. Do I know of any screen players from Indiana? Look at the following 'caper-cutters' with a few more serious-minded Hoosiers: Louise Fazenda from Lafayette; Sunshine Hart of Indianapolis; Charlie Murray from Laurel; Monte Blue, Indianapolis; Alice Terry, Vincennes; Louise Dresser and Marilyn Miller from Evansville; Richard Bennett from Bennett's Switch; Tom Santschi from Kokomo; Ann Christy from Logansport, and Carol Lombard from Fort Wayne. Thomas Meighan has been married many years to Frances Ring, former stage star. David Rollins is 20 years old and not married. He has black hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 10½ inches tall and weighs 135 pounds. Address Barry Norton at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Ramona from Honolulu. Aloha, and all other forms of saying howdy, or is it goodbye? You can write to Dolores del Rio at United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Neil Hamilton at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Alice White, First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. William Collier, Jr. at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Sellme from Succarunne, N. J. It's service you want, is it? Showy but not expensive service, with no cover charge and all the latest static and pick-ups. In "The Home Towners," the daughter was Doris Kenyon, the son was Stanley Taylor and the mother was Vera Lewis. In "The Singing Fool," the girl, *Molly Wilton,* was Josephine Dunn. The principals in "My Man" were Fannie Brice, Edna Murphy and Guinn Williams. Ronald Colman was born February 9, 1891, in Richmond, Surrey, England. His latest release is "Condemned" with Ann Harding. His next film will be "Raffles," with Kay Francis as his leading lady.

Thelma L. of Clovis, N. M. All the grand things you say about SCREENLAND are true and we pass out bows, hither and yon with every issue. The picture you ask about was "The Gay Defender" with Richard Dix and Thelma Todd. Lucky you, to see Richard at the Indian Fiesta, while on location for that picture. William Haines' room-mate in "West Point" was William Bakewell. He was born May 2, 1908, in Los Angeles, Cal. He has wavy brown hair, grey eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 143 pounds. He lives alone with his mother in Hollywood.

Polly of Columbus, Nebr. You must have some other good-looking girl in mind, for I've never had my picture in the papers, magazines, or comic strips. I'm *so* exclusive! In Gloria Swanson's new picture, "What a Widow!" Lew Cody and Owen Moore head a supporting cast that includes Margaret Livingston and Buster West.

M. E. B. of Chicago. Why not write prettily and wittily to Joe O. Brown and ask for his photograph? Go on, I dare you! Address him at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. He plays with Winnie Lightner, Sally O'Neil, Dorothy Revier and Georges Carpentier in "Hold Everything."

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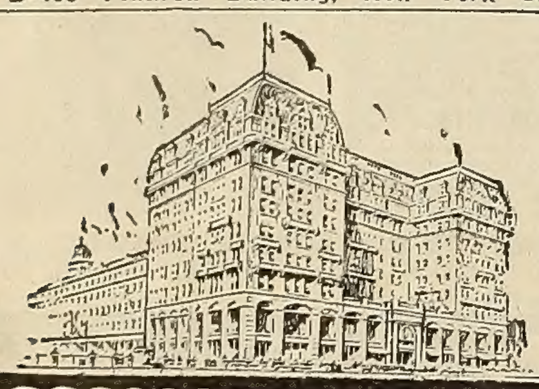
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HILLMAN MANAGEMENT

DOGS OF DESTINY — *Continued from page 59*

received inspiration for the work he is now doing. He found while there, that every German soldier who had lost his eyesight had been given a trained Shepherd police dog by the government. This made it possible for them to get about alone. The dogs were trained at government kennels by Lambert Kreimer, a master at this work, to an almost unbelievable degree of efficiency and human understanding. Not only were the dogs taught, the masters also had to go through a course of training to know how to work intelligently with the dogs. As Mr. Sinykin watched these dogs work he became more and more interested and there came the realization of what a wonderful thing it would be to establish kennels of his own and train dogs for this good purpose. And that is exactly what Jack Sinykin is doing.

His kennels at La Salle, Minnesota, now cover a fifty-acre tract. They are operated on a highly scientific basis. At great expense and with considerable wire-pulling Lambert Kreimer, the famous trainer he had met in Germany was secured as supervisor of the La Salle kennels. It was almost like signing General Pershing to a post other than the one he now occupies, relates Mr. Sinykin. Very little has been said about these kennels as yet because their owner believes they are not yet ready for exploitation. What he is trying to do first is to get the fact established that he has these kennels and is training the dogs. He exhibits the animals at different Kennel Clubs where he explains and demonstrates the work he is doing and he also talks about it over the radio.

It's fascinating to hear Jack Sinykin talk about these marvelous animals, his experiences in training them and the way it is done.

For example: Suppose you are blind and want to go to a garage four blocks away and across the street from your home. You tell the dog this and, holding fast to the handle of his little harness, you start out. The dog will lead you along the right-hand side of the pavement and when he reaches the curbing to cross the street he will pull back and sit down; that is the signal for you to stop and feel with your cane for the step downward. The dog looks both ways along the street to see that nothing is coming before he ventures across. Should a car turn unexpectedly around a corner, the dog will either pull back to stop you, or take you across according to his best judgment. If there are stop and go signals, nothing can induce him to cross until the releasing light or go signal is flashed. He will count the blocks and lead you to the garage and if ever you want to go there again, you have only to say 'garage' and he will take you there. He never forgets.

And it would be an unlucky break for anyone who tried to pick your pockets, or mistreat you in any way. Instantly the gentle dog would become a snarling bundle of fur and fangs and your attacker would find himself in trouble. They are the 'business men' of their kind.

Jack Sinykin came to this country from Russia when he was fourteen years old. It was just before the horror of the Bolshevik uprising and everyone was feeling the unrest that precedes any national calamity. Jack knew his mother was worried about her little family and made up his mind that as oldest child he should relieve her of at least one of her worries; so arrangements were made for Jack to join his father who was already in America. Now, all of his family are over here.

We admire Jack Sinykin for his accomplishment, for the help he has been and will be, to humanity. And we eagerly anticipate the advent of these famous dogs as trained actors to the motion picture field. But that will not be until he is sure of his dogs. He is very thorough in everything he undertakes. That's why he refused at first to sell his dogs. He was too busy establishing the fact that he was training the dogs and that they will do what he claims they will do. 'Perfection first' is his motto.

WHEELER—*Continued from page 54*

communication from these officials, saying that the lions are the best monuments they have ever had. They say that nobody paid any attention to them before, but since I bought them, everybody looks at them and laughs.

I believe in doing big things like that in a big way. And Woolsey—say! That cheap skate could have bought the courthouse the day I bought the lions, but he turned it down. He never did have any business sense.

Woolsey is just a comedian, anyway, while I—I am a scientist as well as a comedian. I'm an unusual scientist, too, for lucre means nothing to me. I'm altruistic. My discoveries go to humanity, free of charge.

I have one discovery almost ready to release. I believe it will free womankind.

I got the inspiration while making "The Cuckoos." I became interested in bird life and made a tour of an ostrich farm for scientific investigation.

I noted a sad-looking old bird. I inquired as to its grief. Tho attendant said it wanted to set.

"Tell it to wait a minute," I said. "I'll fetch the poor thing a chair."

But I was all wet. It wanted an egg to sit on. They gave it an egg.

"Is that her egg?" I inquired.

"Naw," said the attendant, "any old bird's egg will do."

And would you believe it? That egg hatched!

Boy, what a discovery. Why, all that bird had to do was sit on that egg, and rest! It's a wise woman who knows her ostriches.

I'm having some slight difficulty adapting the plan for practical purposes, but I'll get it, sooner or later. That'll make Woolsey sit up and take notice!

And say, see if you can make any sense of this last paragraph of that letter I got from Philadelphia:

"One of our number came to work recently, and upon arriving at the city hall discovered to his dismay that he had forgotten himself and left him home in bed. He rushed home to get him, only to find that he had departed. He dashed back to the office to ask if anybody had seen him. We have sent him to Hollywood, feeling that he eminently qualified to be your successor!"

Aw!

HOLLYWOOD GOES PLACES—*Continued from page 63*

state unhesitatingly that it was Palm Canyon!" exclaimed Patsy, as we stood on the edge of it and looked down into its cool depths where a lovely stream flowed under immensely tall palm trees, whose existence there nobody can explain.

Fritzi Ridgeway is a very clever young actress who is dividing her time between film acting and running a hotel in Palm Springs, and she was giving a big house party over the week-end.

Gwen Lee was there, and Dorothy Janis, Scott Kolk, Rosetta and Vivian Duncan, John Darrow, Doris Lloyd, Sammy Blum, Simeon Gest and his wife, Marie Bekefi, the dancer; Victor McLaglen and his wife; Nita Martan, Elise Bartlett, Sally Blane, Milton Brown, of Columbia Pictures, and others.

Rosetta Duncan must have a bottle of pop in that heavenly place, and we bought it from the dealer in a little shop that sells post-cards, soft drinks, etc.

Fritzi told us that there used to be a funny little shack there kept by a nature man, who wore long hair but little else, and who bathed in the hot spring in the rocks back of his cabin. He had been a beach comber in Honolulu, and from the Hawaiian Islands he had brought a lot of odd musical wind instruments, which he set in the trees, and which gave forth weird music when the wind blew, so that it could be heard away down at Palm Springs when the breezes were in the right direction. He also had a lot of signs posted up about the place, exhorting the reader 'Don't hurt any of the wild animals or birds here; they never hurt you.'

A kindly and an absorbingly interesting figure he was; but since he refused to wear clothes, the local Chamber of Commerce felt that the tourists mustn't be shocked, so they drove him away into the mountains.

After exploring the canyon, or at least as much of it as we had time for, we drove back to the Del Tahquitz Hotel, where Fritzi's quite famous husband, the musician, Constantine Bakaleinikoff, was waiting to greet us and to conduct us into the dining room for dinner.

In the patio, a group of cowboys from the nearby dude ranch, all clad in picturesque cowboy outfits, were playing on banjos and guitars, and the most talented of their number, Bob Cheatum, came into the dining room to play his guitar and sing those weirdly comic cowboy songs which are like nothing else in the world. Cheatum is the son of a Virginian Senator, but prefers the wild life of a cowboy to that of politics or business.

Rosetta Duncan's place at table had been vacant, but she presently dashed in, of course, to kid and clown about. She was wearing that funny false black mustache of hers, and she and Vivian set the party off to a high note of hilarity.

Moonlight horseback riding was the order for the evening, the party to ride up to Del Tahquitz Canyon, where there were to be a weiner roast and bonfire, and there Rosetta and Vivian and Bob Cheatum entertained us with songs and stories and their own inimitable kidding.

Next morning down in the hot springs shack, which is run by the Indians, we found Gwen Lee and Dorothy Janis taking the mud baths. They were squealing a bit, since the mud has a quicksand quality, and you go down and down. But invariably the spring boils and tosses you up again.

"Like the man who couldn't see the forest for the trees, we just can't see the guests for the party!" exclaimed John Davidson.

John had taken Patsy and me to the Biltmore, where Edith Mayer, Louis B. Mayer's daughter, was being married to that extremely good-looking young man, William Goetz, and we found the huge drawing room outside the ballroom already crowded with guests although we were early.

"Well, I should think," remarked Patsy, "that when people like Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin and Doug Fairbanks are present, you'd be able to see 'em!"

John admitted his error like a gentleman, and we trouped into our seats, which were luckily near the altar.

The drawing room had been fitted up like a temple of worship, with a high altar where the wedding was to take place, and decorated with long ropes and huge bouquets of blossoms.

Crowds fllocked outside the door, in Peacock Alley of the hotel, and when a new star arrived, they cheered.

All the same, the fuss and excitement could not detract from the simple beauty and dignity of the Hebrew service.

"It sounds," said Patsy, "just as though your father and mother were talking to you!"

The bride looked lovely in her white satin gown, and she carried the most gorgeous bouquet of white orchids we had ever beheld.

"And the bridesmaids are a procession of rare beauty," John Davidson remarked, in rather an awe-stricken tone, even used as he was to Hollywood beauty.

There were Bessie Love, Corinne Griffith, Irene Mayer, Carmel Myers, Katherine Bennett, May McAvoy, and Marion Davies.

Louis B. Mayer gave the bride away, and we heard somebody say that he hadn't found that slow step down to the altar at all easy, used as he is to dashing busily about.

Joseph Schenck was with wife, Norma Talmadge, and seemed as attentive and devoted as he has ever been, despite rumors that there has been a rift in their marital happiness. We know, at any rate, that there is a deep respect and a real affection between the two, no matter what superficial break there may have been.

We circulated a while after the ceremony, saying hello to scores of people we knew.

Norma Shearer was there, looking very lovely, with her husband, Irving G. Thalberg, and we learned that they aren't going to Europe, after all, because Irving cannot leave his duties at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for so long a time as the European trip would take, but they are going for a trip to Honolulu.

"But I think it's partly on account of the expected visit of the stork," Patsy confided to me. "I think Norma doesn't want to be traveling about so strenuously at this time. Indeed she told me that."

Harold Lloyd and his wife were there, and Fred Niblo and Mrs. Niblo, Paul Bern, Ramon Novarro, Walter Morosco, Antonio Moreno and his wife, Katherine Bennett, King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman, Michael Curtiz and Bess Meredith, Bessie Love and her husband, William Hawks; Thelma Todd and Harry Priester, Hal Wallis and Louise Fazenda, Anita Stewart and her husband, George Converse; Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn, Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire.

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THIS being an age of new styles in bathing suits, motor cars, and golf balls it is not surprising to find a new style of motion picture theater goer. The 1930 style of picture enthusiast is having a profound influence on the talkies—for the better.

¶ In the first place, we are more critical of our screen entertainment since the talkies came. We will pack to the rafters theaters that play good talking pictures, and walk away rapidly in all directions from playhouses that show poor ones—with fiercer loyalty on the one hand, and greater indifference on the other than we ever exhibited before sound came to Hollywood.

¶ You—the "1930 model" picture theater goer—are responsible. You are alert, modern and you know entertainment. More and more you—added up until you make 115,000,000 picture patrons a week—sit in with the stars, directors and executives as they plan your pictures.

¶ It's fascinating, isn't it, to think that you play such an important part in the creation of your favorite amusement? This issue of SCREENLAND marks a step further in the direction of still closer contact between Hollywood and you.

¶ It happens that now—even as you are reading this page—is the selling season in the motion picture industry. That is a prosaic statement but it means a lot to you. Theater owners do not get pictures merely by wishing for them. They must buy them. Custom and the nature of this great art of ours have set this season of the year as the time when the theaters arrange for the major portion of the pictures they will show on their screens from the Fall of 1930 to the Spring of 1931. Most of the pictures you are seeing now were contracted for by the theaters at this time last year. Similarly, the pictures you will see and hear during the new season are being bought now.

¶ In this issue of SCREENLAND several of the big producers, Warner Brothers, First National and Vitaphone, Paramount, Radio Pictures, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are taking you into their confidence regarding their stars and pictures for the coming year. Study their special advertising announcements with particular care. They mark a milestone in motion picture history.

¶ These announcements are a far cry from the early days of pictures, when producers kept everything a dark secret, particularly the identity of their players. But the 1930 producer knows that without your interest, there would be no great talkie art. Without your support, talking pictures would be seen only in vault-like museums, collecting dust and the comment of the bored art critics. No beautiful picture theaters, no sunshine of laughter and romance, no joy of escape from rounds of daily care.

¶ Now, the owner or the manager of your favorite theater is one of your best friends. In more ways than one. His screen sometimes cures more ills than the doctor, and very often is the pulpit for a message of spiritual beauty.

¶ The theater owner or manager wants to please you. He is a merchant, selling the most-loved commodity in the world—romance. He wants to play the pictures that most appeal to you. He will be glad to hear from you at any time by telephone or letter. Particularly now, when he is deciding what stars, what pictures, what trademarks will appear on his screen from this Fall until next Spring.

¶ It is significant that all five of the producing companies making special, timely announcements to you in this issue of SCREENLAND are also large owners of theaters throughout the country. Do not hesitate to express your preference in entertainment whether your theater is independently owned or is part of a large chain. All theaters, all producers want your keen interest, your active support.

¶ For you are the new king—the informed picture theater goer. As the throngs used to shout when the old monarch passed and a new king took the throne, "The king is dead. Long live the king!"

HOW DO PICTURES COME TO YOUR THEATERS?

How do John Barrymore, Buddy Rogers, Greta Garbo, Richard Dix come to the screen of your favorite theater? Does the theater obtain its pictures merely by wishing for them?

Pictures are contracted for far in advance of their play dates, and the time the major part of the contracts are written is NOW.

The publishers of SCREENLAND present herewith a message of real importance to all picture theater goers. Read it, and then go to the polls—the theaters—and vote your own winning entertainment ticket.

¶ Of all the picture patrons, you, the readers of SCREENLAND were the first selected to receive this new type of announcements from The Warner Brothers, First National and Vitaphone, from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Paramount and Radio Pictures. We told your story to the producers and the idea took its present form with the able guidance of some of the best minds in the executive personnel of the motion picture companies. It is possible that other announcements will follow, and then still further announcements, telling you that the stars and pictures you vote for now are current at your favorite theaters.

¶ So—to the polls. Enlightened by what you read, vote at your theaters for the stars and pictures you want to see in the new talkie year.

THE PUBLISHERS